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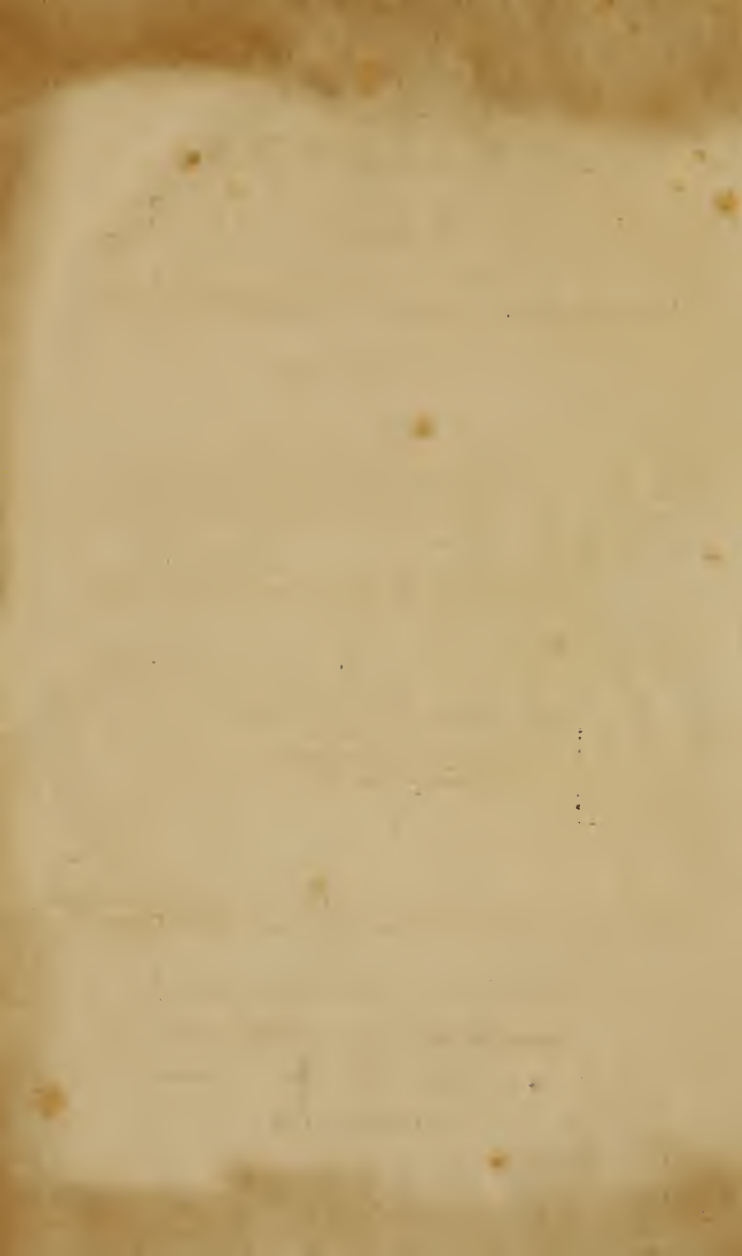
Consolations of the
afflicted

Book, No.









CONSOLATIONS
OF THE
AFFLICTED,

WRITTEN BY

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS KEMPER, A. M.

A NATIVE OF OHIO.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

"Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco."
Not ignorant of evil, I learn to succor the miserable.

"Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!"

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

PRINTED BY WM. J. FERRIS & CO.

CINCINNATI,

.....
1831.

District of Ohio, To-wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 30th
[L. S.] of June Anno Domini, 1831, Frederick Augustus Kemper, of
said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the
title of which is in the words following, to-wit:

"Consolations of the afflicted. Written by Frederick Augustus Kemper,
A. M. A native of Ohio." "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not
comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy founda-
tions with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of
carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

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"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keep-
ing of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

The right whereof he claims as author, in conformity with an act of Congress
entitled, "An act to amend the several acts respecting copy rights."

Attest,

WILLIAM MINER,

Clerk of the District.

It is the design of the author (should his work be acceptable) to travel through-
out the United States, for the purpose of disposing of it.

This little book is most humbly, most sincerely,
and most devoutly dedicated to the Care, Protec-
tion and Patronage of the "God of all comfort," in
behalf, and for the use and benefit of all the afflic-
ted of my nation, the United States of America—
by the

AUTHOR.

May God in whom I "live, and move, and have
my being," enable me ever to "live and move,"
yea, and to die worthy of—even the sentiments of
this book.

F. A. K.

CONTENTS.

1st. For a patient seized with violent illness, and manifestly threatened with death.

2nd. For a chronic patient.

To the view of the first of these, standing over his bed side, I attempt briefly to bring up all the substantial consolations that creation, providence and religion furnish to the human mind. To the second, I bring up the same in a far more enlarged manner.

3d. For the young in affliction.

Here I attend to the peculiarity of their case as youthful sufferers.—And, in like manner, to the peculiarities of the cases of all that follow.

4th. For the poor in affliction.

5th. For the vicious in affliction.

6th. For parents in affliction.

7th. For the rich in affliction.

8th. For the stranger in affliction.

9th. For the aged in affliction.

10th. For those afflicted with the afflictions of others.

The 11th and last, is a long article—For the melancholy.

PREFACE.

THE sick and afflicted have always been, are now, and most likely will continue to be, a very large class of the human family. The loneliness, unpleasantness, pain and wretchedness of a sick person, confined to his room, or even of an afflicted person that is not entirely thus confined, are exceedingly great, and known only to those who are *in* this condition, or who have passed through such a scene.

This unhappy class of our race, as is right, have always received a large share of the sympathies, kind offices and laborious efforts of others. To them, another class, the doctors, are devoted. They serve them particularly, as it respects medicine, prescriptions, &c. for the restoration of their bodies, and do not entirely neglect their minds, but sometimes drop an encouraging word by way of medicine for their drooping spirits.

This they cannot do at length, because, by their practice they make their living, and cannot delay, but must pass on from one to another. Indeed, they are not the most suitable persons to undertake it, from the fact, that by constantly witnessing the sufferings of others, their sympathies become blunted and hardened; and also, many of them are otherwise not qualified in a moral point of view.

Physicians universally admit the great and commanding influence of the mind over the body in sickness. They have written volumes almost innumerable on medical science.—Nearly all the contents of these volumes are devoted to the body, some small parts to the mind.

I have neither seen nor heard of more than one book in the English language, expressly written for the minds of the sick and afflicted. This one was written one hundred and three years ago, in Scotland. My work was about half accomplished, before I knew of its existence. I immediately determined

not to seek for it, nor read it, until I had finished my own, which I did not. The plans of the two are as different as they can be. In the great cause of instructing, sympathizing with, and encouraging the afflicted, it will be impossible for their interference with one another to be any other than happy. The author of the old one says nothing about his having been afflicted himself, previous to his writing for the afflicted.

In this I have the advantage of him. As is mentioned in the beginning of my work, I had been afflicted nearly five years before I commenced it. At the time of my commencing, I was just rising, and that *very* slowly, from a violent, and threatening, and lasting attack of my diseases; by which I was brought very low, and kept so for a length of time, so that I looked death in the face, as near at hand, and hung on to life by a truly brittle thread. Being a little restored, I succeeded in my attempts to walk, with feeble steps, out on to the south porch of the house where I lived, on one of our finest days of February, 1828, with a design of getting another view of creation, particularly to see the sun, the "king of day," which happened at that time to be shining in all his splendor.

While there seated, and feeling his cheering rays, and beholding the heavens and the earth, and being thereby a little revived and consoled, a thought came into my mind, that it would be well for me in my afflicted and disconsolate condition, to turn my attention, whenever I had strength enough, to all the consolatory things, and thoughts, and considerations, which I could find in the universe, in order to console my mind. A second thought arose, that it would be well, as I found them, to write them down, that I might use them in time to come. A third thought followed, that it would also be well to take some care and observe some order in writing them down, so that I might show them to others who might be afflicted. The fourth and last in the train was, that it was possible (as I had spent many years and much labor in getting an education) for me to make the writing worthy of the public eye; and thus more extensively to do good to mankind and myself, not only as it respected the consoling of my mind, but the procuring of a living for my body.

For a length of time I most seriously considered the matter, and the more I considered it, the more clearly it appeared to be my duty to undertake it. In short, I felt myself to be shut up to it, by Providence: and eternity will be too short for me to express all the gratitude I feel to God, for enabling me, under my extreme weakness and great sufferings, to accomplish my undertaking. I mean what I say, and much more than I can say.

The whole is a personal, practical address. The writer (with one exception) is the speaker, standing over the bed side, or in the presence of the patient. In every case the patient is fully described. In the first case till his life is despaired of, and then he is addressed at length concerning death, to prepare his mind for it and reconcile him to it. All absurd notions about death are beaten from about him. He is told what not to expect, and what to expect; and much light is thrown on the subject. The chronic patient dies, and his death is described. My aim was to have the language and style of the whole, plain, easy, familiar and affectionate. The article for the melancholy may be an exception; because necessity compelled me to describe their disease by many of the technical terms of medical science.—This may be admissible from the fact, that melancholy is generally a characteristic of mental greatness. Such are studious and learned, and can easily understand what I have written. I entertain an humble hope, that it will be extensively useful to them.

Should my work prove to be worthy of public attention, the following may be some reasons why all classes, sick or well, should purchase it.

It is written for all. The sick need it. The well are liable to be sick. All must die. It tells how to die, according to all and the best information possessed by man. The afflicted do not receive all that tender sympathy which they deserve, from those who bloom in health. This book may have a tendency to touch the sympathies of the healthy, and soften their hearts towards the afflicted. A person in health having a copy, may lend it to his friend or neighbor who may be afflicted. The rich ought to purchase, by way of benovolence, so as to bear the burden of the expense, and to have it to give to the afflicted, a large part of whom are poor.

Many who are now in health have been sick, and then deeply felt the want of such a work—let them now purchase against the time of coming sickness and death. We live in the "New World." Our settlements are scattered, and many of them found to be sickly. Hundreds of our fellow-citizens have been sick, and hundreds have died in our lonely deserts, none being there to speak unto their troubled spirits such words of consolation as are contained in this little volume. As they go out from us then, let them purchase it and take it with them.—Indeed, here, in the midst of our thickest population, multitudes are sick, and die around us, unvisited and unconsolated by any competent and suitable persons, the clergy themselves not being able to find time to visit them. When neither they nor

any other suitable friends can go to see them, might they not recommend the reading of this little book in their hearing.

Our community cheerfully sustains a great number of political, and a few christian newspapers; besides several literary, medical, and theological periodicals and reviews. Can it be too much, modestly to ask a small part of the attention of the public to a work for the afflicted? To the writer there appeared to be a chasm, a want of such a work. Whether he has produced one calculated to fill the chasm or not, he does not presume to decide. I have already submitted it to the criticism of an aged, worthy and able man, long well known here. He thinks it will be useful to society. Nevertheless, I am well aware that the final and decisive test, is public opinion. And therefore, I most humbly, and, at the same time, most earnestly, ask a small share of public patronage, that it may be brought fully and fairly before this great and ultimate test.

So prays the public's most humble and most devoted servant, and warm friend to man, and most of all, to man in affliction.

THE AUTHOR.

CONSOLATIONS OF THE AFFLICTED.

THIS world, might, with great propriety, be called, a world of affliction.

Such is the miserable condition of man, that if we should say, all men are afflicted, we would speak the truth. It is not common, however, to use the word in this unlimited sense.— Other words are used to express the generally wretched state of mankind. When we speak of the afflicted, we mean that large class of the human family which labours under some mental or bodily calamity, from which others are exempt. Neither is it common to call every slight calamity or disease, which lasts but a short time, an affliction. It is not usual to call even severe diseases afflictions, if they terminate soon, either by restoration to health or death. I shall, however, apply the term to this latter description, as I proceed. In its common acceptation, it is applied to those who are deranged in their minds, and continue so; or to those who are very much diseased in their bodies, and linger for a length of time. Such are said to be afflicted.

Insanity is generally thought to be the greatest temporal affliction, to which man is subject. It is almost useless to talk to crazy persons with a view to comfort them. It must therefore, be entirely useless to attempt to write any thing for their consolation. The following hints and remarks are designed mainly, for the consolation of those who may be severely afflicted in their bodies; and for those who may linger long under affliction. I have myself, thus lingered for nearly five year.

During this time, (as you would naturally suppose,) my mind has been continually seeking consolation; and I am happy in telling you, my dear fellow sufferers, that it has not sought in vain.

In every stage of my diseases, notwithstanding the severity of my sufferings, I have been enabled to receive more or less consolation from one source or another. By this you are not to understand, that my income of consolation has been so great as to overcome and banish trouble and pain; but, only to sooth and mitigate these in some measure. For two or three years past, my afflictions have been greatly increased, through the want of suitable employment. I have had but one serious time of confinement to bed. Excepting that, I have not been entirely incapable of some business. But to find such as I could do, which promised usefulness to myself and others, has been very difficult. A few days ago, a thought came into my mind, (as I have said in my preface,) that it might, perhaps, be useful to myself and others who are afflicted, to collect together, and write down some of those things which are calculated to console the afflicted. Because I am afflicted myself, I have at least one of the best qualifications to write for the afflicted. Whether I have any more or not, others must judge. In speaking to them, it will be in my power to speak from experience, seeing I have "felt the same." It is my wish to make this little work as generally useful as possible. I design, therefore, to address those of several classes of mankind who may be in affliction.

The christian community may be said to form one class.—I shall commence by addressing Christians who may be in affliction; and shall proceed to some length in endeavouring to aid their meditation, and present to their view consoling thoughts and considerations.

My Companions in affliction, with a feeling heart—with the tenderest sensibilities and sympathies, I would converse with you, freely and familiarly about the troubles that are upon you. Once you were in health, perhaps as contented and happy as it is common for persons to be in this world; but now disease comes upon you with pains and sorrows. Immediately, you endeavour to obtain relief for your body, and your mind seeks for comfort and encouragement. There are only two great general sources from which these can be obtained—this world and the next. You may obtain them more or less from the things and beings which surround you; or from the next world, through the great channel of faith.

I shall first speak of the assistance and consolation which you may expect from this world, then of the next. My address shall be personal.

1. *For a Patient seized with violent illness, and manifestly threatened with death.*

MY AFFLICTED FRIEND:—Your disease is sudden and violent, and alarming; you may need consolation in this world only for a few days or weeks. Be that as it may, your first thought is to send for the doctor. From him you hope for help and consolation. Happy is it for us, my friend, that there are such characters to whom we may send in the hour of distress, in the day of calamity. When they are men of information, skill and candor, they know to a considerable extent the nature of diseases and the effects of medicine; and are indeed a great source of consolation to the afflicted.

Accordingly you send for one. The messenger goes in haste—finds him,—returns and reports that he will be with you in a short time. This causes a glow of hope in your breast. As soon as he arrives he enters your room with a pleasant smile.—Your hope rises still higher. But my friend, I cannot forbear to tell you not to suffer it to rise too high, lest in a short time the stings of disappointment be added to your distresses, and your case be thereby made worse.

The wisest may err, and the best of doctors often do. Besides, your disease may be too violent for any remedy. However, he examines your case. Perhaps bleeds you, and gives you powerful medicine. Then particularly states his directions for you,—charges your nurse—encourages you to bear up—promises to come again—bids you farewell, and leaves you.

Your eyes are next turned to your nurse. If you have a skilful and faithful friend for a nurse, you may reasonably expect as much consolation from such a one as from your physician. A nurse should understand cookery; therefore, females are the best. They are also more tender and faithful. If she is your relation—your sister, your mother, or your wife; we repeat it, you may expect as much consolation from her as from any other earthly thing or being. If she possesses knowledge and experience, and especially, if she is a well-informed good christian, she may indeed seem to you to be—“a guardian angel.”

The invariable maxim and practice of doctors is—“first make sick to make well.” Your medicine added to your disease makes you, from time to time very sick. Your pains and sorrows increase. You can take but little food, and it is not pleasant. You cannot sleep. Your nights are long, and dreary, and cheerless. You are restless; you “toss from side to side,” and your thoughts are continually on the wing, seeking consolation. You look beyond your physician, and nurse and friends.

You think of the busy scenes of life in which formerly you bore a part. You hope to recover and go about, or go out and bear your part again. You think the day may come, when you will be able to walk out doors and see the world again. Behold the sun, moon, and stars—the green and flourishing, and delightful vegetation, and all the animal creation, with man at their head. That you will again see, as well as hear, the lowing herds—the bleating flocks—the skipping lambs—the sportive dog and horse, and all the sons of men, actively stirring this way and that, to put forward their business, and gain a supply of food and raiment. You do well to indulge in such thoughts; they will sooth your pains, beguile your sorrows, and afford you some consolation even in the darkest hours.

But a week or two are now elapsed, and you get worse and worse; notwithstanding your physician, and nurse, and friends, have been exceedingly attentive and faithful. You are now reduced and weak—you feel weighed down and oppressed. It is night, and you long for morning. The day dawns, and you are rejoiced to see the light. Your vigilant, and faithful, and kind nurse approaches your bed-side, and mildly asks you how you feel. Perhaps you reply, “a little better since day light.” She washes your hands and face, and combs your hair, with all the kindness, and gentleness, of a mother with her infant.— Gives you drink. Then in haste, prepares you some mild and suitable food, which you think you can best take. You eat a little:—after that, some kind friends come in, and express their sympathies for you. They talk mildly and affectionately to you. Tell you what is going on. Perhaps are able to say, that some one is attending to your own business, and it is doing well.— They tell you all the news, and every thing that is encouraging. If they are wise they will not crowd your room, nor talk too long with you, lest you be overcome, and their visit do you more harm than good. You feel cheered and animated by their presence and conversation. They seem so friendly, and mention so many encouraging circumstances that your pains are lulled in a good degree, and hope revives and brightens in your breast. In due time, they pleasantly bid you good morning, and leave you to meditate upon the things which they have brought to your view. You do so. You feel obliged to them. You “thank God, and take courage.” After your thoughts have run their round, perhaps you feel composed, and fall asleep for a short time. When you awake, you see your physician in the room. He speaks cheerful y and lively to you. You feel still more refreshed. He encourages you to hope for the best—inquires after your condition—charges you to be patient, and calm

as possible—tells you that by impatience you would lose strength, and increase the disease. He mentions the things that are favourable, seriously enjoins it upon you, not to let your thoughts pour over your disease, but to think of other things—then retires.

In your hardest times, this last charge will seem to you very much like telling a dying man not to die. It is altogether correct, however. The more you think about your disease, the more you will encourage it. You should think more of the remedy, and of being well. It is your duty to strive to preserve and prolong your life. Accordingly, you endeavour to obey his injunction, difficult as it may be. The most active thing about a sick person, is his thoughts. There is but little he can do, except think. His thoughts fly like the “wings of the morning.” They may almost be said to be in all places, and about every thing that he has ever seen or heard of, and innumerable things that he has not. You are now left to yourself, and you indulge in thinking, and you are so much better that it is not difficult to think about pleasant things. Accordingly, you now imagine to yourself, that you will yet see many good days upon the earth—that you will yet live to serve God and your generation, a length of time before you go hence. You think you will be able again to eat heartily, and enjoy your food—visit your friends and converse freely and sociably with them—behold with your eyes, (being out of your room,) the great and stupendous changes of day and night, and of spring, summer, autumn and winter, with the grateful and pleasing appearances, and peculiarities of each, as the wheels of time roll them round. You indulge a hope, that after a few weeks, or months, you will again be active and pursue and accomplish your plans and schemes of life. In short, that you will again be well, and enjoy life. Such thoughts are lawful and right, and they bring in both strength and consolation.

Neither is there any necessity for them to interfere with, or supercede thoughts about death and eternity. Every person, sick or well, that is old enough to think of these, *should* think of them, and feel ready to die at a moment’s warning. Under all circumstances life is perfectly uncertain.

You are now getting along tolerably well. The sun sets and it grows dark in your room—preparation is made to let you try to sleep. You are enabled to sleep a good part of the night.—Next day still a little better. You and all friends and even the doctor feel in hopes that your disease is overcome, and will go off.

This, however, does not prove to be the fact. In a day or two more, it begins to rise again. This inevitably brings a gloom

over your mind. You remember the charge of the doctor not to pour over your disease, and your wretched condition. The old saying—"that misery loves company," is true. If you were the only person that you had ever seen or heard of, that was miserable, you would directly fall into despair, and give up.

But this is not the fact:—the whole world is miserable.—Your own eyes have seen it, from year to year. You have often seen the sick and afflicted. There is a certain text of scripture, which says—"but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise."—That is, when they do it to draw the conclusion, that they are better than others, and on that ground to boast.

This text is not applicable to *your* present case. You will not be unwise to compare yourself with all the sick and afflicted that you have seen, or have any knowledge of. Accordingly, you do so. You think of all the calamities and complaints, that, during your whole life, you have beheld preying upon your unhappy and disconsolate fellow creatures. All kinds of burning fevers—rheumatic pains—pleurisies—cholic—dysentery—white-swellings—broken bones—convulsive fits—dropsies—liver complaints—consumptions—palsies—the small-pox, and every disease which takes life.

Especially, you think, of all those who have had the same disease which you now have, and got over it, and become well and hearty. You are able to recollect a great many that you have looked upon with your own eyes, on the bed of languishment and affliction—groaning under the same disease which distresses you. You compare yourself with them, and remember that many of them, a great many, were worse, much worse, than you are, and yet got well. Your kind nurse is able to assist you in these thoughts, and tells you of a large number whom *she* has seen that were as bad in the same disease, and a great deal worse, and for a much longer time, yet got well. She smiles, and speaks with a tone of firmness and encouragement, and assures you that there is much ground to hope. She says to you, "do not despond—bear up—bear up—hope for the best—we are doing all we can, and shall not desert you a moment."

You think of the sick persons she mentions, and let your thoughts run on at length in comparing yourself among them. You look around upon them and see them now in good health, going about, and industriously, and cheerfully attending to their business, though they had lain many weeks longer than you have upon the bed of affliction, with the very same disease, and were much weaker. You fancy that you may do so too, some weeks hence. On this subject, your physician speaks to

you. He is candid. He says—"well, my patient, we are sorry to see you so bad—your disease is truly quite severe, but I have seen hundreds worse with the same disorder, all of whom recovered. You must keep good courage.—This disease is your enemy. One of the most powerful things which you have to oppose it, is a bold spirit. Brace up, determine to conquer, and we think you will do it—at least you will stand as good a chance as others have." He then retires.

Take notice! I am speaking of the consolations which this world affords the afflicted and disconsolate. You are a christian—you have long read and studied the scriptures. Though they originated in the invisible world, yet they are the property of men. It has pleased God to make them a part of this world. He had them written for two great purposes—to instruct and console men as long as they live upon the earth, and to open to their prospect a happy world to come.

You have for a length of time, looked to them for instruction and consolation; but now in this hour of trial, your attention is more specially directed to them.

They contain many commandments, statutes and ordinances for instruction, and abound with examples of affliction and promises for consolation. You have been comparing yourself with all the afflicted, that have been within the range of your observation and knowledge. In doing this, you have been very careful to think of all your fellow christians, whom you have seen in affliction. And you tried to remember, very particularly, how it went with them—how severely, and how long they were afflicted, and in what manner they seemed to bear it—how they seemed to feel and express themselves, and act. In this comparison, you recollected a large number of eminent christians, in your day, who had been grievously afflicted. Indeed, you were able to remember, very few, if any, that had not. And thus you saw plainly verified, what the scriptures fully teach, that it is an established and invariable law of God, in executing the plan of salvation, that his people, the redeemed, should be specially afflicted and tried—that, "out of great tribulation" they should enter heaven. When you consider your own character in comparison with all other men and christians, you can see no good reason why you should be exempt from affliction, any more than those around you. Especially, when you feel yourself altogether inferior to them. But as a christian, you compare yourself not only with modern christians, but with all you have read or heard of from the days of Christ down to your own day. Your mind dwells for a length of time, in thinking of all the faithful and true martyrs who have in differ-

ent ages been hunted and persecuted during their lives, and closed them by being beheaded, or torn in pieces by wild beasts, or burnt to death "for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God." This comparison is truly consoling to you. If their severe and uncommon sufferings and trials, and violent death, was no evidence that they were not the children of God, but on the contrary, was good evidence that they really *were*, you are comforted with the thought that *you* too, may be.

In this, you are supported and confirmed, by remembering the invariable law—that, "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth "

You are far from stopping here, however; you turn your thoughts to another, and higher class of men, who in their day, groaned under affliction. You think of all the afflicted servants of God, mentioned in the Bible, from righteous Abel, who died a sudden and violent death by the hands of a brother, down to the beloved John, who was banished to the isle of Patmos, "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."—Well, you remember the history which you have so often read of all the faithful patriarchs, prophets, apostles and saints, who were severely afflicted and tried—who were eminent in-degree, according to the degree of their affliction.

"The time of affliction 'is' usually God's gracious trying season with his people, in the time of their rarest comforts and sweetest foretastes of heaven, according to 2 Cor. 1. 5. Paul and Silas did never sing more joyfully than when they were laid in the inner prison, with their backs torn with scourges, and their feet fast in the stocks. Acts, 16, 24. And when was it that Jacob saw the angels of God ascending and descending upon the ladder that reached betwixt heaven and earth, but at the time when he was in a destitute case, forced to lie in the open field, having no canopy but the heavens, and no pillow but a stone?—When was it that the three children saw Christ in the likeness of the Son of Man, walking with them, but when they were in the furnace, and when it was hotter than ordinary? When was it that Ezekiel had a vision of God, but when sitting solitary by the river Chebar in the land of his captivity? When was it that John got a glorious vision of Christ, but when he was an exile in the isle of Patmos? And, when was it that Stephen saw the heavens opened, and Christ standing at the right hand of God pleading for him, but when they were stoning and bruising him to death? So that the most remarkable experiences of God's kindness, that believers get in this world, have been traced to the time of affliction: the consideration where I should move every christian to wait on the Lord, and bear his cross with patience."

"I observe that plants and herbs are sometimes killed by frosts, and yet without frosts they would neither live nor thrive: they are sometimes drowned with water, and yet without water they cannot subsist: they are refreshed and cheered by the heat of the sun, and yet that sun sometimes kills and scorches them up. Thus lives my soul: troubles and afflictions seem to kill all its comforts; and yet without these, its comforts could not live. The sun-blasts of prosperity sometimes refresh me, and yet those sun-blasts are the likeliest way to wither me: By what seeming contradictions is the life of my spirit preserved! what a mystery, what a paradox is the life of a Christian?"

Of the whole list of the above mentioned persons, your thoughts hastily settle upon Job. You look at Job and consider his case fully. You see that he was a great example of affliction. That he was, perhaps, the most fit character that God could select to afflict, and make an example for his church in all succeeding ages. The candle of God had long shined upon him, and he was prospered to the highest extent. You look at him surrounded by his thousands of oxen, and asses, and sheep, and camels, and servants, and a large family of children, being honoured by all the people of the country, low and high, so that he was the greatest of all the men of the east; but above all, having the testimony of God himself, that there was none like him in all the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil. Upon him, who was so upright and perfect, that there was none like him upon the earth, you see God sending calamity after calamity—the Sabeans falling upon the oxen and asses, and taking them away, and slaying the servants with the edge of the sword—the fire of God falling from heaven, and burning up the sheep and the servants that kept them—the Chaldeans making out two bands, falling upon the camels, taking them away and slaying the servants that were with them, with the edge of the sword. And a great wind from the wilderness smiting the corners of the house, in which his children were assembled, causing it to fall, and crush them all to death. All these heavy blows were reported to him, one after another, as fast as he could hear. You see him thus stripped naked of all his possessions, and comforts, and honors, and in stead thereof, clothed with sore bites, from the sole of his foot unto his crown, and they inflicted by the hand of Satan, himself.

Perhaps you check your thoughts for a moment, and ask yourself—why all this, on so good a man? An answer readily rises to your mind. You not only remember, that all have sinned, and there is none so perfect and upright in the sight of God as not to need chastisement and correction, but you remember

an Job's acknowledgments. "He fell down upon the ground and worshipped, and said—Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He said to his wife—"What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me, if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." You recollect, however, that he spoke much of his uprightness and righteousness. You think he meant in the sight of men; and further, that he had not been guilty of great and crying sins in the sight of God or man.—That he had not sinned, and continued to sin, and delighted in sin, like an openly wicked man.

But he is grievously afflicted, and you proceed to compare yourself with him. You look at him, deprived of his substance, not having his servants and children to nurse him, and very early in the scene, (strange to tell!) his very wife becoming impatient and advising him to die. You fancy that your own eyes behold him covered in every part, all over, with sore, and feverish and painful biles, not able to gain any rest by changing his position or turning himself in his bed. When he lies down, he says—"when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day."

Tossings! tossings! when every gentle move causes hundreds of aching, piercing darts of pain, to shoot to the heart from every direction. He exclaims—"Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together!—For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea. My bones are pierced in me in the night season. My bowels boiled, and rested not. My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death! The days of affliction have taken hold upon me. I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me!" Not merely days, nor weeks, but months of vanity, with all their wearisome nights, you see were appointed to him, in this indescribably wretched condition.

But though his "strength was not the strength of stones, nor his flesh of brass," he bears up, endures it all, recovers, and afterwards sees many good days upon the earth.

By this comparison, you may be encouraged and consoled.—You may have hope, both as a sick person, and as a christian.—As a christian, perhaps you pause to reflect, on the impatient manner in which Job cursed his day, and longed to die. In your present condition, you can easily see what drove him to it. But was it right? You decidedly say—it was not. His

patience should have extended so much farther as to have restrained him from such desperate feelings and expressions.—Great as his patience was, this it did not do.

In the extremity of his anguish, and the bitterness of his soul, being left to the suggestions of his own corrupt heart, and in the hands of Satan, he most violently cursed the day of his birth—wished he had never been born, and vehemently, and fretfully exclaimed—“Oh that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off!” How absurd for a rational and immortal being, and a converted soul too, to wish that he had never had existence! And how sinful for him, even in Job’s extreme case, to dictate to the all-wise God, and by praying for death, say that God could bless him more in that way than any other, and by it most advance the divine glory! God knew best how to do these for him, and with him, and he did it by preserving his life a hundred and forty years, and making him doubly prosperous. In his calmer moments, however, “he abhorred himself for this, and repented in dust and ashes, acknowledging he had uttered that he understood not; things too wonderful for him, which he knew not. Upon the whole, he held fast his integrity. He firmly said—“Till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me. My righteousness, I hold fast, and will not let it go. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

All the days of my appointed time, will I wait, till my change come.”

Moses, the meekest man of whom we read, when grievously oppressed, prayed “that God would kill him.” Elijah “requested for himself that he might die.” “Jeremiah passionately cursed his day.” And Jonah said—“O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live.” You think God permitted these eminently pious and faithful men when severely afflicted, and tried, thus to fail and sin, for two great purposes, that themselves and all others, who put their confidence in God for life and salvation, might know and feel their own weakness, and that we all when in affliction, might endeavour to shun their example, and if we should feel ourselves tempted to exhibit the same sinful impatience, or should unhappily be so far left to ourselves; as actually to fail and madly curse our day, or impatiently wish to die, we may think of them

and not utterly despair of the grace and mercy of God. They afterwards repented. God forgave them, and while on earth they looked back with abhorrence upon their want of resignation, to the sovereign will of God. How may we suppose they now look upon it, from heaven? No doubt with unspeakably greater abhorrence. Under our afflictions then, let us ever pray most fervently, that God may be pleased to uphold us, and enable us to shun the bad example of these good men, and in the sharpest conflicts, so resign us to his will, that we may say with one of them—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

After you have compared your afflictions with the trials of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, and the whole list of those mentioned by the apostle, in the eleventh to the Hebrews, "some of whom had trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment—were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword—wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;"—after you have proceeded still further, and compared yourself with all the tried and afflicted saints, martyrs and apostles, mentioned in the new Testament, you will then compare yourself with Christ himself.

Here your mouth is shut, and every murmur hushed. He was emphatically called by the prophet—"a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted." And why afflicted? not for himself, not for his own sin. He needed no chastisement for correction—he was not guilty.

"The chastisement of our peace, was upon him." His unexampled sufferings and afflictions, were voluntary—he did not need them—he chose them. He was willing to groan, and sweat, and bleed, and die, the just for the unjust. You think of him, and look at him under his great—his infinite afflictions! You see the sons of wickedness and violence, persecuting him from time to time, and him escaping for his life. Not like you, he not only felt what was upon him, but foresaw all that was to come. It is some consolation to you, that the future is concealed from your view. You do not foresee all that you are to suffer; nor even know that you are to suffer any thing more worth speaking of. Not so with him. The immense weight of his afflictions was to come upon him at a certain hour, and he knew his hour. He said, long before it came, "mine hour is not yet come." The greater part of his sufferings, previous to his hour consisted in his frightful, and soul distressing foreboding of the hour itself. Thus they were all made to tend to, and centre in, that awful hour. The scene of them was not extend-

ed nor complicated, but brought down to a single point. Keeping this in view then, you direct your eyes to him as he approaches nearer and nearer, to this hour. You see he possesses all the sinless feelings and exquisite sensibilities of human nature. As he draws nigher and nigher, his foreboding becomes more and more dreadful and distressing, till you behold him on the mount of Olives, prostrate upon the ground, crushed by the anticipation of what was before him to the very earth, being sore amazed and sorrowful, and very heavy, so that his grief and his very blood burst out, and he exclaims, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" So terrified, that his human nature shrinks back at the sight of his hour, now at hand, and he cannot forbear praying repeatedly to his heavenly Father, that if it were possible the hour, and the bitter, bitter cup of affliction, which he was then to drink, might pass from him; but ever concluding with perfect patience and resignation, not my will, but thine, be done.

Here you learn patience and resignation, more than from all others, beside. Your thoughts follow him on to the awful hour of crucifixion; which was his hour to suffer, and the hour of the sons of mischief, and the power of darkness to inflict, yea of God himself to inflict. What then must be the affliction, when powers of earth and hell, yea, and of heaven itself, unite in afflicting! You gaze at the scene—your thoughts cannot extend to its extent—your conception fails—you are lost,—you see that the affliction is infinite—altogether *peculiar*, unknown and inconceivable! In comparison to it, your own, however severe, seems to you to dwindle down to nothing, and almost disappear.

As you are viewing this scene, a thought occurs to your mind which is unspeakably consoling. It is, that Christ endured all this, that you and others might not have to groan under it eternally. You feel yourself a sinner, and that you deserved to endure the punishment of sin, what he endured, which was infinitely more than you could have suffered out to eternity.

Almost infinite consolation therefore, comes into your heart from the thought that you are delivered from this. His afflictions were penal, the punishment of sin. Yours are on account of sin, but only corrective, for chastisement. Nevertheless, yours belong to the plan of salvation, and are necessary "to fill up, (in a certain inferior sense,) that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ."

From all these considerations, you are reconciled to bear them, and you endeavour, with all your might, to check and suppress every qualm of impatience, every rising murmur and complaint.

These are some of the sources of consolation which this world affords you, in your disconsolate condition. These are some of the things and beings in this world, and surrounding you, to which your mind will first, and most naturally, look for consolation. As I proceed, I shall mention one or two more.

March 17th, 1828.

ANOTHER day or two have now elapsed, and in spite of all the efforts of nature and of art, and the kind and incessant help of your faithful nurse and physician, and friends, you are much worse.

Your disease rages more and more, and now begins seriously to threaten to prevail, and overcome you. Your strength is prostrated. You are no longer able to stand on your feet, and can scarcely raise yourself in your bed. You are emaciated.—Your countenance is pale. You have a bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is offensive, and an offensive morbid smell rises from your whole body. You are, indeed, a loathsome object to yourself, and those around you. As you lie upon the bed, your hands are that part of you, which you most readily see; and by looking at them you discover to what degree, you are reduced. You have just got through a severe night, and it is morning. The light returns, and fills your room, but brings little or no refreshment, or animation to you. Though “the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,” yet but little sweetness or pleasantness is now wafted upon “the wings of the morning” to your dark and gloomy breast.

You turn your eyes to the window as on yesterday, but see nothing new, no variety, the same objects present themselves, and you have long since become tired of looking at them. You cast your eyes round your room, and see the table covered with phials and bottles for your medicine, and plates and bowls, and cups, for your diet, and gruels, and drinks. It appears to you, what it really is, a sick person’s room, the prison of the afflicted and forlorn. It presents both the smell of the apothecary’s shop, and the bed of sickness. After breakfast you hear, perhaps, in an adjoining room, the other members of the family speaking about their business, and of going this way and that, to attend to it. You hear them start out, and, whether it is so or not, they seem to you to be regardless of *your* thoughts and feelings. They are now out of hearing, and the house is left silent. You cannot follow them, nor even rise up. You are

left to yourself—"to solitude--to sorrow left!" Your thoughts recoil upon you with great and almost overwhelming force.—Many times through your life you have visited such rooms, and seen the sick and thought their case truly bad, but never before had you the sick person's thoughts and feelings. In *their* case you saw, but now you *feel*. And such a flood of feeling swells in your breast, that you can no longer restrain, it bursts out and—"like a crane or a swallow, so do you chatter: you do mourn as a dove." You cannot bear up—you cannot resist the tide of feeling. You cry out in the bitterness of your soul—"I shall go to the gates of the grave. I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of the world." You weep—"you water your couch with your tears."

In the midst of these doleful chatterings and mournings there is a gentle rap at your door. Your nurse steps and opens it, and bids your minister walk in. He has received your call, and is come to see you. He is an aged, gray-headed man, of tried, and established, and unblemished character; against whom no charge can be brought, except by the tongue of slander, and whom you have long revered and loved, and with great delight and profit, heard preaching and proclaiming the gospel—"the good tidings of great joy—glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." He is a man of extensive education. Particularly, he has long studied and meditated upon, the stupendous and glorious plan of salvation, which causes so much wonder in the universe. His mind is truly cultivated and enlarged.

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge;
And anxious mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace, to guilty men."

Perhaps like you, in days past, he has been sick and "felt the same." He is intimately acquainted with human nature in all its propensities, and calamities, and hopes. With such a heart, all tenderness, affection, love and sympathy; and with a countenance, calm and firm, as his who trusts in the living God, he gently approaches your bed side, and in a low tone of voice calls you by name, and asks you how you feel this morning?—He hears your reply, then deliberately seats himself in a chair

at the head of your bed—tenderly takes you by the hand—looks you in the face, with a pleasant smile, and thus addresses you at length, allowing you, as he proceeds, sufficient intervals to rest, and take refreshment.

My dear fellow mortal, and fellow christian, you are sick and feeble, “the days of affliction have taken hold upon you,” and you are brought low. The dark nights of adversity hover over you, and you are sad and sorrowful. We all feel for you, most tenderly and affectionately. Your friends have been doing every thing in their power for your relief and restoration, and they will not only continue, but increase their exertions. They will incessantly use, to the utmost of their skill, all the means within their reach to raise you up again to health and comfort, and active life.

The power of medicine is great, it may yet work a very salutary and desirable change upon you. You are not yet so low as I have seen others, who lived long afterwards. Much depends, (as no doubt your physician has told you,) upon the state of your mind.

No two things are more intimately connected, than your soul and body.

The one suffers with the other. Your mind needs medicine, as well as your body. The only medicine which you can obtain for it, is pleasant thoughts. They will produce pleasant feelings—and pleasant feelings in the mind, will counteract unpleasant feelings in the body. Therefore, by inviting and wooing such thoughts and indulging in them, you will make an attack upon your disease, though indirect, yet powerful.

I have been told that you have endeavoured to obey the charge of your doctor, and have been gathering in all the consolatory thoughts you could from the things and beings of this world.

In so doing, you have acted perfectly right. You are still an inhabitant of this world, and it is not only your duty, but privilege, to continue to use it to the best advantage. You will do well, therefore, to continue musing as much as you can, upon all the manifold works of God, which in wisdom he has made here below. The whole creation is before your view, in all its visible and sensible objects, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational. You may view the men and things of this world, in every new light you can. All the parts of creation, from the profoundest philosopher, down to the minutest particle of dust, brilliantly exhibit the divine wisdom. When it is said, “the whole earth is full of the glory of God,” the saying is true. Creation then, furnishes you a vast and boundless field in which you may let your thoughts roam at large, in order to amuse your mind and drown your sorrows.

In this, you only need one caution, and that is, to remember, 'that they that use this world must use it as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world, passeth away.'

But God is not only the God of creation, but of providence: He not only made the world, but governs it. His providence is over all things. Here is another field, equally extensive with creation, in which your thoughts may roam. This too, is a field which is far more congenial to your present condition and feelings, than creation. There are equal displays of divine wisdom and power in it, and not only so, but a display of these and even of divine goodness, in your present bad and unhappy feelings, themselves. Of this you will be convinced, when you reflect—"that affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." "God is the judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another." He it is, that says in the fulness of his own independence and sovereignty—"I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal." You will therefore, naturally be much occupied in meditating upon the multi-form and various allotments, and appointments, of providence. You will most naturally meditate upon the endless vicissitudes and changes, through which men pass in this world of uncertainty, toil and strife. Of their prosperity and adversity—their success and disappointments—one's being sick, and getting well—some lingering for a length of time in sickness—others dying suddenly—the great majority being cut off before they arrive at old age—and you will think of the innumerable instances of the first being made last, and the last first, contrary to their own expectations, in almost every case. It is proper and desirable, that you should indulge in all these, and such like thoughts, about this present visible world, (however bad your case may be,) for the purpose of preserving and prolonging your life.

But there is another world, though invisible, yet real. This we know by faith, and it is an unspeakable consolation, decidedly, to know it. To this, it is my special and sacred duty, as a minister of the gospel, to direct the attention of my fellow men, whether in health or sickness.

About this invisible future world, you have read much in the revelation, which it has pleased God to give, concerning it.—This revelation is called the word of God, and is contained in the Bible. From the accounts there given, you have long directed your attention to the invisible world. From the stupendous and glorious exhibitions of nature, and the existence of intellect in man, and the plain and conclusive declarations of revelation, you believe, and are firmly persuaded in your mind, and fully satisfied, that there is such a world. That there is a

God, who is a spirit, and that there are with him, angelic spirits without bodies. That the soul of man is a spirit, and immortal,—cannot die, nor perish, nor be destroyed by any but God, and he has said he will never annihilate it. These thoughts, and this faith, are not new to you. In the days of your health and strength, they occupied your mind. Your mind was much given to them. And since your sickness, much more. As your health and strength decline, you think more and more about the invisible world, and perhaps have new and enlarged, and more realizing views of it. As you draw nearer to it, you see it plainer, and your hopes of happiness in it increase.

How are these things with you? Are they so? It may be you are able to answer him decidedly, that they are so. You say, though at times I have had some temptations to doubt, yet the evidences of my faith, have grown stronger and stronger, and my hopes of a happy immortality brighter and brighter; and in a ten fold degree, since my sickness. I know now what is meant, when it is said—"In their affliction, they will seek me early." I find affliction to be, like the law, a good school master to bring me to Christ and fill my mind with all holy graces and heavenly contemplations. It constrains me "to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." It makes religion and heaven to appear *real*. Your minister is happy to hear you express yourself thus. Tells you that all this is just as it should be, and proceeds in speaking to you of the invisible world. He says, my dear fellow mortal, the things which are seen are temporal, of short duration; but the things which are not seen, are eternal, of endless duration. This visible world, is to come to an end—the invisible world abideth ever.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is a great channel opened into the invisible world, down through which consolations may flow into the hearts of the disconsolate. Far the larger part of those consolations which may come, will consist in hope.

It is true, something of the spirit of heaven—some of the graces which adorn and beautify the inhabitants of the invisible world—some small part of their perfect happiness, may flow into your breast as an earnest that you will ultimately possess the whole, but so long as that world continues to be an invisible world, the main income which you will receive from it, will consist in hope. All that you will have to suffer, you will suffer in hope—hope not only of being delivered from all suffering, but of being put in possession, at length, of the perfect and uninterrupted happiness of the invisible world. This happi-

ness is promised to all who believe there is such a world, and "lay hold on the hope set before them." The promises of it, you have found in the Bible, in almost every part. They are very numerous, very plain, and full of consolation. They are variously expressed, and suited to men in every condition of life. The following are a few of those, which are applicable to your present condition. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh. Ye shall be sorrowful; but your sorrow shall be turned unto joy. He that endureth unto the end, shall be saved. To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

The pious and inspired David and Paul, were men much afflicted, and they express themselves in the following consoling and encouraging language. "Weeping may continue for a night but joy cometh in the morning. Remember the word upon which thou hast caused me to hope. This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickered me. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

You observe three things conspired together, to afford them comfort and consolation, under their uncommon afflictions.—That they were light, short, and to be succeeded by joy and a weight of glory. Light, in comparison to what they deserved, and in comparison to the joy, the fullness of joy, and the glory, the exceeding weight of glory, that were to follow. Short, in comparison to the afflictions of many others, and to eternal sufferings. All this may be summed up in their possessing and exercising hope, through faith. There is nothing which enabled them, and other good men, who have been grievously afflicted, or even Christ himself, under his sufferings, to consider their afflictions light, or even short, but the hope of their coming to an end, and being followed by joy and glory, in the invisible world.

"No affliction, no chastening for the present, seemeth to be joyous but grievous." Before Christ himself, a reward was held out. "He for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." The joy set before him, was the salvation of his people—that he should see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. It was the joy of sitting down at the right hand of the throne of God—the fulness of joy and the exceeding weight of glory, which are peculiar to the God-head. Joy and glory

of that kind are not held out to you. The same, however, that were set before David and Paul and all the faithful and pious, are set before you; and these possess a fulness and exceeding weight; all that you are capable of receiving and enjoying.—Heaven then, with all its rich rewards—its fulness of joy—its exceeding weight of glory—its perfect peace and boundless and eternal blessedness, is the object of your hope. No affliction there, no sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor death. And O! the transporting thought! this perfect happiness will have no end, it will be eternal. My dear fellow mortal, your affliction here cannot be long; you may weep for a night, but joy will come in the morning. Your outward man may perish, as you are already pale and emaciated, but your inward man will be renewed day by day. But think of time and eternity!—Your light affliction which is but for a moment is working out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Think of the afflictions of Christ, and of the damned—his infinite—their's eternal, and both grievous, weighty—an immense load. Your's is light. Certainly light, or it would long since have taken your life. You have not much strength in your body—it cannot bear much—Christ was supported purposely to suffer, and so are the damned. Not so with you. However heavy your affliction may feel, it is but light chastisement—and but for a moment. Were it to continue the whole length of man's life, three score and ten years, in comparison with eternity, it would be but for a moment. And when this moment is over, what then? Your affliction during this moment is working out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. These terms are acknowledged by all to be the most expressive that the apostle could use. When your moment of affliction shall be over, you are looking not only for glory, but a weight of glory, not only for a weight of glory, but an eternal weight of glory, and not only for an eternal weight of glory, but a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

This is what the invisible world presents to your view, through faith. This is what you hope for, and the hope is unspeakably consoling and supporting. “It is an anchor to your soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil.” It binds you to heaven, and heaven to you, with a cable and anchor, sure and steadfast, which cannot be broken. It makes sure unto you, the indescribable glory, and perfect and eternal happiness of the invisible world.

Christ purchased not only his people, but heaven for them; and he has gone to prepare mansions to receive them, when they leave this world. He dwelt in the invisible world of old,

“from everlasting;” but in the fulness of time he came down from heaven, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, that he might speak unto men “face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.” During the days of his flesh, he was specially the visible great Comforter of the afflicted, and disconsolate. “He comforted them that mourned.” To them his language was—“Be of good comfort—peace be unto you,” so long as he remained among them. So that “their consolation abounded through Christ.” And when he was about to go away—“He said unto them, Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever. I will not leave you comfortless; but the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.”

There is, therefore, my dear afflicted friend, one and a great one, whose very business is to comfort the comfortless; whose very name is, The Comforter, and who is to abide ever with the comfortless. His consolations you may now look for and expect. He is of the invisible world and himself invisible.—You will neither see nor hear him, nor feel him with your hands, but you may feel him in your heart—your disconsolate heart. He will comfort and console you, by infusing into your mind the best of thoughts and feelings; holy and happy thoughts and feelings. In days past he has convinced you that you are a sinner, and you are deeply humbled. He will now come pointing you to the plan of salvation—yea, bringing salvation into your heart. He will greatly aid you—teaching you all things, making the plan of salvation to appear plain, so far as necessary, to your view; so that you will see clearly how God can be just, and yet justify the ungodly—how even yourself can be justified and saved. He will bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever Christ has said or done to save poor sinners. He is the author of your faith and hope—he implanted those graces in your breast; and when you feel confirmed in faith, and your breast glows with a full assurance of hope, you may consider these flowing into your disconsolate heart from the great invisible Comforter.

An enemy will always take advantage in making his attacks. Your enemies, with Satan at their head, will take advantage of your afflicted and weak state. They may perhaps make a violent onset upon you, and exert the utmost of their skill and power to stagger your faith and put out your hope. They may even

tempt you to believe that there is no invisible world—no God, no Saviour, no invisible Comforter, no angels, and no immortality for man. When your mind strongly repels such thoughts and temptations, believing them to come from the devil, and you are enabled resolutely to say “get behind me Satan;” when you look upon him and his legions as vanquished enemies and yourself no longer their prisoner—when you triumph over them, and look with contempt upon the allurements of this vain and fleeting world—when you feel rooted, and grounded, and built up and established in the faith of an invisible and eternal world—when your breast swells with a living holy hope of a glorious and happy immortality—all this you may reasonably consider the kind and efficient work of the great invisible Comforter within you. This is the greatest and fullest consolation which you can receive from any source whatever while you remain beneath the sun. It consoles you, not only for time, but in view of eternity. Time is short, eternity is long. The full and firm persuasion that you will be happy through eternity, is consolation indeed. It will support and strengthen you under the afflictions, and trials, and troubles, and disappointments of this short and miserable life. You know that “man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.” “Verily every man at his best state, is altogether vanity.” It is emphatically declared that “all is vanity” here below.—You find it to be so. You found it to be so in your best state, when you were in health. You look upon this world, however excellent it may appear, as groaning under the curse of its Maker. You say with Job, “I would not live always.” Such is the view which you have of this world, when your heart is full of the consolations of the great Comforter. And your view of the eternal world is most animating and consoling. When the great Comforter comforts you, you receive “strong consolation, yea, everlasting consolation and good hope through grace;” so that you are enabled to say with an apostle, “you are filled with comfort, you are exceeding joyful in all your tribulation.”—Truly this is consolation which so much consoles you and soothes your pains as to enable you to be exceeding joyful in all your tribulation. Such are the consolations of the great Comforter; and although he is not only the great but the greatest of all invisible comforters, yet there are others. There are angels, inferior created spirits, whose very name means messengers, and who are “all ministering spirits, (and in times of need,) sent forth by the God of all comfort to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.” They ministered to our fa-

thers. When Abraham was tried to a degree beyond what is common to men, "an angel of the Lord called unto him," and spoke words of consolation. When Jacob was in deep distress the "angels of God met him." An angel fed and refreshed Elijah when violently persecuted by his enemies far into the lonely, dismal wilderness. Those kind invisible spirits delivered Daniel, and many others, in the hour of sharpest trials. It is said of Christ "he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan, and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him." And when he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him. An angel delivered the apostle Paul from prison. One of these kind messengers visited and consoled the disconsolate and forlorn Peter, when loaded with irons, in a gloomy prison, caused his chains to fall from his hands, bid him gird himself, bind on his sandals and follow him out of the cheerless, dismal cell. "The beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Thus you see, "the angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him, and deliver them." There will be no impropriety in your fancying them to be round about you at this time of need.

Console yourself, then, by supposing a band of these celestial invisible comforters to be encamped round you, not only as a guard of warriors to keep off your enemies, but to minister consolation and strength to your feeble body and mind. Think of them, always awake, active, mighty and unwearied in repelling your invisible enemies, and administering consolation to your drooping spirits. These are faithful messengers and ministers of the great invisible King. They will never leave the post which he assigns them without his special order. They delight to help the needy. So long as your days of trial last, you may think of them hovering over your pillow, feeling for you in all your pains and sorrows, and incessantly ministering to your necessities. At the hour of death, the beggar was carried by them to Abraham's bosom; and it would not be presumption in you when you die, to expect to be carried by the same faithful attendants into the invisible world, which will then be visible to you. All clouds and mists will then fly from before your eyes, and you will see with open face the friendly comforters, before unseen, who conveyed you there. The whole invisible world will then be opened to your view in all its unknown glories and blessedness. You will see all the angels, and all the ransomed from among men. It is said "the pure in heart shall see God." None but the pure in heart are admitted there. If you gain admission, you will see God.

Thus when you endeavour to console yourself by believing the angels to be around you, your thoughts are carried away to that happy home, to which, as a christian, you are travelling.

As a christian minister, I must not fail to remind you that there is another order of invisible beings from whom you may reasonably expect much consolation, perhaps more, than from the angels themselves. These beings are too little thought of by mankind in general, and especially by the afflicted and disconsolate. I mean the souls of departed saints. In this I do not design to trouble you with empty conjectures. The scriptures not only teach that the souls of departed saints are alive and active, but that they too are sent to succor the tempted and disconsolate. Christ tells the unbelieving Sadducees, that God is the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.— Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, then, are alive, and capable of being sent forth by him who is the God of the living, to accomplish any of his grand designs. They, like Christ, were bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Their spirits were truly sister spirits to ours. They had all our feelings and sympathies.— They are acquainted with this world. In their day, they encountered its trials, difficulties and woes. Deeply they can feel for us, and anxious they must be to come forth and console us when we are afflicted, and low, and disconsolate. “Moses and Elias, appeared unto Christ in the days of his humiliation and sufferings, and talked with him concerning the awful death which he was about to die, affording him all that consolation and strength, which, as creatures, they were capable of doing. One of the old prophets appeared to the apostle John, and conversed with him familiarly and tenderly, saying unto him, “I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book.”

The days of miracles are past, and we are not to expect the spirits of our departed fellow men to appear in a visible manner in order to comfort us, but you may console yourself by fancying them, in this time of need, either in company with other angels or alone, to be hovering over your bed and ministering unto you. The deep solicitude, the anxious concern of Abraham, the father of the faithful, while in this world, for the welfare of his fellow men, you well remember. All his spiritual children, all true believers that have died and passed into the invisible world, had the same solicitude and concern for the peace, and comfort and happiness of their poor wretched fellow sufferers. No soul has ever desired to be saved and obtain salvation that did not strongly desire that others might be delivered from mis-

ery and also obtain salvation. And can you think for a moment, that that desire has forsaken their breasts, now they are eternally safe in the invisible world? Rather conclude that since they have tasted of the fullness of joy that is in the presence of God, and felt the pleasures that are at his right hand, their desires for the deliverance and salvation of those who are still in the flesh, are increased beyond measure. You may think of them, therefore, standing with reverence before the throne of God, desiring and even impatiently waiting to be sent down to assist and console the afflicted and forlorn. O, yes! so certain is it that he gratifies them and sends them on such messages of love and pity, that you may freely indulge the thought of there being an invisible band of your fellow men who were once bone your bone and flesh of your flesh, and felt the same that you now feel, even in this time of sore trial, surrounding and upholding your drooping head, and ministering unto you consolation and strength. Abraham himself may even now be here assisting you, or some one or more of the faithful patriarchs, prophets, or apostles. Yea, even the spirits of some of your own departed pious relations or friends, may be round you rejoicing to encourage and console you in the most tender and affectionate manner.

Thus far of the invisible world and all the beings of it, from whom you may expect consolation.

In what I have further to say, I would advise you to make all the use you can of those christian psalms and hymns with which you have been best acquainted; many of which, no doubt, you have treasured in your memory.

There are psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, peculiar to almost every denomination of christians. These express, according to the Bible, almost all the views, and feelings, and hopes of the christian, in whatever condition, this side of the grave. They are in your own mother tongue, in plain, simple, familiar language, and at the same time in the glowing, elevated, animating, and some of them, enrapturing style of modern poetry. They are peculiarly adapted to express the feelings of the human heart. So much so, that all who love the sentiments which they convey, delight to use them. Even the most learned men, when upon sick beds or death beds, have used them to express their views and feelings, their faith, repentance, love and hope. They have often found single verses, taken from different hymns, to answer this purpose in a most admirable manner. You may do the same, and if you cannot recollect enough, some friend may read them for you; especially such as are suited to your afflicted state. They may also read for you passages in any good book with which you may

be pleased, or which may be recommended to you by those who know what a good book is.

But above all, I must recommend it to you to call to your mind all those passages of scripture which are familiar to you, and which have heretofore supported your faith, enkindled your love, and brightened your hope. As in the former case, you may have some friend to read for you any chapter or verse that you may choose. You can thus meditate at large upon the scriptures, and hear them read as much as your strength will bear.

Besides these exercises, there is another intimately connected with them, in which you have been accustomed to engage; I mean prayer. O, what amazing love, and mercy, and condescension is it in God, not only to lend a listening ear to the cries of poor miserable mortals, but to answer their prayers. It is truly amazing condescension in the great Creator, who is the head over all and the upholder of the universe, not only to permit, but direct and encourage you and every one, at all times, but especially in times of need, to "come boldly unto his throne of grace to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need, and to speak freely unto his Majesty, asking him for help and deliverance." Of all the exercises in which mortals can, under any circumstances engage, this is the most devotional and happy. In it man seems to approach nearest to his God; so near as even to speak with him, and to lay hold upon his strength and receive of his fulness. The mind is enlarged, elevated even to heaven, and filled with holy and happy emotions. It has indeed, "communion with God, and with his son Jesus Christ;" and from this communion receives a large income of peace, and joy and strength. O! then, in this time of great weakness, lift up your soul to God in devout and earnest prayer, for consolation—for deliverance and strength. And if you do it with believing and operative faith, you will feel comforted and consoled in the very exercise.

While thus lifting up your hands towards heaven, and with your voice humbly addressing heaven's King, you will have a foretaste of heaven's felicity. "Your conversation will be in heaven," and at least for a short time, you will forget the disease and pains under which your body labors. Therefore, I would seriously advise you, as often as your strength will permit, to pour out your soul to God in humble fervent prayer.—Beg of him to restore you to health, if consistent with his will, and to grant you all you need to make you useful and happy while you live; and perfectly and eternally happy in the invisible world. It is my duty to be faithful and honest with you, Candor and honesty compel me to let you know that your symp-

soms are alarming. It is true, my dear friend, that you are dangerously ill. Your physician told me that he would not be surprised if you should die in a few days. At this you should not be frightened. So soon as you became conscious of existence in this world, so soon as you were able to think and know that you were alive, you were told that you had to die. You have seen others die around you from time to time, and you know as certainly that you must die, some time, as you know that you are alive. Why then be frightened at the thought of death? You did not create or make yourself; you have not preserved your life, neither can you shun death. All you can do is to use the means which your physician and friends think best, and resign yourself into the hands of God. He may bless the means in such a way that you may recover, or he may permit the disease to rage to such a degree as to take you off. At this critical time, you should take the most enlarged and extensive view of yourself as connected with the universe. In doing this, you will look back to the day of your birth, to the time when you received existence and became an inhabitant of this world.—You will reflect that the world had stood long before you came; that it had once done without you. From this you may conclude that it can do without you again. It has always been able to spare those on whom death has seized, however useful they may have been, or whatever their connections in life. Society has at all times been able, with greater or less inconvenience and difficulty, to do without any of its members; even the greatest men, whose inventions and labours and productions, have been most useful to the world, and who were bound to it by all the tenderest ties of love and affection; who were main pillars in the community; on whose shoulders the great concerns and interests of society rested. Providence has either raised up others to fill their places, or taught survivors how to manage without them. If so with respect to the greatest men, how much more easily can you be spared? Whatever be your connections with men—however dependant upon you others may be—even if you are a father or mother, with a numerous and helpless family; Providence will point out and they will find out a way in which they can do without you. It has always been your duty to stand ready to give up this world, and let it go, if required, at a *moment's* warning. This is the duty of all men, at all times; for life is just as uncertain as it is certain that they have once to die.

Much more is it your duty at this time, after you have been warned for many days by this very threatening disease, which is upon you. Whatever you may think of the strong ties

which bind you to the world at this time, and however ardent your desires may be to accomplish this or that object, yet for anything you know, you may be in a more favorable condition to leave the world now, than you ever would be again. You know not what changes might take place, nor how much worse your affairs might grow. Thus far with respect to what you would leave behind; I think you should be calmly reconciled to give it all up. Now with respect to yourself; it is infinitely more important that you should be resigned to give yourself up. There is no one who can be so much affected by *your* death as yourself. Great, unspeakably great, is the change which you will experience. But a few days ago you were strong and active. You are now reduced and very feeble. The change through which you have already gone, is great; but is principally in your body. That through which you have yet to go, is much greater. Your soul and body are still together, but in death they will be forced to part, and your soul will enter upon a new and untried state of existence. Man is continually passing from change to change, through all his earthly career, and the greatest of all is reserved for the last. In this he is literally and actually to be taken to pieces; not like a machine which is not conscious and has no feeling; nor yet like the brute which cannot foresee that death is to come upon it, nor perhaps even know it is dying when it is. This man can do for years beforehand; he approaches this last greatest change, in which he is to be taken to pieces, knowing that it *must* come, and that he *cannot* escape it. He draws nigh to it with all the combined and exquisite feelings of soul and body. No wonder that death is terrible, that it is the "king of terrors;" for this change itself—this "failure of heart and flesh"—this rending asunder of soul and body, (saying nothing about the eternal consequences that are to follow,) is awful and frightful work. And when these consequences are brought to view, it is doubly so.

Therefore death is justly looked upon by all mankind as the most serious and frightful scene through which they have to pass here below. I do not speak thus to alarm and startle you, but because it is true. As such the scriptures recognise it. It would ill become me to flatter you at this most serious time, by representing death to be nothing more than a slight change.—And it would be equally improper for me to say nothing about it. It is my sacred duty as a minister of the gospel, to speak of it according to truth, not with a view to terrify you, but to prepare your mind to meet it as calmly as possible, being an enemy, if not the greatest yet very great, and the last with which you will have to contend in this visible world. As I have said

that which makes death so terrific, is not so much the dissolution of nature, as what is to follow. We are fully and familiarly acquainted with every thing that takes place before death. We may approach death step by step, seeing plainly the ground on which we tread; discovering nothing but what we have before known, and feeling nothing but what we have already experienced through our ordinary senses; but the very first step beyond is very much in the dark, untried and unknown by consciousness or any thing that our senses have before experienced. We know nothing of it by sensation or consciousness—we have never felt it in our souls or bodies.

All we know or can know about it, is through faith, founded upon the dim light of nature, and upon the declarations of the Bible. Whatever we experience, we know for ourselves, and do not need the testimony of others. For instance, you know that you are diseased without the testimony of others; but you know nothing of what took place before you were born, without believing what you have heard from others. In that way you may know many things to absolute certainty. Those who were alive then, saw and heard, &c. the things which they have related to you. With them they were matters of experience; they used their senses to obtain their knowledge; and by believing them, you also use their senses instead of your own, to gain the same knowledge. If they are honest and true men. I say you may know even to absolute certainty, many things which you have not experienced.

But it is not so with respect to things beyond death. No one that you ever saw die was able after death to give you any account of things which he saw and felt. You see nothing but the dead body, and you hear no voice. You know nothing of what he has experienced—you cannot gain any knowledge through *his* senses.

Neither can those persons who have been drowned, or died in any other way, and been brought to life by the skill of the physicians, give any satisfactory account of what they saw or heard while they were dead, or at least appeared to be dead. . No, nor even those who have been known to be dead, and were miraculously raised from the dead by our Saviour, gave any account of what they had learned and experienced while dead. Lazarus, whom hundreds knew to be dead, and who lay four days in the grave, and was raised from the dead by the almighty power of Jesus Christ, gave no account of things beyond death. There is no record of his telling his friends any thing about even the first step which he took after the breath left his body, nor any discoveries that he made while his body lay in the grave.

No, my dear friend, neither did Christ himself, after he rose from the dead, give any information concerning those things which he saw and felt and experienced while dead. He raised them from the dead, and rose himself, not only to show his own power, but to prove to mankind the great doctrine of the resurrection of the body. To show them the possibility of a human body's being brought to life after it was totally dead. He did this to "become the first fruits of them that slept," and to convince mankind that he would actually bring about the general resurrection of all men as he taught. He did not do it to make any new experimental discoveries with a view of communicating them to the human family. We cannot doubt for a moment, whether it was in the power of the divine Saviour to make such communications if he had thought best; and we may naturally and reasonably suppose that all those who were raised from the dead would have done it had they been able, and God had permitted them.

Certainly they would have taken great pleasure in telling their friends and relations what they might expect immediately after death. Their pleasure would have been exceedingly great to have brought up some news from the dead. This is greatly desired by mankind, and if it had been in their power, they would have rejoiced in ecstasies to have communicated it to them. You are not to suppose that they neither saw, nor felt, nor experienced any thing in their souls while their bodies were dead. As I have already said, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Though they were dead in their bodies, yet their souls were alive. And if they were alive, they had feelings—they had knowledge—otherwise they could not have been alive. But these feelings and this knowledge were entirely new, and could not be expressed or communicated by them, when raised to life, in the manner in which knowledge and feelings are communicated by men in this present state of existence. Thus it was impossible for them to make known any thing about the state of the dead. In like manner those who in "visions and revelations of the Lord," have seen the realities of the invisible world, have been unable or forbidden to tell or communicate what they saw. The apostle says, "I knew a man in Christ.....how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

I do not say that God could not have enabled them to have done it even through their ordinary senses, and made it lawful; but one thing is certain, that he did not. He has not chosen this way to give us any knowledge of the invisible world. But

this is the way in which we most naturally and most strongly desire to have it. Nevertheless, it has not been thought best by him to gratify us. Christ, who was dead, but rose again, and is alive for ever more, and had all power, could, if he had thought best, have told mankind what he saw and felt while in the state of the dead; but he did not do it. This is not God's way. In his righteous sovereignty he determined that no one should see and feel for us and report unto us things beyond death. He was resolved that we should take his bare word for it, or know nothing about it, till we should die, and go and see, and feel, for ourselves, the things which are to be seen and felt in the invisible world. His word he considered enough; all that was necessary; and certainly he was the best judge. This he has graciously given us. He has spoken unto man by creation. Creation has ever spoken both to his eye and his ear; but her voice was weak and faint—the light of nature was dim.

Nevertheless, it faintly declared and showed man to be immortal. This, however, is far from being all the voice that God has used. He hath not only “at sundry times, and in divers manners, spoken in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, but hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.” His very Son, “our Saviour Jesus Christ, hath appeared and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.” He hath plainly spoken and declared the great truth that there is another world, into which the spirits of men will enter at the moment they leave their bodies. To the thief expiring on the cross, he said—“this night shalt thou be with me in paradise.” He and his servants even taught that in the invisible world there was a paradise for the righteous, and a prison for the wicked. The common name for the one is *heaven*; that for the other is *hell*.

Heaven is represented in many different ways, and by various comparisons, to be a place of perfect happiness. In no fewer ways and by various comparisons, is hell described to be, a doleful prison of endless woe and misery. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body and reunion of the soul and body in the invisible world, is fully taught. About the *manner* of these, God has spoken nothing. He has only said, but very plainly said, that heaven is a happy place—hell a place of misery.—That at the general resurrection the constituent parts of men would be brought together; so that they would again be complete, having souls and bodies, every faculty of the souls of the righteous being advanced to perfection; and their bodies being fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ. Then at the general judgment, it is said of the wicked—“these shall go

away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." This general description of the invisible world, which your soul will enter immediately after death, is all that it has pleased God to give to perishing men. Perhaps all that he could give them in their present gross state of existence, being so very much embodied in matter as they are, and knowing so little as they do about pure and disembodied spirits.

When men are not satisfied with this, and do not believe and embrace what God has spoken concerning the invisible world, without wanting to know more, or to know it in a different way, they must be satisfied to know nothing about it. Like other men, they may see all the way to death, but not a step beyond. Rejecting what God has spoken, they do not even know that there is an invisible world, a heaven, and a hell.

But all those who believe and embrace what he has spoken, can see beyond death—know certainly that there is a heaven and a hell; and that if they are righteous, like the believing thief, they will immediately after death fly away and enter paradise.

Certainly, it is enough for the righteous to know that heaven is a place of perfect happiness, being content to know nothing about the particulars. As for the wicked, they doubt and deny what God has spoken of the invisible world, and can know nothing about it, till they go and see, and feel for themselves.

But you are a christian. You believe what God has spoken concerning the unseen world. You believe there is a hell, and that you was a sinner, and you felt, and still feel, as if you deserved to be sent to that doleful place of punishment. But through the amazing mercy of God, Christ came to deliver men from sin and save them from going down to hell. "He that believeth shall be saved:—he that believeth not shall be damned." He that believeth this is righteous—he that believeth it not is wicked; and we have already told you to what place the righteous go, and to what the wicked. You do humbly trust, that through the tender mercy of God in Christ, you have, by the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, believed that Christ came to deliver men from sin and save them from going down to hell—yea, even to deliver and save you. You very humbly but confidently believe, "that he was made sin for you, that you might be made the righteousness of God in him." That he died for you and has delivered your soul from all its guilt and pollutions, and made you a righteous person in the sight of God. That he has pardoned all your sins and left not a single charge against you. That the great Comforter, who is also the great Sanctifier, has done his part for you, in executing the plan of salvation, and has sanctified your heart, cleansed it

of things impure, made you holy, and sealed you an heir of heaven. You feel yourself to be so, and ascribe it all to the mercy of God in Christ. You feel yourself an entire debtor to the rich and saving grace of the God of love and pity.

Though you have this confidence that you are now righteous, and whether present in the body or absent from it, will be accepted of God; yet you were not always so, and you have been deeply sorry that you were once altogether unrighteous. Your heart has been repeatedly moved and melted with "that Godly sorrow for sin, which worketh repentance unto life, not again to be repented of." In short, you are a christian. You are a new creature. "Old things are passed away—all things are become new." Your heart has been emptied of all unholy passions and feelings, and filled with all holy affections and graces. You have not now to *begin* to think about the work of salvation in this hour of racking pain and distress, but have long been engaged in it, have long been "growing in grace and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," till you have arrived, (as you humbly trust,) to some degree of maturity in the divine life and in conformity to the image of God.

Thus, through the amazing and unaccountable grace of God, you feel yourself to be righteous in all respects, and "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." But it is only the wicked that "go away into everlasting punishment."

What need have you then, to think of hell? You have none. Not the slightest thought need come into your mind about "the worm that never dies—the unquenchable fire—the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." If you think of it at all, you may think of it only as a place of indescribable and everlasting punishment for the wicked, from which you have made your escape. You have escaped "from the wrath to come."

And what is there beyond death, my dear friend, that is terrible, but hell? Nothing—no, not even the shadow of any thing. But on the contrary, all that is desirable. If your character is *really* such as you profess, and I have described; if you have indeed escaped from sin and unrighteousness, you need fear nothing that will follow after death.

Therefore, if it be the will of God to remove you at this time into the invisible world, there is no reason why you should not be entirely resigned to give yourself up. The great change which you will experience, will be for the better, and not for the worse. About that which is to follow you are satisfied. The momentous and all-important question to which place you will belong in the invisible world, the paradise or the prison, is settled.

By escaping from sin and unrighteousness, you escape from the second death, which is eternal death. This death, is infinitely more terrible than the first death, which is the dissolution of nature. The dissolution of nature—the death of the body—we cannot escape, no matter how righteous we may be. But **O**, my dear fellow christian, how happy is it for us, and how our hearts ought to be filled and overflow with gratitude to God, for providing a way by which we can be saved from eternal death in hell! This is that death which is terrible.—This is that awful thing which is to follow the death of the bodies of the wicked, which causes them to tremble and shudder. And well they may, for frightful as the death of the body is, it is nothing in comparison to eternal death. This has in it every thing that is awful. Of all things that have ever been brought to the view of man, it is the most terrible. We all know what sufferings are in this life; and we feel them to be great before we come to die the first death—the death of the body.—This we find to be the greatest calamity (as **I** have said) that befalls human nature beneath the sun. But the death of the body is only the more full introduction to eternal death. Eternal death is the great evil of evils, the infinite, endless, and indescribable calamity which is to come upon the wicked.

But Christ hath appeared and by his own peculiar, infinite, and unknown sufferings and death, has more than equalled, and has actually abolished eternal death for all who will believe in him. This you humbly trust you have done. Therefore, you feel yourself delivered from this unequalled, this greatest of all calamities, from hell and the death that never dies. Therefore **I** repeat it, if it be the will of God that your body should die at this time, there can be no reason why you should not be entirely resigned to his holy will. God is a great Creator and a great King; he has many worlds, some smaller, some greater. The earth is one. You now find yourself here upon the earth, and like the rest of your fellow beings, passing through to another of the worlds of the great King. All that are alive, the whole family of man, are moving onwards in the same march. Such are the arrangements, such is the plan of the great King. Human beings are to begin and pass through the first stage of their existence here, then move on to another. Believing and feeling yourself to be immortal, that you have commenced an existence that will never end, and taking this extended view of the march of man, and knowing that neither you nor any other can be exempted from this march—I am persuaded that from this, and the various other considerations which **I** have mentioned, you will be unreservedly resigned to die.

To the infidel, life and immortality are not brought to light. He does not know nor believe with any certainty, that he has commenced an existence that will never end, and that he is moving on from stage to stage, according to the plan of the great King. He believes as far as he can see, and he sees that it is the arrangement and plan of God for all men to die.

From this consideration, many of them reconcile themselves to meet death. They determine not to look one step beyond. With regard to the future, they blind and stupify themselves, blunt their feelings, harden their hearts, and hush their consciences to sleep, and if God leaves them to themselves and does not wake them up and frighten them by bringing to their view the terrors of eternal judgment, they die as composed as the christian, step off into profound darkness, and pass on till in hell they wake and "lift up their eyes, being in torments."—But perhaps, far the larger part die in so much horror as to terrify all about them.

Not so with you; you steadily and firmly believe that the great King has indeed many worlds; that you have only commenced your existence here in quite an inferior condition, under many disadvantages and difficulties, and that at death you will be advanced to a more exalted and happy state.

You believe that the great King governs all his worlds, the whole universe, by one connected and unbroken plan, and that it is a part of his extended and stupendous plan to redeem and save, through Jesus Christ, a mysterious but real Saviour, all those from among men that believe in him and seek salvation through him.

In developing this part of his plan to men he has not only brought life and immortality to light for those that will believe, but for their encouragement has made known unto them the existence of another and higher order of beings, called angels. It is generally thought that all his worlds are inhabited; but this is not certainly known. The christian, however, certainly knows that there are angels in heaven, mighty, and holy, and happy spirits, superior to man. He is informed that at death he will be admitted into their happy society. These pleasing truths the infidel does not embrace, but rejects. And perhaps like a "Sadducee, believes that there is neither angel, nor spirit, nor resurrection of the dead." Therefore, when you view the march of man, you follow him not merely to the cold and silent grave, but throughout the endless ages of eternity. You are favored with a further development of the plan of the great King than the infidel. He sees only that part of his plan which reaches the short distance of man's march upon the earth—

You see that march in its whole course through never ending duration. If it is possible for the infidel to be reconciled and resigned to die, from his limited view of the plan of the great King, how much more possible is it for you? Before him, when dying, there is no light at all, not a single ray—but thick and impenetrable darkness. You may see, not with your common eyes, but with the eye of faith, not only the vast and glorious paradise of the great King, but all the saints and angels that dwell there.

The doleful prison with its glooms, and horrors, and woes, and weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, is not before you; but the blooming heavenly paradise with all its fragrant trees, “and the tree of life, which is in the midst, and its rivers of pleasure which flow for evermore.” This paradise is heaven, that glorious and happy resting place which God has prepared for weeping weary pilgrims. Into this paradise you may as confidently and certainly expect to step, the moment your body is dead, as you ever expected any thing which depended upon the truth and veracity and power of God. Though your pains and sorrows are at this time very distressing, and you are truly in great tribulation, yet you feel as if you had “washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Therefore, immediately after death, you will be “before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne, shall dwell with you. You shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on you, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed you, and shall lead you unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes; and, for you, there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things will then all be passed away.”

“O, the transporting rapturous scene that rises to your sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight.”

Paradise! paradise! with all its fruits and flowers, its waving trees, its hills, and plains, and rivers of pleasure, gently flowing forever more. O, my dear christian, let your faith be strong, and look away to this blissful place!

See the happy saints and angels, wandering in every direction, plucking delicious fruits from every blissful bough—delighting themselves under the arbors, among the flowers, through the groves, over the hills, down the valleys, across the plains, and by the gentle, winding waters’ side.

In the midst, is the city of the great King, the grand metropolis of all his worlds—his mansions, in which some are reposing his palace, “and his throne, high and lifted up.” Behold them

collecting together from all parts, gathering in through all the golden streets, coming forth from all their shining mansions, and in one general assembly surrounding the throne of the great Jehovah to worship before his Majesty! Glorious and happy assembly! men and angels innumerable, that no tongue can number, all bound together by the sweetest, strongest cords of love, yea, filled with love and unspeakable bliss! See Abraham and Isaac and Jacob there, and all the ransomed from among men, "the spirits of just men made perfect." Perfect in every thing that is good and excellent. Perfect in knowledge. All that ignorance which once filled their minds, surrounded them and beclouded their sight, is fled away. They no longer "look through a glass darkly." All heaven is open to their view, with its ineffable and transporting glories. They not only behold, but are among the holy angels who have always been faithful and true; they see God.

They are perfect in wisdom, unerringly wise to shun all evil, and infallibly to choose the greatest good. They are perfect in holiness, a glorious company, or "church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, holy and without blemish." All pure within, every particle of sin and corruption being removed. They are now the sons of light, the sons of God, admitted into his kingdom of glory, clothed with white robes, having palms in their hands, crowned with starry, glittering, incorruptible crowns. Thus arrayed in heavenly attire, they are fit to appear before the great King, to approach near their almighty Father's person. They are perfect in strength—all their weakness is left behind. They have put on immortal youth and vigor, and never failing strength.

O, my dear christian, observe! You see no weakly one, no pale countenance nor crippled frame; none blind, none deaf, none dumb, none lame, no diseased person in all that vast extended host! There are no beds of sickness there, like this on which you lie, and toss, and groan. No scorching fevers, nor wracking pain, nor fatal disorder preying upon their vitals, nor any symptom of death. From all these they are delivered; over them and all enemies, they rejoice and triumph in eternal safety. They are perfect in happiness. All that which was promised on earth, they now enjoy.

That which, while here, their eye had not seen, nor their ear heard, neither had entered into their hearts—their eye now sees, their ear hears, and fulness of joy enters into their hearts, from the inexhaustible fulness of the eternal and unchangable God-head. And to crown the whole, they are secured and confirmed

in this happy state for ever and ever, by the truth and power of Him, before whose throne, they adoring stand.

It the spirits of redeemed sinners are made thus perfect, and happy, and glorious, what must the angels be who never sinned? They are the morning stars which sang together, they are the sons of God, that shouted for joy when he laid the foundation of the earth. Each one shines like a star, brilliant and glorious; each one is a son of God, of higher grade than the spirits of just men made perfect. Cast your eye over the countless host of these heaven born sons of the Deity, who shine with such surpassing lustre that they are called stars.— See with what superior loftiness, glory and dignity, they stand, about to worship the eternal Jehovah! They are arrayed in ornaments, according to their rank and dignity; observe their flowing robes of spotless white, of heavenly texture, and heavenly glory, such as become high, and holy, and mighty and happy angels to wear.

See the starry, dazzling, angelic crowns, which rest upon their lofty heads. And that you may be elated and enraptured with the view, continue your gaze till the whole assembly, “this innumerable company of angels, together with the church of the first-born among men which are written in heaven,” perform one united act of heavenly worship. They are in the midst of the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. They are come unto mount Zion, the true Zion above, on which the throne of God is erected. They have assembled in full assembly, round this holy hill, and awful throne, “to offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay their vows unto the Most High.” Call upon thy soul and all that is within thee, to witness the exalted worship of those innumerable and happy spirits. Behold in what perfect order they stand, ready to move in exact concert and speak as with the voice of one.

See them lift their crowns from their heads, all at the very same moment, and with the profoundest reverence, humility and solemnity, cast them down “before the throne, saying Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created!” “Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.” Listen at their loud, melodious, harmonious and enrapturing songs and Alleuias “It is as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thundering saying Alleuia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him. Great

and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

Behold the face of the great King, shining and smiling upon them with divine complacency and approbation, while he freely and abundantly imparts into their hearts, all blessings, life and peace, and fullness of love, and fullness of joy, till they are filled with all good; blessedness, blessedness complete, unspeakable, infinite! O, who would not die? what christian would not die and go and be among them there, to see what they see, to hear what they hear, to feel what they feel, and to enjoy what they enjoy? To enjoy "God, the fullness of him who filleth all in all." Certainly, my dear christian, if it be the will of God that you should die at this time, there cannot be the least remaining reluctance in your heart; there cannot be one single tie of any kind, binding you to this world of sin and misery, which you would not be reconciled and resigned to see giving way—yea, which you would not be willing, and even rejoice to see snapped asunder. Firmly believing, with an apostle, that for you to die would be gain, yea, infinite gain. So that, like him, you are "willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." If you feel thus, let me talk to you a little more plainly about your departure. The counsels and appointments of God are a profound deep. It is altogether unknown whether you are to depart at this time or not. If you should, death is represented in the scriptures to be a great monster, standing in a dark valley, which is called "the valley of the shadow of death." It is a gloomy valley, overshadowed with thick shadows and filled with darkness. As I have already told you, there is no light admitted into this dismal valley from any direction but one; and that is from heaven, through the channel of faith.

No light will enter into the valley behind you and follow you. You will see none upon your right hand or upon your left. A gleam will enter from the farther end of the valley and will meet you. It will be brighter or less bright, according to the strength of your faith; and if you have no faith at all, there will be no light at all from that source, not even a gleam. If your faith be strong, that gleam will be bright enough to lead you straight on, so that you will not stumble nor step out of the way to the right or left. But the grim monster stands in the way, and you will have to meet him.

What is more, you will not only have to enter the valley alone, without a visible friend, but unattended by such you will be compelled to meet the monster. Your dear, and tender, and

affectionate relations and friends, may attend you down to the head of the valley. But there they must stop. However, desirous they may be to accompany you on still, to aid and comfort you, there they must stop. Indeed, instead of aiding you, they may be an injury to you, in expressing and showing their reluctance in giving you up and parting from you. Though you are perfectly resigned to die, and leave the world, and see and feel all your tenderest ties to them broken, yet it may distress you to see their hearts wrung with sorrow and broken with grief at the painful separation. Very likely in this situation you will have to enter the gloomy valley. So soon as you shall have parted from them and entered in, you will proceed on, though not unattended, not alone. Oh no my dear christian, not alone! Though you shall have left all visible friends behind, yet you will be attended by a great invisible friend, better than all others beside; so that you need not fear.

What said one of old, when speaking of the goodness of God? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Great is the goodness of God and amazing his condescension. He knows your weakness and will condescend to be with you, and go with you through this dismal valley. Yea more, he will walk by your side, and even lend you his staff for you to walk with, to support and comfort you.— Though you have to meet the grim monster himself, and fall a prey to him, you need fear no evil. As you approach him, you will do well to remember that he is robbed of his sting.— His only weapon with which he could distress, and mangle and torture, and eternally destroy his prey, was his sting. This Christ has plucked from him, so that he cannot use it against those who believe in Christ. This poisonous and deadly sting was sin. Though he is not allowed to use his sting against the righteous, against true Christians, yet he has power without it to conquer them. But you will have this consolation. Not every one that is overcome and conquered is destroyed. Warriors sometimes surrender and become captives to the enemy with the hope that the conquerors will spare their lives, so that they may again be restored to their government. This the victors may not do, but may cut them off, so that the time will never come when their government will again have their services. Death is not such an enemy; he has not such power. Over your soul he has no power at all; it is your body only that must fall a prey to him, and this he cannot destroy, he can only keep it a captive till the time appointed by God, and then he will be compelled to deliver it up. Then your body itself—this cor-

ruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Then you will be able to rejoice and exult, and triumph and exclaim—"O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" but never till then. At this time you will have to surrender and remain his captive until that appointed day—that great and signal day of the general resurrection of the bodies of all men. Though God accompanies you and walks by your side in this dark valley, and right on to the monster himself, yet you are not to expect him to interfere. It is his design and purpose to permit him to conquer you. All God will do will be to encourage and support you to believe what I have stated to you.—That is, that your soul will not be injured by the monster, and immediately after the conflict will enter Paradise; and that your body will only be captivated and held in captivity for a time. He will keep you from fearing that the monster will swallow you up in victory forever, and make you believe that in due time you will thus swallow him up. Thus you will not be suffered to sink into frightful desperation.

When you draw nigh to him and certainly know that you must meet him in a moment or two, it will not be advisable for you to make an onset upon him and attempt to measure arms with him. This will be all in vain and do you no good, but great injury. Your best way will be to become his easy prey and disappoint him as much as you can. Just quietly and calmly surrender yourself up, sink under his monstrous arms, if possible, without receiving a single blow or having the least struggle. So soon as your body shall be clasped in the cold arms of the great and invincible, and insatiate monster, before whom all flesh must fall, you will proceed on through the remaining part of the valley with inconceivably greater rapidity. You will no longer need a staff to support your doubtful and misgiving feet. God will convey you onward, not upon feet but upon wings. You will be delivered from the burden and incumbrance of your body. He will mount you up on the wings of spirit, and you will fly "swift as an arrow cuts the air," yea, like a ray of light. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, you will be at the farther end of the valley. The outlet of the valley is also the inlet into heaven. The gate or door opens into heaven. He will cause it to fly open by the touch of a God, and bid you "enter into the joy of your Lord." You will spring forth out of the valley of darkness into a world of light, a world of light, of life, of glory; of honor and of full and eternal blessedness.

You will be yourself immediately "transfigured," and will be within the heavenly paradise, to behold with your own eyes, with open face, its "sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight," its fragrant trees of life and its charming flowers, with its beautiful rivers, &c. You will not, however, delay any length of time gazing upon these inferior delights, but will move rapidly on into the interior, into the metropolis of the great King; right on to that innumerable company and assembly of worshiping angels and men, to which I have endeavored to direct your admiring gaze. Their attention will be turned towards you. Every eye will look upon you, and every countenance will smile with approbation upon the new comer. With one united voice, they will rejoice, and shout you a most hearty welcome to their blissful realm, their happy home. When you arrive among them, you will be most likely first to meet those whom you knew upon earth. They will receive you into their joyful arms and give you a warm and feeling embrace, such as spirits know and have. As you pass through their host, you will see the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, but you will hurry on to the throne itself, to receive the welcome of Jesus your Saviour. His human nature will strongly attract your attention, appearing so much like those beings whom you have been most accustomed to see.

With the combined glory and amiableness of God, and man, he will cause his face to shine upon you. Yea, he will even pronounce upon you the great welcome which he will repeat at the day of judgment upon all his followers—"Come you ransomed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:" at the same time taking you up into those very human arms into which he kindly took little children and blessed them, while on earth, giving you a divine embrace and pronouncing you blessed for ever. God The Father, and the Holy Spirit will rejoice over you. All heaven will gaze upon the scene, and admire and rejoice, not merely over a repenting sinner, but over a sinner saved, eternally saved, brought home to heaven, and glory, and happiness. All the "bells of the city" will ring you a loud welcome, and every voice will say, Amen.

You will not be overawed nor overcome but will be supported to receive the whole with composure, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory." You will indeed feel yourself in a new world, in new society, receiving new treatment and having new feelings. You will feel enlarged. Your heart will be filled, yea, will be ravished with joy and delight.

Thus my dear christian, I have talked to you plainly about

death. I have told you what you may reasonably not expect, and what you may expect according to the Scriptures. In speaking of death I have used the figure of a valley which the Scriptures give us. Plain as my talk has been, I feel as if I could not leave you till I talked still plainer to you on the subject. I wish to lay aside all figures and converse with you more familiarly and more clearly concerning your departure.

The scriptures tell us to "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." But they give us very few examples of the particular manner in which the perfect and upright have died. They tell us that "when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." "When Simeon took the child Jesus into his arms, he said, now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" but we know not that he then departed. The apostle when speaking of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and the other ancient believers, says, "these all died in faith."

Thus we are told in a general way, that they died in peace and in faith. No doubt they had peace with God and faith in him, and these are plainly exhibited in the case of Jacob. He appeared to die with composure and strong faith in God. But what opportunity had Abel to exhibit these? He died a sudden and violent death. Perhaps did not know a minute before hand that he was then to die. Without a miracle he could not have exhibited just at the time, much peace or faith. Perhaps he was attacked and cut off so suddenly, that all he thought about at the moment was to defend himself. Yet he was in a state of peace with God and died in faith. This it was possible for him to do and his faith not be in lively, peaceful exercise, owing to the sudden and painful circumstances producing his death. And so common a thing it is for men to die in great pain and distress, that God has said very little in the scriptures about the immediate circumstances of their death. He hath told us "that the wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death." The righteous hath hope in his death whether he dies a slow calm death, or is cut down in an instant; whether he is in possession of his senses or is deprived of them — Though he may not feel his hope to glow in his breast, yet he possesses it. It is true God has given us a very striking example of a happy death in the case of Stephen the first martyr. — You are not to expect, however, to die as he died. His death was not only uncommonly happy, but was miraculous. God designed more in it than the peace and satisfaction of his dying

servant. He was "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and of power, and did great wonders and miracles among the people." Therefore he had many enemies who determined to put him to death by stoning. So furious were they that "they gnashed on him with their teeth." It was God's purpose to show these furious men, and all men, in all succeeding generations, that his servants could not only die believing that there was an invisible world and that they would be happy in it, but that it was possible for them to do this with composure even under a most violent shower of stones. Therefore, he enabled Stephen to die as he did. He opened the heavens unto him and enabled him to be perfectly composed while the stones were lighting upon him from every direction. So composed that it is said "he fell asleep." He being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said (to his furious enemies) Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the son of man standing on the right hand of God." They were determined not to believe this. Therefore, "they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears and ran upon him with one accord, and stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Under this outcry of theirs, which was with a loud voice, and under their shower of stones, he kneeled down and cried also with a loud voice, so as to make them hear him in the midst of the loud noise—"Lord lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this he fell asleep."

Thus this devout and holy man, when his eyes were closing in death, literally and actually saw with them the heavens opened and the glory of God, and committed his departing spirit into the hands of Jesus his Lord. But this was miraculous, and we read of no other man who was favoured with such a death. You are by no means, to expect to depart thus. The heavens will not be opened unto you, so that with your common eyes you can see just before you close them the glory of God and Jesus, and in this way commit your spirit into his hands. As I have said, this was not granted to patriarchs, prophets or apostles. These died in faith, no matter by what means or in what manner. But we are only told that some of them, as Jacob and perhaps Simeon, had faith in lively and peaceful exercise at the time of their departure. The others may not have been even this much favored. We hear nothing of miracles at their deaths. Many of them, we know died violent deaths. Several of the apostles were crucified.

But perhaps I speak improperly about a violent death, particularly such a one as by crucifixion. There is one great circumstance in which persons dying such a death may decidedly have the advantage, and by which they will be more likely not only to possess their right mind, but to have faith and hope in lively and peaceful exercise. This circumstance is that they are not enfeebled in their bodies. Their bodies are the organs through which their souls act. And these organs being strong, the soul may act freely and exhibit itself in its full strength. They may meditate and think upon the great change just before them with all their powers of soul and body. They are in a more favorable condition to have believing views and cheering hope, than those who are reduced in their bodies, not merely down to the feebleness and helplessness of infants, but oppressed with grievous and distressing pains and sufferings.

We see that when God would give the world the most striking example of a believing and triumphant death, so much so, that he would work a miracle to complete the scene; he chose Stephen, a man unbroken by disease, his body possessing all its strength, and able to exhibit, by words and actions, all the views and feelings of his mind. Just after he had put forth the most powerful mental and bodily exertions, in making a long and energetic speech to his infuriated enemies, who not only disputed with him, but gnashed on him with their teeth.

This God did, to prove to the world in a miraculous manner, by an exhibition of more than ordinary faith and hope, that man can die believing himself to be immortal, and that his spirit will not die at all, but may be committed alive, untouched by death, into the hands of Jesus.

His death then was uncommon, not only as being miraculous, but in that he died in his full strength. It is not common for men to die in their full strength, except in battle, and there they are not apt to exhibit much faith. Your strength is in a great measure already taken from you, and if you die by this disease, it will be taken away more and more until you become perfectly feeble and die in weakness. This appears to be the natural way for man to die, and the way in which God would have him to die, unsmitten by violence from others or by violence administered by his own hand upon himself. This being the will and law of God, you need not be surprised that he has given us so few examples in the scriptures, of his people exhibiting peaceful and lively faith and hope at the moment of their departure.

No doubt you are impressed with the correctness and force of what I say, by the feebleness and distress which are now upon you. And you see and feel sensibly that if your strength continu-

ues to decrease a little longer, it will be very difficult for you to collect your thoughts so as to be composed and have those clear views of the plan of salvation, and those happy feelings, which you have had, at times, when all your strength was with you; when you were at ease, able to meditate and enjoy your meditations. No doubt you can look back to seasons when you have been alone with your Bible and your God, and have given yourself to meditation and thought and prayer till your faith grew exceedingly strong and your hope burned within you. You remember happy seasons when you have been at church, within the gates of Zion, in the courts of God's house, surrounded by the congregation of the people, and you united with them in singing the praises of God, and gave yourself up to devout exercises in worshipping his holy Majesty, till your faith grew so strong that you felt as if nothing could shake it; as if all men could not induce nor persuade nor tempt nor frighten you to doubt the truth and reality of religion. Yea, as if all men and devils combined could not cause you to doubt the truth and reality of your own established faith, and holy, comforting hope. These happy seasons you may have had, but if you look for such in your dying moments you may be greatly disappointed.

Remember that at these times, you were well and strong, and able to think profoundly, and bring to the view of your mind all the numerous and plain evidences which support and confirm the truth of our divine and holy religion.

I am far from saying that it is impossible for you to have those comfortable views and feelings, even when the weakness of death is upon you. If you expect them with certainty you will most likely be mistaken. Very few, are favored with such views, and feelings in the dying hour. Perhaps not one out of a thousand.— You may have taken notice yourself, as you passed along through life, and witnessed the death of your fellow men, that very few seemed to exhibit such faith and hope.

It is true God can enable men to do it, even under the weakest state of body. And it is no less true that he has enabled a few to do it, in almost every age of the world. I have read, and perhaps you have read of his enabling, now and then one, (without miracle, as there was in the case of Stephen,) to surprise all around them by the clearness of their views and the happy state of their feelings while the breath was going out of their bodies.— Even in our day you may have heard of or seen some such examples. They are however very few, as I have said, perhaps not one out of a thousand. Men generally die in so much weakness, and pain and distress, as to exhibit no such views and feelings. It is your duty to desire and pray that God would not only continue

your senses with you but would grant you such comfortable faith and hope, in your dying hour.

But he has not answered all your prayers that you have put up through life, just as you asked them, so that you received the very blessing for which you asked; and it would be presumption in you to expect certainly that he would grant this last one, and enable you not only to enjoy your senses, but to have faith and hope in peaceful and lively exercise. It would be more reasonable for you to expect to die as men generally die, and as perhaps you have seen many others depart, without any very striking appearances of faith, hope or comfort. Dreadful are the pains, and struggles, and agonies of death, and it is truly great and special mercy in God to enable any one while experiencing them to exhibit those happy views and feelings.

Should you not be enabled to exhibit them, yet you will possess them. God will be faithful to you, he will not desert you, "you will die the death of the righteous, and your last end will be like his," if you approach that hour, feeling yourself to be made righteous, as you humbly think you have been and now are.

My dear feeble fellow mortal, you must trust in God when you die. You do not live, nor move, nor have your being in yourself. "You live, and move, and have your being in God." This is the case with you, and all men, whether they are sensible of it or not. The great body of them do not appear to be sensible of it. There may have been a time when you were not sensible of it; when you did not feel your dependence on God. Before you embraced religion, you may have had no realizing sense, that you lived, and moved, and had your being in him. And even afterwards, you may have thought, that you believed you lived, and moved, and had your being in him, but at the same time had no deep and realizing sense of your entire and absolute dependence upon him for all things in life and in death.

Previous to this present sickness, when you felt well and strong, very likely there was but a faint impression upon your mind, of your own weakness, and helplessness, and your entire and absolute dependence on God. Nevertheless you may have had some impression of this great truth.

But now you begin to realize it with all your heart, and in all your feelings. You find that your own strength on which you depended begins to fail you. You had great dependence on your physician and friends, but these begin also to fail you. Their skill and power seem to be nearly exhausted, and you feel as if they now do you little or no good, and that if you get a little worse they will be able to do you none at all. You naturally and necessarily look around for one that is able to help. You know that you

will look in vain to the princes and mighty men of the earth; they cannot help you. Your physician and friends can do as much for you as all the world besides.

The whole world, with all its inhabitants, does actually begin to give way, and retire out of your view. Never before had you such a sense of the utter weakness of man, and the entire insufficiency of all earthly things. Now you have the sick man's views and feelings, which, they who have not been sick and brought nigh to death, know but little about. Now you are so far from having strength to attend to the schemes and affairs and business of this world, that it is all you can do to hold on to life, and you begin to feel as if you would not be able to do this much longer. The life of your body is supported by food;—by bread, and water, and air; and light contributes greatly to the comfort of man.

All these great and only supporters of the life of your body, you begin to feel no longer able to receive, and what little you do receive of them, does not appear to reach your case, nor to contribute to the nourishment and support of your animal nature. You can take scarcely any food, or any drink; yea, so weak are you, that you can scarcely use the air itself, can scarcely breathe it into your lungs, and force it out again, to receive that which is fresh and more active to support life. Yea; more, so weak are your eyes, that perhaps you cannot bear even the light. Thus you begin to feel as if the time were nigh, when you could no longer eat, drink, see or breathe.

In short, when you will be able no longer to hold on to the world, nor the world able to hold on to you; when you must let go of it, and your friends must let go of you. O now! you begin to see, and realize deeply, most deeply, that “vain is the help of man.” This declaration of the oracles of truth comes home to you with great weight, it finds its way into the very bottom of your heart,—“vain is the help of man.” And now you feel, and realize your dependence on God. All language fails to express that deep and feeling sense, which you have of your dependence on the Divine Being. You see, and know, and feel, and realize, that it is true, it is indeed true, that you depend on God—that he created you, and upholds you, and that he alone can take care of you in life and in death. You gladly make the “Eternal God your refuge, and have underneath you the everlasting arms.” In him you trust.—On him you rest your body and soul. This you have long endeavored to do, but have never yet done it so fully and unreservedly as you do it now. You see, and are sensible, that he and he only, who made the universe and upholds it, can conduct the various parts and beings of it through those changes, through which he designs them to pass, and take care of them while pass-

ing. That he alone can guide the innumerable worlds which wheel their circles in boundless space. That he not only does this, from the greatest to the least, but takes care of even the sparrows when they fall.

And here you remember with deep interest that encouraging declaration of the scriptures—"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." You feel yourself to be of more value than many sparrows. You have all confidence then that if God takes care of the sparrows when they fall, he will not fail to take care of you when you die. You know that your soul is a spirit, and that God is a spirit; that spirit can act upon spirit; that he, the Great Spirit; can alone support and comfort your spirit, in the dying hour, while it is passing from time to eternity. You remember with peculiar pleasure the manner in which he took care of dying Stephen's spirit, in the hands of the great Mediator, and you trust in him, that without a miracle he can take as good care of yours. From all these thoughts and considerations, you settle down into the most unreserved and confirmed trust in God. This is right.—This is just as it ought to be. And now, for your encouragement let me tell you the difference between your trust and the trust of the deist or infidel. You trust in God when you are dying, and so does the infidel. You believe there is a God, who is a spirit, and you trust in him, and so does he. The great difference between your trust and his, consists in the following things.

You believe that man in this world is a sinner in a state of sin and misery, and that God has laid a plan for his salvation, sent his son the great Mediator to execute it, and pointed out the means of this plan which man should use. Some of these means are to read it attentively, with an earnest desire to know the truth, and to pray with all the heart for salvation according to it, in God's own way, and not in a way of our own choosing. These with all other means you have most carefully used.

The infidel doubts, and denies, and rejects this plan of salvation, and this Mediator; at the same time knowing that there is no other, and when he comes to die has not used the means pointed out in it. His spirit has been at war with this plan, at war with the great Mediator, and he has resolutely refused to use the means of salvation, the means of God's appointment. In this he has acted contrary to the manner in which he has acted in all the great concerns of life. He has ever used the means to procure food, and to preserve the life of his body. And while he was using them—while he was planting his corn and sowing his seeds, he very consistently trusted in God for a crop—for food to keep his body alive, but when he comes to die he has used no means for the salvation of

his soul. Nevertheless he stupidly trusts in God for that.— Though God has given him no warrant, nor any encouragement whatever to trust in him, without using the means which he has appointed, yet he does it. Having resisted the strivings of the Holy Ghost, and not having cried out “men and brethern what shall I do?” Without ever having felt his sins pardoned, and removed from him—without ever having tasted a Saviour’s love, or felt the strong supports of the Christian faith and hope, he trusts in God when dying. Without ever having believed the account given of the happy departure of Stephen’s spirit, in the hands of the great Mediator, he trusts in God that his too will have a happy departure, in some unknown way, some way that he knows nothing of, and has no concern about. Thus he trusts in God. He runs an indescribable risk for eternity, to say nothing more.— Not so with you. You run none at all. He is on the side of awful hazard. You are on the side of perfect safety.

Be consoled then! O be consoled my dear feeble fellow christian! and if God’s good time has come for you to die in a few days, just continue to trust in him as you are doing, and he will take care of you. Be calm and patient as you possibly can.

Some little time before you come to the last moment, the last breath, while yet you have a little strength, if your senses be continued with you, remember that Sampson in his dying hour killed more of God’s enemies than in all his life; do not fail to bear your decided testimony in favor of God’s gracious plan of salvation.

Speak most tenderly and affectionately to all those around you, according to what you know of the state of their minds. With the feeble accents of a dying christian, in whose heart is the love of God, and who trusts in God through Jesus the great Mediator, encourage those who may be standing round your bed that are christians. Tell them that it is indeed true that God does not forsake the dying christian. And, if God so enable you, assure them, that even *now*, you feel him to be “the God of all comfort,” upholding and comforting your spirit. Tell them with your voice faltering in death, and with a pleasant heavenly smile of your countenance, that it is certainly true, that you *feel* it to be true, “that the favor of God is life, and his loving kindness better than life,” And O! “when your quivering lips hang feebly down and your pulse is faint and few,” with the same voice faltering in death, and with the same pleasant heavenly smile, tell those that are not christians to *be* christians. Tell them of the love of Jesus which you feel in your soul, and the full assurance of faith and hope which you have, that in a few moments you will be with him in his heavenly kingdom. And if your voice does not entirely

fail, and you can utter a sentence or two more, let your last words to them and all around you be—"Prepare to meet your God!—Flee from the wrath to come!"

When you are no longer able to speak, do not expect to see any thing like what Stephen saw. Do not expect to see any thing at all more than you have always seen, till your dying strife and struggles and gasping are over. Mildly suffer them to raise your head, and give you the drink and medicine which your physician and friends think best, till you are no longer able to swallow, because even after this you may recover. Your dear and beloved minister, after having made all these kind remarks and hints concerning the things and beings of this world and the next, from which and whom you may reasonably expect consolation—after having discoursed to you at length about the heavenly world and endeavored to give you a description of it according to the scriptures—after having talked to you most freely and plainly about death, and given you perhaps, the best directions that are in the possession of man, how to die—after having given you at different times sufficient intervals to rest and gain strength to listen to him—after having spent the day, till the sun is now down and it is dark, kneels down by your bed side, and most earnestly and fervently *prays* to the God of all power, the God of all comfort and consolation, to pity you in your afflicted condition, "in your low estate." He pours out his soul most feelingly to the great, all-skillful and only infallible Physician, at whose bidding diseases fly, to rebuke your disease and cause it to leave your body, if it be agreeable to his holy will; that you may be delivered, and have strength and peace and comfort to serve him still longer upon the earth; if not, that he would wholly resign you to depart and go hence, and that he would particularly bless you in your dying moments and take you to himself. He closes his prayer, by most solemnly committing you and commending you to the care and keeping of almighty God.

He then advises you to stop your thoughts and to sleep and rest all you can through the night.—Leaves you a sacred promise to come and see you frequently, while your sickness lasts, and affectionately bids you "good night." Perhaps you get a little sleep during the night, but in the morning find yourself no better than on the preceding morning. The day is before you, but not a day of much pleasure or enjoyment. The taking of your medicine is to be attended to, and its operations waited upon.

You are now not to expect consolation from any new source or object or being. You have your physician, and nurse, and friends around you, with the best medicine, and the most suitable and delicate nourishment they can procure. You have the Bible and other

sacred books in your room: You can at any time pour out your soul in earnest wrestling prayer to the "God of all comfort," for help and consolation. And you may be consoled by the thought that the christians of your church are praying for you, and that all christians pray for the afflicted.

Thus I have brought to your view all the great, the main things and beings, both of this world and the next, which are calculated to minister consolation to your disconsolate soul. Your kind minister of the gospel was the last being of this world whom I presented to your view. He is himself of this world, but his business is to labor mostly for the world to come. This being his more particular and special business, you plainly see the reason of his having made so long an address to you. In his address he was careful to bring to your view the things and beings of this world, and point you to creation and providence, for themes on which you might meditate, for your encouragement and consolation.—This was with a view to your still living and remaining here.—But you observed, he said much more, and was much more particular in speaking to you concerning the things and beings of the next world. The propriety of this you readily perceive, since it is his special business to attend to the interests of the next world for himself and others. Having a deep and feeling sense of the great difference between the short duration of time and the endless duration of eternity, and also of the unspeakable value of the human soul in all that it is capable of suffering and enjoying, he has said every thing that he could to encourage you to live, if it be the will of God, and every thing to console you in view of death, if that be his will. But, as I have said, he is the last being or thing, which I shall bring to your view for your consolation.—In truth, I know of no others which are calculated substantially to console you. These seem to be all. It appears to me that you will look in vain to other sources. It will be your wisdom to make the best you can of these, and if you recover, well, but if you die, you must.

You are not to think that the sources of consolation and help, which I have spoken of your having, are fewer or less efficient than other poor mortals have in their afflictions. Few, very few, who lie upon the bed of sickness and languishment, have the attention and help and advantages which I have spoken of your possessing. Being convinced then, that you are sensible of this, I will follow you on to the crisis which is but a short space before you. You have just entered upon another day. They gently lift you off your bed—wash your face and hands and tenderly comb your hair—carefully right up your bed and lay you back upon it. You are very weak and in much pain and distress. As the hours

move along, at times when you feel a little composed and a little more like living, you naturally think about those things of this world which your very friendly minister has brought to your view. While you are thus indulging, you think of all that was pleasant in life, of all the affairs and duties of life. And here your deficiencies in discharging your duty to your fellow men in former days come into your mind. However much you may have been disposed to do good, and however active you may have been in doing it, you now feel as if you had done nothing in comparison to what you might have done. The field of usefulness among men appears to you now to be exceedingly extensive. You see how you have neglected a thousand opportunities in which you might have said or done something that might have been of great use to the souls and bodies of your poor fellow mortals. You feel that if it would but please God to restore you to health, you would do more good in his service, and for the best interests of man, in one day, than you formerly did in a month. For this purpose a desire to live arises in your breast. You feel like vowing to the Lord, and perhaps, in your soul do vow to him, that if he will raise you up again, you will be far more unreservedly and more faithfully his servant than you have ever been. Will spend and be spent for his glory and the good of man. You think of the nature and symptoms of your disease, to see whether it is not yet possible for you to recover. With the anxious and earnest look of one on the very verge of eternity, you turn to your physician, and say—"Doctor is it possible for me to get well?" O yes! O yes! he replies, that is the very thing for which we wish you to hope, and there is still ground of hope. My dear patient! you must not despair. You must hope; it is your duty to hope as long as there is the least encouragement. Just before this you felt yourself to be balanced upon the pivot between time and eternity, but this revives you a little, and you feel inclined to the side of life. You are willing to live if it be the will of God. According to the nature of the human mind, you cannot will two different and opposite things at the same moment. You cannot will to live and die both at once. As a creature, a dependent being, and particularly as a christian, it is your duty to will what God wills concerning you. Your will should be swallowed up in his will. But he has not revealed to you the exact time when you shall die. You feel fully resigned to his will, in whatever way he may cause the scales to turn. And now he seems to be causing the scale of time to outweigh, and you have no objections. You are willing to recover, and for a time longer upon the earth, to spend and be spent for the glory of God and the good of man.

But, these feelings and symptoms and hopes, in favor of life; continue only a short time, not more than an hour or two. The scale of eternity now begins to preponderate, and your face and eyes are suddenly turned from time to eternity.—You are exceedingly weak and unable to bear much. You have dreadful distress in your stomach, and bowels, and head. You feel like fainting away. Your kind nurse applies the stimulating camphor to your nose, bathes your temples and forehead with it, and gives you a little wine or other stimulus. You are revived a little, but your face is still turned towards eternity, and you cannot look at the things of time. Your kind minister comes in—says nothing about the things of time—adds a few words concerning the glories and bliss of the eternal world—prays with you, and retires. You now turn your whole attention for consolation, to the invisible world. You think of the great invisible comforter, the Holy Ghost—of the angels—of the spirits of departed saints—of Jesus the Saviour, and of God the Father of all.—Your view of the heavenly paradise is still more realizing. You almost feel yourself to be there. It is not the fact however. You are still in the body, and spending a day on the earth where the sun shines; but the sun is now setting and the day is closing; and with the declining day, your strength is declining. The neighbours in every direction are enquiring how you are? how you are? Whether you are still alive? Some of them come in to see you and to sit up with you during the night. The sun is now down, and the shades of the night have come into your room.—O the dark and gloomy hours of night! so unpleasant and dreadful to the feeble and languishing sick! It comes upon you now with a gloom of uncommon and ten fold thickness! your spirit languishes. They light up the candles and decide among themselves how they will manage during the night. Your nearest and dearest relations, and your kind and faithful nurse have now become wearied out by being broke of their rest in nursing you. Most of them retire to other rooms and lie down to rest; but your faithful nurse, though she is overcome, cannot bear the thought of leaving your room. She sinks under her fatigue upon a bed at the further side, and falls asleep.

The doctor is still with you, and till now you have been calculating with certainty that he would stay with you during the night. But at this time he is forced to tell you that he has other patients whom he must see immediately. Therefore he turns to the kind neighbors who have come in to watch with you, and gives them particular directions how to manage you. Points out to them all the medicines and drinks and stimulants which they are to give you during the night. He steps away to them and tells them in a

whisper, so that you cannot hear, that if you get very low and your extremities become cold, they must apply warm irons or bricks or stones wrapped in cloths to the soles of your feet—use the camphor freely about your nose and temples, and other parts of the body, particularly the back bone, and give you as large quantities of stimulants as you can bear. He is now ready to leave you—he returns to your bed side, takes you by the hand and very affectionately bids you “good night.” He retires and shuts the door after him. But O! O! O! there you lie upon the bed, with every prospect of its being the bed of death. You groan—your hand falls upon the bed and you feel like giving up. In a few hours, sure enough, you sink very low and your extremities begin to feel cold. Your faithful attendants go to work with great activity to restore the vital heat of your system—to warm you up and revive you. They succeed; but in doing it they bring you from one extreme to another, from coldness to too great heat, and your distress is equally great if not greater than when you were sunk so low. In this manner you drag out the longest and most dreary night that you have ever passed upon the earth, and in the morning are evidently no better, but weaker and worse. So soon as day dawns, your physician comes in, bringing with him every thing of which he could think that promises in the least to relieve you. He inquires how you had got through the night. Your kind attendants give him a particular account. You are so low however, as to pay very little attention even to him. He renews his exertions with increased energy and faithfulness—determines to spend the day with you, and the night too, if necessary. He stands over you and watches you every moment, and at the very first appearance of an alarming symptom or unfavorable change, endeavors to meet it and check it with the very best means in his power and to the very best advantage. Thus he keeps you along, evidently however, growing worse till about mid-day; when you turn your eyes up, and with indescribable earnestness, look him in the face, and say—“Doctor I seriously wish you to be candid and tell me what you think now of my case?” he replies, “my dear patient, I am very loth to say any thing to discourage you, but candor and honesty compel me to tell you that you have now very little ground, if any at all, to hope for life; there may be notwithstanding a little, and I would strongly urge you to continue to hope as long as life lasts.”

Thus by exerting his skill to the utmost and by his incessant and unremitting vigilance, he keeps you along till the shades of evening return again. But in spite of every thing, your symptoms are more alarming, and the return of the glooms of the night makes you worse. O awful night! still worse than the one pre-

ceding! Your relations and friends, and neighbors have gathered around you, but there is little or no hope remaining in their breasts, or even in the breasts of your doctor or your kind nurse. Her faithfulness, and constancy, and energies seem to be even more unyielding than the doctor's, and she appears to be determined not to give you up. But all appears to be in vain. You grow worse and worse till mid-night, when your symptoms become more violent and alarming than ever. You now have every appearance of hasty mortality. Your extremities become quite cold, and the paleness of death is in your countenance and on your lips. O now! now! you feel your "soul to be chased through every lane of life," and almost out of the body! It flutters to be off. And you say—"O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." The doctor, aided by your invincible nurse, repeats with redoubled activity, what before he had had done to restore the vital heat and prolong life. To the utter astonishment of every beholder he succeeds in pulling you out of the very jaws of death, and keeps you along till morning. At the dawn of day, to his own great surprise, and the unspeakable surprise of all others, he discovers symptoms highly favorable.—He reports it to you immediately, but you are not at all sensible of it, and do not believe a word of it. Nevertheless it is true.—You have now passed the frightful, heart rending, soul trying crisis, and the scale has decidedly turned in favor of life. In a few days you are willing to acknowledge that you are better, and in due time get well.

My dear fellow sufferer, I now address you as one just come out of the furnace of affliction. "Behold thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee?" It is seriously to be hoped that your afflictions have been sanctified unto you, and have had a sanctifying effect upon you.—That you can say from the heart, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was afflicted I went astray." That in passing through the scorching furnace all your dross has been consumed! and that you "come forth as the gold seven times purified." That in a certain sense you are another being, a better being.—That you are much better acquainted with yourself and all your duties to God and man. That you are sensible that "the Lord bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up." That your heart is filled and is continually overflowing with gratitude to God, for his sparing and delivering mercies, and that every sensibility of your soul and body, are awake to the interests and welfare of your fellow men. In short, that for the remaining time which may be allowed you on earth, you will continually remember and perpetually strive to fulfil "the vow, which your soul in anguish made"—

to spend and be spent, for the glory of God and the good of man." And while you are spending and being spent, never forget for a moment, that as you did not die, you have still to die.

But instead of all this; instead of your now being alive, and active among men upon the earth, just when you came to the crisis, the scales might have turned in a different way, and you might have died. In that case, you would have passed into the heavenly paradise, and your place on earth would have known you no more forever.

August 14th, 1828.

FOR THE CHRONIC PATIENT.

Thus far I have considered the case of a person overtaken and attacked by some dreadful calamity or violent disease, manifestly threatening life: the case of one brought very low and looked upon by all to be dangerously ill.

I next proceed to consider the case of a person afflicted with some seated affliction or disease. Such are very numerous among mankind, and the disorders under which they labor are not much less various than the persons are numerous who endure them.

As I have already observed, they are the persons who are more properly said to be afflicted. Their afflictions are not only of various kinds, but of different degrees. The various local calamities to which the human frame is subject may be divided into two general classes. These which are without, or nearly without pain, and those which are attended with more or less pain. There are many calamities settled upon the sons and daughters of affliction in which they suffer loss, but not pain. Perhaps pain may be endured at the time of the commencement of the trouble, but none afterwards. In the loss of the feet, or legs, or hands, or arms, or eyes, or of the hearing, or in the permanent distortion of a limb, or the fracture of a bone, there may be little or no bodily pain. The deficiency or helplessness causes much distress of mind without doubt, and such persons need the sympathies of their fellow creatures, and all the consolations they can obtain, but not so much as those unhappy sufferers whose bodies are distressed and wasted, and weakened from day to day, by seated and

grievous pains. Such diseases, located either upon the external or internal parts, are called by the Medical Faculty, chronic complaints, that is, complaints of long continuance. Of this kind are rheumatic pains, unhealed sores, white swellings, cancers, &c, seated on the exterior; diseases of the stomach and bowels, the liver disease, diseases of the heart, asthma, dropsy, consumption of the lungs, &c. seated in the chest and abdomen, together with the whole train of nervous disorders, viz: hypochondriasis, hysteric and epileptic fits, the palsy, &c. seated in the head. These are chronic disorders which prevail more or less in the United States of America. Some of the most common and most distressing of these, are epileptic fits, the palsy, the liver disease, and consumption of the lungs. These two last are of all others, the most common. Of the two, the liver disease is the more common, but the consumption of the lungs is more fatal than it. A person laboring under any of these, but especially under any of the severest of them, is afflicted indeed, and certainly needs all the consolation he can obtain.

It now becomes my benevolent and sympathetic task to present to the view of such a one all the consoling considerations which may come within the range of my thoughts. The task will be easier to me as I have been myself for five years just such a person.

Suffer me then, my dear companion in sorrow and affliction, to draw near to you, and with all the awakened and lively sympathies of one who has long felt and still feels the same with yourself, to address you most familiarly with respect to your afflicted condition. You are a christian. But we are told by the scriptures, that the christian character is no guarantee against affliction, but rather the contrary.

“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” “But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.”

Your affliction is of the chronic character, slow and lasting.-- Such disorders sometimes commence with violent attacks, and in their progress, it is no uncommon thing for the patient to be visited by such attacks, which manifestly threaten to take life. If you are visited with such an attack now, or should you be at any future time, all I can do for you is to refer you to what I have already written in the former part of this work. That is written specially for a patient seized with a dangerous periodical illness. There I have enumerated all the consolations which came to my mind, and which I thought calculated, safely and substantially to console the afflicted, in the immediate prospect of death. You will therefore turn to that and consider yourself the person therein addressed. It is designed, as I also design what is to follow--

to be applicable with equal propriety, to persons of either sex, male or female.

But I now proceed to view you and address you as one, not alarmed nor torn by a violent attack, but pursued by a steady distressing disease. A disease which does not in a few days tear from you your flesh, rob you of your strength, nor daringly threaten to give, in a hasty manner, what little remains of you, to the lonely grave and devouring worms. Not like the sudden flash which blasts and consumes the powder in an instant, but like the gentle blaze that gradually wastes away the lengthened taper.—Such is the disease which prays upon some part of your unhappy frame, perhaps upon your very vitals. Before its slow, silent progress, the blooming roseate glow of health has fled from your sunken cheek. Paleness with all its unwelcome and unlovely aspect has taken its seat in your countenance. The brightness of your eye is obscured—sorrow sits visible on your brow—your voice is weak—literally your “hands hang down, and your knees are feeble.” Every sinew, and muscle, and nerve, and fibre is out of tone and enervated. Your joints are loose, and your whole frame relaxed. You have lost, not only sprightliness of appearance, but activity of motion. And this is not all, you have lost in a great degree, the enjoyment of your food, are deprived of your wonted rest, and of refreshing, balmy sleep. Such is your unhappy condition.

Nor is this all. You have not only lost all these things, but have in their place a fixed and painful disease, which, (like the shadow of your body during the hours of sun shine) goes where you go, stops when you stop, and stays where you stay. You are not merely crossing in haste, a dark valley, but slowly descending its dismal length. Not merely passing a short night of sorrow and pain, but feebly dragging onwards through a long scene of sore affliction—a life of gloomy adversity. O my friend! how happy for us is it, that it is not all wo, absolute misery, and hopeless darkness; bad as it is, there are occasional relaxations from pain, there is now and then a little rest, there are sources of consolation, there is hope! To these sources of consolation, permit me, now, deliberately to turn your attention. But let me tell you in the out-set not to let your expectations rise too high, nor suffer yourself to anticipate too much of that which is new and different from what I have already written. I have already said that I have therein, at least briefly touched upon all the great and most promising sources of consolation to which I thought it proper and appropriate to turn the attention of a poor languishing mortal.—I have there spoken of all the help that his fellow beings can give him—of all he can derive from medicine—from books—from

thoughts on creation and providence—on immortality and eternity—on heaven and happiness, and of all the consolations which he may reasonably expect to flow into his disconsolate bosom, from created invisible beings and directly from God himself, the source of all consolation.

I shall direct your thoughts to the same sources and in very much the same order. The difference lies not in the sources of consolation but in the nature of the afflictions of him whose trouble is strictly periodical and temporary, and of yours whose disease is located and continuous.

The great sources of consolation for the afflicted, (and indeed for all men,) are the same. Consolations, it is true, may be received in different degrees, in different ways, and through different organs, but they all flow from the same great sources. It were vain then for me to talk of other sources or attempt to turn your mind to others, when there are none.

My aim and object therefore, will be, to make all the use I can of the foregoing, with a steady reference to the peculiarities of your case.

The first source of consolation and help, which we brought to view in the former case, was the physician. When a person becomes disordered in almost any way, but particularly as you are, he or she, (as the case may be,) usually endeavors, for a time, to get over it without the aid of a physician. But when he finds that all he can do for himself is unavailing and without the desired success, he next most naturally thinks of the physician and applies to him. This you had better do, without delay, so soon as you find your own prescriptions to be fruitless. There are two reasons why patients not unfrequently suffer diseases to get the advantage of them. They persist in indulging the hope that nature will right herself and they will get over the difficulty; and they fear a heavy doctor's bill. In this as in all other matters, you should strive to avoid extremes.

It exhibits no small degree of weakness and folly for a person to run to the doctor with every slight injury or disorder. If the doctor should happen to be a man destitute of virtuous and sound principles, he will take advantage of such hasty and needless application, and perhaps the patient will not get over it any quicker with his aid than without it, and at the same time exhibit his weakness, and besides have the trouble and expense of paying his bill. The matter is still worse on the part of the doctor when he searches out such slight cases, particularly among the more ignorant and uninformed part of the community, and makes them believe they are worse than they really are, and that he can be of great service in curing the disease. All quacks, and many of the regu-

far physicians are exceedingly self-conceited, forward and officious, and therefore deserve to be shunned.

But on the contrary of all this, you will be very unwise in delaying to call to your aid medical skill, after you have even moderate evidence that a local and chronic disease has taken its seat on any part of your frame. Because some patients are inclined to be too hasty in applying to the physician, and many physicians too forward with their prescriptions, you should not be too backward to make known your condition to the ablest and most candid doctor within your reach. You may conceive that it is only an inconsiderable disorder when the doctor might be able to discover that something truly serious had taken hold upon you.-- Patients are often deceived by diseases and are actually gone beyond recovery before they make known their condition. Then the cry of the doctor is, "if you had come sooner I might have done something for you." And this complaint is often just.-- This however, is one of the many ways which the allwise Creator takes to conceal from mortals the time of their death. Such is the lurking movements of diseases in their frame that they are often a prey to death before they are aware. And at other times there is every symptom and appearance of death and the patient recovers. Therefore, the wisest course is to apply to the doctors. But you are not to expect them to have so acute a knowledge of the secret workings of the animal machine and of the symptoms of disease in it, as to make no mistake. The contrary is the fact. Discerning as the enlightened eye of medical science may be, and actually is, such are the deep and dark workings oftentimes, of the simplest diseases, that it cannot see the whole extent of their alarming character. You will not be so simple then as to expect the doctor to know so much more than yourself, as to be able to tell you certainly all about your disease. And, as he cannot know every thing concerning it, you must not expect him to do more than he knows. They very often know more than they can do. They can tell the patient what is the matter with him, and how the disease will likely proceed, but very often can do little or nothing for him. In some cases absolutely nothing. This is sometimes true with respect to cancers and internal schirrous affections, &c. In *chronic* diseases generally, they can do little more than check their violence and mitigate the pains of the patient. Otherwise there would be *no chronic* disorders. Because, if it were within the compass of their skill to cure them, they would do it, and such diseases would never gain the name of *chronic* complaints. I do not mean that in no case at all they are able to cure them. In some instances they have succeeded in effecting a cure, and that in a very short time, but in general, if a cure be effected it requires time.

These remarks I design not to discourage you, but to keep your anticipations from rising too high, and thus to prevent disappointment. It is better to bear a little caution in the beginning than to have the keen stings of disappointment added to your troubles, which no doubt, you consider already numerous enough and great enough. Be encouraged then. Indulge a temperate and reasonable hope in your breast, and prudently endeavor to obtain all the human and earthly help you can.

If there are many physicians in your reach be careful to choose that one who is the most skilful and has the most experience.—There is no class of men to whom age and experience are more useful than to physicians.

After you have made your choice as wisely as you can, you are still not to expect too much. The doctor will likely not be able to cure you without first reducing and weakening your whole system. This is true with respect to most diseases. There is no disease located either on the exterior or in the interior but what soon affects the whole machine. It is generally thought, the most direct and effectual way to counteract such bad effects, and to cure the disease, even if it be located on the extremities, is by introducing medicines into the stomach.

These medicines must necessarily be so powerful as to work a change upon the operations and state of the stomach and bowels, and particularly of the blood. Consequently your ordinary way of eating will be interrupted, and whether you have a good appetite or not you will be denied the privilege and enjoyment of gratifying it. The regular use of wholesome and nourishing food is the grand means by which you have strength. This being interrupted and suspended, your strength will depart. The departure of this is a very unpleasant concomitant of disease, but it is not common for us poor mortals to gain any good without some sacrifice. You must therefore consent to sacrifice your strength at least for a time, with the hope of gaining it again, with better health. With these views and prospects then, I would advise you to follow the doctor's prescriptions, punctually and faithfully as you can. If, after you have done so for a time, you should begin to conclude from your own views and feelings and sufferings, (which is very apt to be the case) that there is something wrong in his prescriptions, your most prudent way is to tell him *minutely* how you feel, and how you think the medicine has a wrong effect upon you, and ask him respectfully if he does not think he had better make some change in his prescriptions. If he is a man such as he ought to be, he will not be too easily swerved by your opinion, nor treat it with too much neglect and contempt. But if he determine that you must pursue them still on, without any change, and you submit, (difficult as it may be,) all the responsibility

will rest upon him, and if you do not get well he will not be able to blame you. If you refuse to take his medicine, you resume the business into your own hands, and will have to bear the consequences, whether for the better or the worse. It being the doctor's special business to know all that man can know about such matters, it is more proper that you should yield to his judgment than follow your own. It is with this view that you employed him. — There are very few things which men have to do in which there is greater risk than in prescribing for the sick; yet it is the duty of some one to do it. The life of the patient may depend upon it. A little too much medicine or a dose of the wrong kind, or if it be given at an improper time, may be, and often is, the immediate cause of the death of the patient.

Skilful and candid doctors know this to be true. They know that the doctor and not the disease, in many cases, is the cause of the death of the patient. This they see when it is too late. For instance, a patient is very sick, the doctor examines him, his symptoms are contradictory and confused; the doctor with all his skill is at a loss, yet he must act. Something must be done for the patient, and that without delay. All are at a loss, (the doctor himself is at a loss,) and perhaps he calls a council of doctors, and they too are at a loss; nevertheless they determine on a certain dose. — It is given—the patient dies, and from the effects of the medicine before his death, the doctor sees plainly that the medicine was the cause. But this fact he will keep to himself and not communicate it to the surviving friends, unless they have sagacity enough to discover it. And if he should exercise much candor and acknowledge it, such acknowledgment would do them no good and would likely very unjustly injure his practice. The case which I have supposed was a desperate one, but I have no doubt that in many which are not desperate, the thing which I say is true. And true too, not only in the hands of quacks, but of well informed, regular and skilful physicians. In some instances they err through carelessness and negligence, and are then greatly to blame. Their ignorance in such cases is a vincible ignorance, to which is always attached a high degree of criminality. But the cases to which I allude are those which are so dark and difficult that they cannot search them out. They are beyond the extent of their discernment. They are ignorant but their ignorance is invincible, therefore they are not to blame. Such is our love of life, and such also our imperious duty to strive to the utmost to preserve it, that the common sentiment of mankind is, “as long as life lasts there is hope.” They think and say that something must be attempted in the worst of cases. Not only so, but the maxim and practice of doctors is, “never to give up a patient till he is dead.” They feel it their duty therefore, to persist in do-

ing something. If they are at a loss they judge as well as they can and proceed. If they mistake, and thereby the patient dies, they cannot help it and are not to be blamed. Who knows but he would have died any how? There are various ways and means by which men die, and you see that even the doctors are one, and yet without blame. You have always been exposed to many of those ways of death. You constantly run the risk of falling into some one of them. Disease is a main one, and you had fallen into that. You are now in the hands of a doctor who is some times another way, though not often. You must do with him as you have done and now do with all other things and causes which bring about death. You must feel as if it were possible for you to die by any of all the means, yea even by the doctor. These remarks I have thought proper to make to prepare your mind for those dreadful and greatly dreaded effects which medicine often has upon the sick. It is no uncommon thing to hear them say that the medicine pained and distressed them more than the disease. And no doubt, in many cases, this is true. The medicine acts upon the same system that the disease does. It is designed to out-act or counteract the disease. Necessarily it must be the stronger of the two, otherwise it would not overcome, remove, and banish the disease.—And this according to the saying—"when a strong man armed keepeth his place, his goods are in peace: But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."—Disease and medicine then, are to have a contest within you, and it may be a violent one. If so, in the heat of it, you will be very apt to think that instead of overcoming one another they will overcome you.

This contest has commenced. Disease had taken hold upon you. Necessity drove you to attempt to break its hold, by medicine prescribed by the doctor. This you deliberately thought to be your wisest and safest course. And it would certainly be very unwise and cowardly to shrink from this course and stop and turn back, through fear of the effects of medicine, before you had given it a fair and sufficient trial. Gird up your loins then, and go on with the courage of the determined and the resolute, till you are restored to health or it is fully and satisfactorily determined that the medicines and regimen prescribed by your doctor will not restore you. Accordingly you do so. You summon up all your fortitude and resolve to swallow his drops, or powders, or pills, as he may think best.

To submit to his lancet, or lie quietly under his smarting and scorching blisters, or, if your case require it, to endure the keen and deep penetrations of his surgical knife, or the harsh tearing of

his amputating saw. If the amputation of a limb is the pain to which you are called to submit, you may soon recover from that or from a surgical operation performed on the exterior. But if your affliction is seated within, particularly on any of the vital organs, you will not so likely be benefited by the endeavors of your physician. I shall proceed to consider you and address you as one of the last mentioned unhappy sons of sorrow; I now view you as having gone through a long, and irksome, and distressing course of medicine and medical regimen, but all in vain. You have pursued it, and endured it, and groaned under it, till you have now determined that it is useless, and worse than useless to proceed any farther. Your physician acquiesces in the measure and you desist. But in the most friendly manner he gives you advice and directions how to manage yourself. He tells you now, as all well informed and liberal minded physicians will do, that your recovery, or comfort, or prolonging of life, depends chiefly upon your management of yourself. I view you now as out of the doctor's hands, but following his directions in a general way. And here, my friend, let me tell you to get all the information from him you can. You are now to be your own doctor, and you cannot be such to any purpose without a considerable experimental knowledge, and at least a little theoretical. As you do not expect to practise medicine on any person but yourself, it will be your special business to study your own case.—In this study it will be your main aim to discover what will relieve or help you. I mean all that can be meant by this expression. Every thing relating to your medicine,—your diet—your exercise,—your rest,—clothing, and every single particular, or course, (which is innocent,) in which you may engage or indulge. And, if your circumstances will permit, you ought freely to indulge in any of all these, which will in the least contribute to your health and comfort, only avoiding things criminal.

Here it may not be improper for me to descend to particulars. With respect to your medicine, I would observe in addition to what I have already said, that it would be well for you to converse with physicians wherever you meet with them, if they are not too reserved; and they will likely not be so if you tell them that it was not only the permission but the wish of your family physician.—The reasons why they are not free to communicate any information they have, are, because they do not like to meddle with another's patient, and the idea of a fee invariably comes into their head when they are approached by a sick person. Let them know that you have already had a regular doctor and he thinks best for you henceforth to be your own doctor.

After such remarks as these they will generally be free to communicate. You will likely meet with some one among them

who will enquire into the course your physician took and find fault with it. At the same time he will be very apt to say that he can cure you, and will wish you to become his patient. You must do as you may think best about this. It is not very likely he can, though it is possible. It is a very bad plan to change physicians, especially if it be done hastily and frequently, from one to many.— It takes a considerable length of time for them to become minutely and accurately acquainted with the patient's peculiar constitution and his disease. So that changing from one to another will rather be trifling with yourself. You will find old women and quacks enough who will readily and boldly declare that they can cure you. They and all the conceited and presumptuous ignorant will be very hasty to tell you what will cure you. They will express no doubt whatever. O! they will say "these or those herbs with which I am acquainted will certainly make you a well person in a very short time." Do not be flattered and deceived by their vain declarations. Be independent, judge for yourself. It is not impossible however that even this class of persons may mention some things or herbs which may be of use to you. From them therefore, as well as from the better informed, and also from books, you should pick up all the knowledge you can, which may have a bearing upon your case.

You will no doubt hear of wonderful cures being performed by different medicines, some of them very simple, as one single herb. And you will even hear of these from some of our most eminent physicians. They will report the cases with all their circumstances, telling how very far the patients were gone in chronic disorders, and how greatly but agreeably they were surprised to see the astonishing effects of the medicine which worked the medical miracle. No doubt many of these were real cures, but perhaps unaccountable, and not likely to take place with other patients who seem to be disordered in exactly the same way. There might have been some favorable but inscrutable circumstances in the patients thus restored; or their recovery might have been by some special providence. You will likely see the newspapers abounding with their sovereign specifics, nostrums and catholicons, boldly and unreservedly claiming to be certain and infallible remedies. Some for particular diseases, others for almost all. The former are bad enough, the latter are intolerable. It is very high presumption for any man to say that his medicine is an infallible remedy even for one disease, but still higher for him to say that it is a catholicon, or universal remedy, sovereign and infallible. Yet such presumption meets us on almost every page of our newspapers, in these days of avarice and speculation. There is good ground to believe that it is the love of money and fame, which crowds a large majority of these nostrums upon the public. I do

not say that it is the case with all. No doubt some of them come from physicians who have thoroughly tried them, seen their good effects, and who honestly believe they will be of service to the world. From the best motives therefore, they send them out. Their medicines may be good (if you can discover which they are;) but even they will be apt to claim an unwarrantable credit. I am not unwilling to admit that the medicines of the others may have some good qualities. Do not understand me to say that they may be poisonous to such a degree that it is dangerous to take them. These cautions like many of the foregoing I design to keep you from being too sanguine in your hopes and expectations. And I feel it necessary to add still another. The nostrums of which I speak will all come supported by a large number of certificates.—They will be very imposing and make you think that the medicine will certainly cure you. Be not too much elated with that fond hope. I do not advise you against using any of these medicines but only tell you to be careful and cautious. The safest will be those which have performed their cures within the compass of your observation.

The reason why I have thought it necessary to make these remarks is this—in almost every case there is something different from others. Your doctor examines you and is best able to discover the peculiarities both of your constitution and your disease. And if he has the knowledge of the materia medica which he ought to have, he can combine ingredients to suit your special case. Besides, for aught you know, these ingredients may be the same or nearly the same which the catholicon contains.

I shall now close my observations concerning physicians and medicine, by giving you a general rule which I shall ere long apply to your diet. The rule is, to watch most acutely and minutely your own feelings, and the effects that every particular medicine has upon you. Thus you will discover what does you the most good, and may continue its use.

The same things might be said with respect to mineral springs, which have been said concerning medicine. You will hear of them performing astonishing cures. They are a good thing in nature and very strikingly show the benevolence of God. They are and no doubt will continue to be among the greatest earthly sources of help and consolation for the afflicted. If your physician thinks best and your circumstances will enable you, attend them, and temperately and prudently use them, as I have directed concerning your medicine. They generally do best after taking medicine. With respect to your clothing, your physician will direct. You should have prudence and courage enough to change it, not only with the changes of the weather, but to suit your own feel-

ings. Your feelings will be very changeable and much more acute than when you were in health. Every human system is a kind of thermometer, and is much more sensible when diseased than in health. This ought to make you unceasingly vigilant to watch your feelings in order to guard against all injurious exposures.

I come now to speak on the subject of your diet. This I shall tell you (as I think all candid physicians will do) is the most important and powerful and promising thing which you can use to gain better health. The well timed and skilful use of diet connected with proper, systematic and continued exercise, with seasonable rest, has often done more than all things else.

Important as the subject is, I have but little to say on it. Much is said in medical books. To them and the medical faculty I refer you. After giving you a general, but comprehensive rule, which I found to be the best from my own experience and from the sentiments of physicians in general. The rule is to try all kinds of food and most accurately observe what agrees with you best, both in kind and quantity, and use it, if you can obtain it. The great matter with the chronic patient is to keep his bowels in tone and in motion. In almost every local disease these have a strong tendency either to inactivity or too much activity.

Universal experience has decided that it is best, if possible, to keep up their tone and action by diet. It is more natural and less injurious than medicine.

Though I did not design it, yet I cannot forbear saying a few more words on the subject of diet, the speculations about which at this day are almost innumerable—pardon me if I here put in one or two with a general conclusion. It will only be an enlargement of what I have already said. Man was made to live on food both vegetable and animal. This appears in his natural constitution and in the express words of God, allowing him to eat the flesh of other animals. His stomach is of a definite size.—When in health it requires to be filled, and often filled; and to that kind of food, vegetable or animal, or both, to which it is most accustomed, the constitution becomes conformed. When ill health takes place, the stomach cannot be filled, and regularly filled, without bad consequences; but eating too much or too little in this condition is equally dangerous. The patient should make it his aim to get his stomach to receive again the same kinds and quantities of food which it formerly did, moving on from step to step, guided by the most careful and strict observation and experience. To effect this, he should use any other kinds of food he can find. And my observation and experience have thoroughly convinced me that the proverb “what’s one man’s meat is another man’s poison,” is really true. Therefore, neither I nor any other man can

give any better rule than the one given above, to use both in kind and quantity, whatever agrees with you best.

Next to diet comes exercise. No less skill and prudence are required, than in the use of diet, and much more fortitude. In taking both, there should be neither too much nor too little, and each at its proper time. It is not good to take exercise immediately after a meal, particularly dinner. After exercise comes rest, which is next in importance. You should rest much of ener than when in health. In all these things your doctor will be your counsellor. I have swallowed an abundance of medicine, but you will permit me to close all I have to say concerning the doctor, medicine and regimen, by observing that I have received more benefit from diet, exercise and rest, than all earthly things beside.

I feel it necessary to warn you against discouragement and despair. Proceeding as you are at this time, these will be peculiarly fatal to you. Remember you are now your own doctor. If you give up the patient, he is gone. You will not forget that if the patient is neglected, or abused, or suffers, or dies, the patient is yourself. Discouragement then, being thus fatal, you should brace up and guard against it in every possible way that is justifiable. Let no little back-set, nor even great ones, cause you to despond to such a degree as to make you become less vigilant in watching your symptoms and in exerting yourself to the utmost, to regain what you have lost. Not only so, but to advance on to a degree of comfortable, if not perfect health. It is unwise, and vain, and full of self deception, to hope and strive after things beyond our reach, and altogether improbable if not impossible. It is scarcely possible for a person who has labored a length of time under a severe, or even moderate local disorder, particularly if it is seated within, upon the vitals, to become entirely well. Perhaps it will be presumption for you to expect restoration to perfect soundness and strength. But desperate as your case may be, never loose sight of improving it. Ever indulge and cherish the fond hope that you will get better and better, till you will again enjoy, at least, a comfortable degree of health. Health! health! universally acknowledged to be the greatest earthly blessing !

O health! health! lovely, blissful, heaven-born health!
 Say, who is he can tell thy matchless worth?
 Not he with whom thou'st been a constant guest;
 In all thy beauty blooming on his cheek,
 And clothing all his frame with grace and strength.
 Though thou art his, to him thou art little known;
 For thee he never sighed, nor prayed, nor strove,
 Nor paid a price; e'en with him thou wast born;

And to him, free as vital air, hast been.
 Just like the ceaseless heaving of his lungs
 While he is lost in slumbers of the night,
 Nor thinks, nor even wills to breathe, yet breathes.
 If breath be lost, he dies, yet knows it not;
 Its worth is vast and vital, yet unknown.
 Thus thou art precious, yet thy worth not known,
 Thy living excellence, *he* cannot tell. { Feb. 1, 1829,
 Who then can tell? can he who oft hath heard } Sabbath ev'g.
 His fellows groan in healthless misery?
 Whose eyes have wept to see the feeble sick?
 Whose tender hands have raised the sinking head,
 And long and faithful nursed a lingering friend,
 Till death removed his sad and mournful charge
 And closed his kind and sympathetic work?
 Can he pronounce thy rich, intrinsic worth,
 And tell the whole amount of what thou art?
 Not he—'tis not himself—he sees and feels:
 But know, the feeling is but sympathy;
 However much he feels, he cannot feel.
 The loss, the cruel pain, are not his own,
 Nor can they be, however dear the friend,
 Brother, sister, husband, wife or child.
 Although he thinks he feels the keenest pang,
 Yet, when the sufferer speaks, he tells him, no;
 And when he's sick himself, he finds it true.
 Say, say, who then, O health! beloved health!
 Can safely, truly speak, thy real worth?
 None else, but him, who deeply mourns thy loss;
 Whom thou hast left with all thy happy train,
 Good appetite, digestion good, good pulse,
 Good color, fresh and red, with sparkling eye,
 Elastic muscle too, with active limbs;
 Firm strength, freely to walk, or ride, or work;
 And well toned nerves, with feelings good all o'er.
 From feeling's centre down throughout the man;
 A mind composed and strong to reason well;
 Both soul and body, able to receive
 Life's every joy, and feel it good to live.
 When thou with all thy glorious train art gone,
 He is indeed forsaken and forlorn.
 Philosophers contend, whether or not,
 In nature's vast domain, a void he found.
 Some say there is, some not, no vacuum.
 Be that just as it may—one thing we know,

As soon as thou and thine, forth from him come,
 Alas! another frightful train rush in.
 This awful train is headed by disease.
 The train consists of opposites to health's;
 Bid appetite, digestion bad, bad pulse,
 Bad color, pale and white, with sickly eye,
 The muscles nonelastic now, with feeble limbs, }
 No strength, freely to walk, or ride, or work;
 And ill toned nerves, with feelings bad all o'er,
 From feeling's centre down throughout the man;
 A mind confused and weak to reason now,
 Body and soul unable to receive
 Life's any joy, and feel it hard to live.
 Sweet peace and comfort far away have fled,
 Life's dear enjoyments too, have winged their flight;
 Indeed he's sadly lost life's better half.
 He suffers, groans and pines, but does not live,
 The man's whole being is disturbed, distressed.
 'Tis thus he learns, and in this only way
 What health is worth; to him the secret's known;
 Ask him; his tongue can speak without mistake;
 Nor is he likely to exaggerate;
 Indeed, that is almost impossible;
 He'll price it high, but not above its worth,
 Unless he goes beyond what life is worth.
 Ye blooming daughters! and ye sons of health!
 In gentle silence lend a listening ear,
 In plaintive strains he'll tell you what he's lost;
 Be kind, O treat him not with harsh neglect!
 His broken heart is tender and sincere,
 Nought else but truth can from his lips escape.
 In patience listen to his tale of woe,
 That you may sympathise and profit too.
 With all his heart he'll urge you to preserve
 With anxious care and ceaseless vigilance,
 Indulgent heav'n's high gift to you, good health.
 When round his pale emaciated frame
 You chance to stand, and he observes you there,
 Lifts up his drooping head with grief weighed down,
 Turns round, and opening wide his sunken eyes,
 Beholds, with wishful, longing, steadfast gaze
 All lovely, charming health, in full array,
 Displayed, upon your cheerful, smiling cheeks;
 Then look, attend and learn, this is the time.
 His eyes and every feature of his face

The feelings of his grief-worn soul express;
 His sorrows burst, and loud his tongue exclaiming
 O friends! O friends! Alas, ah wretched me!
 Time was, and truly happy was the time,
 When in the flowing fountain of my life
 Good health its proper, central place retained,
 And thence diffused its genial happy self
 Throughout the long and circling streams of life;
 And as it moved along those little streams,
 Most freely gave, salubrity and strength
 To every fibre of my wondrous frame,
 To blood, and flesh, and bones, from head to foot,
 And filled my soul with pleasure and delight;
 Dear friends! this is the good that I have lost.

My dear afflicted friend, I have thus attempted to give you, in poetry, some faint description of what good health is. No doubt you can much better conceive and realize what it is, than I can describe it. You feel it to be, as I have said, the greatest earthly blessing. Though you are deprived of it to a considerable degree, it may not be totally and finally gone from you. You are not to suffer yourself to think so.

It is the great good, the chief temporal good. The more valuable a thing is, the greater should be our exertions to obtain it, if it is obtainable even in part. It is against discouragement, that I am endeavoring to caution you, and stimulate you. Our frame is truly wonderful. The more minutely and accurately it is examined by the penetrating eye of science, the more deeply are we impressed with the force of the inspired exclamation—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." And there is perhaps nothing more wonderful about our frame than that operation by which a removed part is restored and an unsound part becomes sound. It is truly astonishing to see how completely, large and dreadful wounds have healed. And instances are not rare of patients recovering from very low stages of consumption and other alarming chronic disorders. I exhort you therefore, most earnestly to keep good courage. When you feel like falling into despair, set your mind to thinking how much better you are at this time than you have been at some former time. And if you are not better perhaps you are no worse, and if no worse, you may conclude that you will get along as well as you have done. If when you were this bad before, you were not discouraged, try to have as good courage now as you then had. And even if you are worse than you ever were, don't forget that you have always hitherto got better after bad spells, and you may even after this. You have never yet died, but per-

haps you thought that some of your former ill turns or back-sets would take you off. It seems they did not; and if you think this will, you may be mistaken. Man can both endure much and endure long. Thus by comparing yourself with yourself at different periods, you may be instructed, consoled and encouraged.

This leads me to another general source of consolation. I mean the employment of comparing yourself with others who are afflicted. To this your mind will be naturally drawn out. Such is the nature of your disease, being of the slow gradual kind, that you may deliberately indulge in this exercise as frequently and to as great extent as you please. Doubtless there are many sons and daughters of affliction around you, and many of them diseased as you are, and you have often seen such in past life. To these you will do well to turn your thoughts. It is one of the most promising sources to which you can look. It is very well calculated to support your courage and brighten your hopes. You will be able to engage in it altogether more leisurely and more extensively than the patient described in the former part of this work, who was seized by a periodical and violent illness. You are not like him confined to your bed nor to your room. And you have strength, at least at times, to go out and see your fellow men and occasionally mingle in the busy crowd. As you pass along, be careful to look at their countenances, and if you are not, truly, very bad, you will see many as pale as yourself. Very likely if you look attentively you will see more of these that are paler than of those that have a fresher and more healthful color. When you see them, never forget to observe how they move along—what kind of a countenance they exhibit—whether they appear cheerful or not. When you have opportunity fall into conversation with them; and listen to the account they may give of their case. Take special notice of the description which they will give of their symptoms and their sufferings, especially every thing that seems to be worse than yours. Yours will indeed be an unheard of case if you should not meet with many worse than yourself. Whenever you do, there will then be an object presented to your view calculated to make you draw a conclusion in your own favor. Do not fail to get them to say during your conversation, in what manner they move on, what things or circumstances they seize hold of to stimulate and encourage them, and to enable them to bear up under the pressure of their afflictions. Perhaps they may mention some things that you have not thought of. If they do, carefully treasure them up in your mind, that you may bring them to your aid in times of still sorer trials, if they await you.

In your excursions out from home, there will be no impropriety in your visiting all classes of persons that are afflicted, the rich

and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious. From each of these you may gather items of information and circumstances for consolation. When you are in the presence of an afflicted rich man, you will have an opportunity of seeing to what extent riches will go in aiding the afflicted. If he be virtuous and patient, his riches will be of great service to him. If he know how to keep them in their place, they will have a very appropriate place during the days of his affliction. But if the contrary of all this be the fact, if they be his idol, you will see that they are a god that can aid but little in the hour of trouble. If when you visit him you find that he has been, and is now, trusting in this god, you will likely find him also very peevish and fretful, scolding his servants, and complaining of all around him. While you are with him open both your eyes and both your ears, that if possible you may discover something about him, either good or bad, from which you may take occasion to congratulate and console yourself. But you will be much more apt to be benefitted when you visit the poor man in affliction. You will be much more likely to find piety and patience, and a disposition to have a favorable view of all the dealings of Providence over him. He will be deeply affected with his entire dependence on God, and will be stongly inclined to consider all things working together for his own good. When you are in his ill-furnished cabin or hut, and see the nakedness of the place and the pinching hand of poverty upon him, mark well the appearance of his countenance, and catch every word that drops from his palid humble lips. The poorer he is and the more resigned and contented he seems, the more you will be profited by your visit. It would by no means be amiss for you to seek out the very poorest, whom affliction has made still poorer, and make it your special business to go and see how much worse their case is than yours. Should you do this with a proper motive and spirit, the contrast which you will behold will be of very great service to enable you to bear up and keep good heart. It will not be any consolation to you that they are worse than you, but your consolation will be, that bad as you are, you are not as bad as they.—And this more specially when you visit the vicious in affliction, whose afflictions have perhaps been brought on by their vices—their crimes and wickedness. In *their* presence you will be in the presence of the most wretched object on earth, and your thankfulness to God for keeping you back from open vices and crimes will be very much excited.

When it falls to your lot to be with the virtuous who are afflicted, whose tongue, like your own, “speaks the language of Canaan,” whose heart is warm with love, strong with faith and anchored by that hope which is the anchor of the soul both sure and

steadfast, you may hear things, see sights, and learn lessons which it is possible, will be of signal advantage to you. In every case in which you have conference with the afflicted, do not merely compare yourself with them, but listen to the accounts which they or any of them may give of those whom they may have seen either in as bad or worse condition than either you or themselves. If they tell of some who were manifestly worse, but got better, forget not to take encouragement; let a more lively hope burn in your breast, that you too will get better.

The doctors will be able to bring to your view a multitude of cases when you converse with them. In short, almost all persons but especially the ignorant, will be very much inclined to communicate to you any information of the kind. Humanity in the breast of men must be extinguished in a very considerable degree, if they have no feeling for the afflicted. They will feel for you when you meet with them, and it will be their hearts desire to tell you something that will do you good. Therefore be patient to listen to the stories even of the loquacious ignorant, yes, and be thankful to hear them. It will scarcely be possible for them to talk a great deal without saying something either of themselves or others which you can turn to your own advantage in some way. It will at least furnish matter to employ your mind, and thus turn your attention off from your own woes, which you should even endeavor to do, and not let your mind brood over them.

Your intercourse may possibly be more extended, than the circle of your immediate neighborhood. Nothing is more common in chronic cases than for physicians to advise the patient to take a journey. Should you receive such advice and be able to do it, a great variety of scenes and of characters will fall under your notice. As you pass along the road, you will likely meet with the sons and daughters of affliction in all places. You will hear of others, and thus will have brought to the view of your mind a vast multitude with whom you may compare yourself. When you see those worse than yourself, do not forget to be thankful that you are not as bad as they. You may say to yourself—"poor creatures! poor fellows! I am not as bad as you are, and hope I never shall be, if it please God; and may the day come, when you will be as well as I am, and even better." When you see or hear of these who have been as bad and got better, I have already told you the conclusion to draw. Be more careful to find out cases of these whose circumstances have brightened, than of those round whom the clouds of adversity have thickened. That thus you may fan the faint and languishing flame of hope in your own breast, strengthen your courage, elevate and enliven your spirits, overcome your disease, and eventually stand forth a person of health and strength.

Whether you are able to go out or not, but especially if you are not, books will be a great help to bring you to your view the trying conditions of others. Those which contain the histories of past ages will be best adapted to serve you in this respect. Not many of them, if any, will descend to so minute particulars, as to detail the exact circumstances of individuals who have groaned a number of years under distressing chronic diseases. Some few may, and they will chiefly be those which belong to the physician's library. Some histories may give the cases of kings, and potentates, and nobles, and other men of note. All histories, properly so called, will rehearse to you those kinds of afflictions which are peculiar to war. They abound with the "*horrentia Martis*," the horrors of war. Indeed they are little else but war tales, tales of war and wo. They will bring to your view awful scenes of blood-shed and carnage. Let your mind dwell upon one of the scenes. When you read the history of a battle in which many thousands were killed, let your thoughts move along slowly from the beginning to the end of the dreadful sight; from the throwing of the first dart, or the firing of the first gun, not only to the burying of the last man on the battle ground, but till the last wounded man arrives again at his own home. After this scene shall have arisen to your view in all the frightfulness of its unspeakable horrors—after you shall have contemplated it at length, stood and viewed thousands and ten thousands dying, and seen hundreds upon hundreds wounded, and mangled, and felt your heart torn with the doleful groans of the wounded and the dying—after you shall have followed the wounded and the sick into their miserable hospitals, and seen their rough nursing, in the hands of rude and hardy fellow soldiers, who are much better taught to handle the weapons of war, and furiously to take the lives of men, than neatly and properly to prepare suitable and delicate food for the sick, and tenderly raise the sinking head—after you shall have viewed them in this deplorable condition, unattended by a loving sister, mother or wife, receiving not one kind act or enlivening smile from a dear and beloved female, and not only being destitute of delicate food suitable for the sick, but of all kinds of food, so as to be starving withal—after you shall have thus viewed them suffering, groaning, languishing and sinking into the cold arms of death, then pause and reflect how much more you are favored than they. In this comparison you cannot fail to have a conclusion in your own favor.

MAY 18th, 1829.

It is to books that I am directing your attention for consolation, particularly to furnish you with examples of affliction. The Bible is decidedly and unquestionably the best book that man has to

read, and even on this subject it is the best. It abounds with histories of the afflicted, and gives many cases of the pious afflicted, and tells us how they bore it. In addition to this it brings to view the most effectual relief for them. It brings to view the Great God, their Creator, undertaking on their behalf, counseling them how to view and how to bear their afflictions, and in a multitude of instances, presents to our minds the Divine Saviour kindly exerting his godlike power to deliver and restore them. He healed all manner of diseases.

To this book then, to the Bible, I would most seriously and most warmly direct your attention. I do not forget that your case is different from that of the person described in the beginning of my book. You have leisure deliberately to give your mind to the reading of the scriptures and to meditation, not only on the cases of afflicted persons mentioned by them, but on what they say for the afflicted. You may meditate at any length on the case of Job, and with greater care and exactness, compare your condition with his. In like manner with all others mentioned in the old and new Testaments.

Since the fall of man, the world has always been an afflicted world. All kinds of afflictions have prevailed, both periodical and chronic. In the days of the Saviour's tabernacling on earth it was so. His grand errand into the world was to save sinners—to save the souls of men. But he appeared to be equally devoted to saving their bodies. "He opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf, the lame man leaped as a hart and the tongue of the dumb did sing. Great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and he healed them." "He went about all their cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases among the people."

Diseases of short continuance and those of long duration.—From burning fevers and fatal leprosies which rage but for a few days, to issues of blood of twelve years standing, and infirmities which bowed down the poor sufferers for eighteen years—not these only, but long standing dropsies, palsies, withered hands, lunacies [or epileptic fits,] and all manner of chronic diseases, such as yours. But perhaps you ask me how it is possible for you to derive consolation from the fact that the Saviour did in the days of his flesh, heal all these kinds of diseases and restore those that were held by them to health and comfort, seeing he does not do it now? I answer, these miraculous cures were not performed merely for the benefit of those on whom they were performed, but for the advantage of all those who should believe that the Saviour

possessed power to work them, and that he actually did, without deception, work them as is recorded in the scriptures.

He healed and restored the bodies of men, to prove that he could heal and restore their souls. Men in this world are better acquainted with their bodies than with their spirits. Therefore the Saviour wrought specially upon their bodies to show his power and willingness to deliver and save both their souls and bodies, and this not only in a temporal but eternal point of view. His great object was to save the souls of men, their better parts, but not to the total neglect of their bodies. No, as I have shown above, he had compassion upon their bodies also, even in this world. And he fully published his determination that they should not be lost, or wanting in the world to come. But even the "vile bodies of the Saints here, should there be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

The consolation which I expect you to take from the fact of the Saviour's great kindness to the afflicted in his day, is of this nature. It is by your taking this broad, extensive view of the subject, and your taking this view as a christain, a firm believer in the Saviour and in his determinations and promises. I do not mean to encourage you to expect that he will in any such miraculous way interpose for you. I expect you to receive consolation from this source through faith and hope, in the way that no person can obtain consolation but upon christain principles. Though none others can, yet the christain can. And not only consolation but great consolation. Therefore, by letting your mind dwell upon the multitude of instances in which the Saviour delivered the afflicted, and recollecting that he refused to heal no one who came unto him, or was brought unto him on beds or otherwise, or whose friends came to him beseeching him to heal them; and also bearing in mind that he did it even at a distance, merely by speaking a word; and no less viewing and believing that he will without fail fulfil his precious promise to all his afflicted followers, that their afflictions should come to an end, and be succeeded by perfect happiness, you may receive consolation, abundant, "everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace." Was he peculiarly the afflicted man's friend and restorer while on earth, whatever was the character of the afflicted person, virtuous or vicious, whether he believed he was the Saviour of the world or not? Did he heal those who did not recognise him as the Saviour of the world, the great friend of sinners, those who did not embrace and trust in and love him as their own friend and Saviour? Did he heal ten lepers, and out of the ten was there only one who returned to express his gratitude and to glorify God? And has he no feeling for you his disciple, a christain, though he is now exalted.

“far above all principality and power? The apostle tells us that our high priest has passed into the heavens.” And what more, my friend? That “we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.” He is touched with a feeling of your infirmities then, my dear afflicted friend. You may look away to him, with an earnest, believing steady look, not merely remembering what he once did for the poor sons and daughters of affliction, but viewing him as looking down upon you perpetually, touched with your infirmities, feeling your pains, and having a full determination to support you under them, and in due time, at the appointed time, when their end shall come, like the end of his came, to deliver you from them and take you up to himself.

I have now, my friend, said what I have to say on the subject of comparing yourself with others, who are or have been afflicted.—The course which I pursued naturally led me on to those who labored under long standing disorders, in the days of our Saviour’s sojourning on earth. And as naturally led me a step further to remind you, that he is still in his exalted state, the same tender and feeling, and almighty Saviour that he was then. But as I design to speak something more of this as I advance, I now proceed to turn your thoughts to

CREATION.

It will be in your power to make much more use of creation than the person violently brought down. You can walk out, and the heavens and earth are before you. The earth from its most magnificent to its minutest points. The heavens, from the sun to the smallest star that twinkles. Upon these you may gaze, and consider, and meditate. This too you may indulge in leisurely and at length. You may suffer your thoughts to dwell upon the various and numerous vegetables that grow out of the earth, from the slender spire of grass, to the sturdy oak and lofty pine. And through this numerous multitude you will find something to amuse and entertain your mind. At another time you may let your thoughts wander and wind along with the purling and roaring water streams, small and great, till they lead you into the great deeps, the immense and trackless seas and oceans. There you may let them rove, over smooth seas, and on to other parts where storms roar and raise the waves to mountain height, tossing the ships aloft

“The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
Again they climb the watery hills;
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels;
And finds his courage vain.

Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
 They pant with flut'ring breath;
 And, hopeless of the distant shore,
 Expect immediate death."

Over this vast and almost boundless expanse, with its milder and more awful scenes, you may let your mind range for hours together. And as it passes along, from first to last, do not forget to think of the fishes that inhabit the waters, in their various species and kinds, from the little minnows that twich and dart from hole to hole in the smaller brooks, to the huge and ponderous whales, that in awful majesty and power, plough the deep, and spout whole cisterns of water on high. In these extensive excursions of thought and flights of mind, you may indulge to so great a length, and go out so far from home, as almost to forget that your body is diseased. Any thing that will help you so much as this, will certainly be, consolation.

In musing upon creation you may next turn to the mineral kingdom, and think of the countless varieties of minerals that lie beneath the surface of the earth in all their thousand curious shapes and forms, from the rugged lime stone and immense mountains of free stone, to the silver and platina and golden ores, and sparkling diamonds and gems, which dazzle the eyes of the beholder.

This you may do, even without being a philosopher, without being a severe and laborious student, and to such an extent too as, in some degree, to allure your mind and calm your sorrows. It is possible you may be a philosopher. It is more common for students and philosophers to be chronic patients, to have their constitutions ruined and groan under lasting diseases, than any other class of men. This is the natural effect of confinement and intense study. Should you be such a character, you may pursue with greater facility and to more full satisfaction the course I am pointing out. And of all others, you are the person that ought to do it. It was in becoming a philosopher that you also became afflicted. Although it may not be possible to apply your learning in the way you designed, let it not be entirely lost, use it in the way I am directing. But if you are not a person of learning, I am very far from advising you to become a student in your afflicted and feeble condition. Nevertheless, without, being a profound scholar, you may extend your contemplations and meditations on creation to a much greater extent than I have yet hinted at. Let the whole animal part of creation that creepeth upon the earth pass in review before your mind. Take them in ascending gradation from the smallest to the greatest—from the least of crawling worms and

flying insects to the greatest of beasts, and to birds of loftiest flight. Look at the tamer beasts and birds around you, the innocent lamb, the gentle cow, the obedient horse, the cackling and crowing fowls, the cooing dove, and all the chirping and whistling and singing feathered ones of the forest. Thus extend your thoughts till you come up to the prowling tiger, the roaring lion, the huge elephant and the keen eyed high soaring eagle. For hours at a time you may thus indulge and no doubt you will not indulge in vain. Be careful to make moral reflections as you proceed, and if you ascend as I have advised from the most insignificant through all the species and kinds of animals till you arrive at the last, the greatest, the noblest of all, the lord of all others, that one will be man. Him you may compare with all other animals, as it respects all his powers and faculties of body and mind. And while you are thinking of man, if I mistake not, you will see that he is subject to more and worse and more fatal diseases than any other animal. This will cause you to multiply your moral reflections, and amongst them this will be the most prominent one, that of all created animals in this visible creation, man alone has offended the great creator. Therefore justly, very justly, he stands foremost in misery, and because all other animals were made for man's use, they, in their measure, are afflicted to afflict him.

Here, my dear disconsolate christian, I must acknowledge the train of thought has led me on to things not very consolatory.—Notwithstanding they are things about which you may meditate, and as you are a christian may turn to some good account. It is not my purpose to say much in this place upon moral considerations. Of them more hereafter.

I am now speaking of the naked creation as presented to the view of every beholder. It did not come into my plan to account for the existence of evil, nor answer the objections of caviling and captious minds. Perhaps all those who make such attempts could be better employed. My object is to console you in your afflictions, and not to enter into deep and abstruse points which at this time you are ill able to attend to. Therefore you need not expect me to engage in labored discussions on any of the many difficult questions which may naturally arise out of my subject.—I by no means, however, forbid you to meditate upon them, if you feel able and disposed. On such as the one just mentioned, you may possibly meditate to advantage. Indeed in your contemplations on creation it is your special privilege and duty to draw such moral reflections as may naturally suggest themselves. I say it is your duty to do it for yourself and not mine to attempt to do it for you, lest I should lead you out to greater lengths than you are willing or able to go. But I repeat it, you should do it

whenever and as much as ever you can. The afflicted person of all others may reasonably be expected to be a person of *serious* meditation. His afflictions shut him out from the ordinary ways and feelings of men, and he looks with a different eye and with different feelings upon all things around him. Thus you should do.—And as you contemplate creation you should strive to view yourself as you stand related not only to it in all its parts, but to the great Creator. And you should no less strive to discover some good design in all the parts of his vast and glorious workmanship. You may have many and very entertaining and useful thoughts about the air in which you move, and which you breathe. Philosophers make a multitude of curious and useful experiments on it.—They tell us the parts of which it is composed, and explain to us why it is indispensably important to sustain life. It is so indispensable that it seems to be a part of our life, a part of us. You may be entertained in reflecting that it is invisible though all around you and even in you. That though you do not feel its weight it is exceedingly heavy—and that it extends only about forty five miles above the surface of the earth, &c. &c.

Even more entertaining will be your contemplations of light.—This exercise will require but little study. You have but to open your eyes and the beaming, brilliant, glorious sun of the firmament is before you. The grand displays of light you will behold, first in him, the great fountain of it, “the king of day,” thence all around you on land and water, hill and dale, trees and plains; but more variegated and more glorious in the immense banks of clouds which at times will appear of mountain size, piled one upon another, and exhibit truly grand and attracting displays of light and colours. You will indeed be allured with the more systematic and still more grand displays of light and all the primary colours, which the brilliant rainbow, begirting the heavens, will exhibit, with such transcendent and glorious sublimity to your admiring gaze.

The awful sublimities of a thunderstorm you may both behold and hear, while it flashes and roars, and meditate upon when it is past. This may suddenly and powerfully arrest your thoughts and call them off from yourself and your disease. This abstraction of your mind from yourself you may easily continue by letting your thoughts fall into a philosophical channel; reflecting that the agent which causes these sudden, and rapid, and vivid flashes of light, and produces those roaring dreadful peals of thunder which momentarily enlighten our atmosphere and terribly shake the earth, is to be found in all bodies around you, and is called the electric fluid. Further, that this fluid can be collected and let off by man; so that even man can make thunder and lightning.

and not only so but can use it upon himself to great advantage in curing some diseases, yea, and it may be, even your own. This train of thoughts with the conclusion may console you.

Again, you may meditate upon the attraction of magnetism.—Think how surprisingly the magnetised bars of steel will lift up bars of iron, but will attract no other matter than iron. It is also surprising how this power or virtue, can be increased or strengthened by use. Its attraction and repulsion of itself under different circumstances, excite the wonder, and call into exercise the ingenuity of philosophers. But of all the appearances which it exhibits to the astonished and over matched examination of the learned, its polarity, or pointing to the poles of the earth, decidedly stands highest and most useful. 'Tis the magnetic needle which guides the sea captain and the surveyor. For hours together you may think of the vast and trackless waters covered with ships going in every direction and carrying on all kinds of commerce with the most distant parts of the earth, and all kept to their courses as well in the darkness of the night as in day light by the pole seeking virtue of the wonderful magnet. After you have followed this excellent, unequalled little pilot over the waters, in all directions and under all circumstances, you may next follow him, in the hands of the surveyor, from mountain's top to mountain's top, and through all the extensive plains setting up his land marks, for boundaries for man; laying off to each accordingly as he is able to buy, his plat, lot, plantation; or farm.

When you close your mental excursion, you will be strongly induced to exclaim, how wonderful! how wonderful! and how useful too! There is only one more particular in creation to which I shall direct your attention, and that is that great, extensive and unaccountable thing which Sir Isaac Newton named "the attraction of gravitation." He satisfactorily proved it to be the great chain which not only chains man and all other things to the earth, but in the hands of God holds the universe together. You may reflect then, that all bodies small and great, attract one another, draw others to themselves, the less the greater, and the greater the less, but the greater always more powerfully than the less, so as to have a commanding power. You may consider yourself to be drawn by all bodies which you approach near enough to, and at the same time that they attract you, you attract them.

This you will not be sensible of with respect to all the smaller bodies on the surface of the earth, but you will feel it very sensibly with respect to the whole earth and yourself. You will find yourself in all places and positions to be drawn to its centre. As you take your walks for exercise and the entertainment of your mind, you may meditate upon this subject. While passing down

the hill you will be forcibly hurried to the bottom, and as you go will lean back, to resist the attraction of gravitation. The bottom of the hill being nearer the centre of the earth than the top, and that being the point to which you are drawn, you will feel it very sensibly. And no less sensibly as you are ascending the opposite hill. If you observe you will find yourself, in your exertions to ascend leaning forward. These are some particulars in which you may easily discover and feel the effects of the attraction of gravitation. There are many others no less obvious. The flowing of the waters, the falling of trees, and of stones and other bodies thrown into the air. It is nothing but the attraction of the earth that cause them to return. Were it not for such attraction why would they not fly off in the direction they are thrown? They would, if the attraction of the earth did not cause them to fall again, you may say that there is nothing in the air to support them and therefore they fall. Without the attraction of the earth there is as much to support them in one direction as another, and even more, for the power that sent them would always propel them on, if not resisted by some other influence, or stopped by some opposing body. You may then, with Sir Isaac Newton consider that the same power which causes a stone to fall to the earth extends to the moon and attracts it, so that by this power the earth draws the moon along after it. And in like manner of all the planets in the solar system; the sun being the centre of this system, and more than a million times larger than our earth, and of course vastly larger than all the planets with their moons which have yet been discovered.

On some clear moon light evening then, you may step out of your door, and by throwing up a small stone and witnessing the effects of gravitation may start your thoughts upon an almost endless excursion. In imagination you will pursue the stone in its flight. Thence like Newton, you will ascend to the moon, climbing up on this great chain of gravitation. During your stay there, you will see that the moon is indeed bound to the earth by this chain.

You will find yourself two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth, and that much nearer to the sun. After having viewed her mountains and made what other discoveries you may be able to make, and taken an admiring back look upon the earth, you will pass on, making your way upon the same chain to the planet Mercury. When on him you will be fifty-eight million seven hundred and sixty thousand miles nearer the sun than you were at the moon, and fifty-nine million from the earth. As he receives his light and heat from the sun, you will find about seven times as much light and heat as there is upon the earth. This will be a warm place for you, consequently you will make but a

short stay, hastily gather up, look around upon the wonders of the world, and for a moment gaze upon the dazzling and overwhelming splendors of the sun, as long as your earthly eyes can endure the sight; then away with rapid, returning flight, to the planet Venus. When arrived on this planet you will have travelled ninety-one million miles, and will find yourself sixty-eight million from the sun. After having felt and breathed her atmosphere, and cast your eyes upon what she presents to view, and also looked around upon the other worlds, and seen how they appear from her, you will proceed on beyond the orbit of the earth to the first superior planet Mars, looking round as you go and discovering how the earth appears from a distance. Here your journey will be lengthened to a hundred and sixty-eight million miles, and you will find yourself a hundred and forty-five million from the sun. What will a little surprise you here, will be, that you will discover this world to be three times less than the earth. Having noticed this with any other phenomena which you may tarry to observe, you will next proceed on the planet Jupiter, viewing as you go, the Asteroids, Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta.

Here after attending to your reckoning, you will find that in going from Mars to Jupiter, you passed over the space of three hundred and fifty million miles; far the largest stride you have yet made, and rounding out your journey to five hundred and eighteen million miles, and placing you at a distance of four hundred and ninety four million from the sun. Your admiration will be greatly excited when you think of your distance from the sun and earth. When you look back upon the sun and see him twenty-eight times less than he appears from the earth. When you discover the world on which you are, to be one thousand times larger than the earth. And while you gaze upon his belts and upon his moons, some of which are larger than the earth. This done, you will advance thence to the next world in order, which is Saturn. This stride you will find to be four hundred and three million miles, considerably greater than the last, and making your journey nine hundred and twenty one million. By observation and calculation you will discover your distance from the sun to be nine hundred and seven million miles. The sun will appear to be only a ninetieth part as large as he does from the earth. Therefore you will have much less sun light, but as Saturn has seven moons, you will have plenty of moon-light. After seeing that he is much less than Jupiter, being only about six hundred times as large as the earth; and taking a satisfactory view of his great ring or rings, which are about twenty-one thousand miles from him, you will put off on your last excursion to that most distant world in our system, Herschel. On your passage you may see a flaming co-

met. When arrived on this remotest out-post of the solar system, and after summing up your whole journey, the amount of miles will be nineteen hundred and fourteen million, and your distance from the Sun nine cen hundred million. This being the end of your journey, you will take a stand for a time and cast your eyes around, backwards and forwards, and let your thoughts pass on beyond the extent of your eye-sight throughout the almost boundless universe. All the way to the sun, nineteen hundred million miles, you can see, and all the worlds you have passed come within that range. You stand and gaze at the Sun the great centre, and all these stupendous and magnificent worlds with their satellites, commanded by him and regularly wheeling their immense circles round his brilliant and majestic orb. By him held and wheeled, with his great and strong chain of attraction, on which you travelled; and prevented from flying in upon him by the centrifugal force.

Upon the grand and magnificent movements and revolutions of this whole system of worlds, you will look with admiring and intense gaze till you are satisfied, and then exclaim, how great! how glorious!! Is not this itself a great creation!!! But this is only a very small part of the whole creation. You cast your eyes round upon the fixed stars several thousand of which you can see with your naked eye. To all these, with your eye, your thoughts pass out, and not only to these but to the hundred thousands already discovered by the telescope, nor yet to these alone, but to the myriads existing in all probability though yet undiscovered.— You have now become an astronomer, and with other astronomers you come to the reasonable conclusion, that as all these stars shine with their own light they are suns and centres, each of a system like our solar system. Possessing all the advantages of the journey you have taken and the stand which you hold, you let your thoughts linger for a moment upon the vastness and wonders of one system, or set of worlds; then on to another, and another, and another, and another, and on, and on, and on, and on, and further on, further on, further on, further on, and still beyond, beyond, beyond, beyond, till your soul swells with contemplations of the greatness and vastness of the Universe, and your thoughts break out and pass beyond creation to the Great Creator. “An undevout astronomer is mad.” But you are sober and devout. And at this solemn moment, most profoundly so. You fall down with reverence and awe, and adoration, felt by you, but inexpressible to others, and exclaim—“Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul.— O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty.” “Thine O Lord is the greatness, and the power,

and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty.....thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above All."

How great! how great! must He be, say you—who is greater than all these countless worlds!! Who made them with all their inhabitants, and upholds them, and guides them, and takes special care even of their minutest parts. Whose Providence is over all things. You think, meditate, admire and adore, till you not only forget that your body is diseased, but almost forget that you have a body. This is consolation. You pause, call in your thoughts, gather up, look homewards, say, Herschel farewell, take your flight and land in your own door-yard, and enter again your humble earthly cottage, consoled, and with improved health. You rest, and repeat and prolong your rest, till you feel disposed and desirous to think and meditate again. So very entertaining was the course which last you pursued that you most naturally fell into the same again and proceed on from where you stopped.

You had followed creation from her minutest and more familiar parts, which surround your humble dwelling, through her numerous and various departments, up, with extensive strides, to her most magnificent and stupendous, and had even gone beyond creation to the Great Creator. Him you had contemplated and adored, and for a moment thought of his Providence. Elevated to the exalted stand which you held, and wrought up to the high pitch of mental contemplation to which you were, you could not forbear being thus led on. You glanced a hasty, rapid, wide-ranging thought in pursuit of that universal providence of his, which takes special care of all those huge and distant worlds that you had in contemplation with all the things and beings which belong to them.

A second thought now readily convinces you that it must be much more difficult and less profitable, especially to a person in your condition, to attempt to pursue and witness the operations of the providence of God, in any other than a general way, on any of those worlds which are at a distance from this on which is your present home. Therefore, you conclude to think and meditate of the acts of providence, as exercised in controlling and managing the world on which you dwell.

PROVIDENCE.

To you there is nothing in the least strange or astonishing that the Creator should superintend and control his creation. That he should foresee, oversee, and overrule every thing he has made, small and great, animate and inanimate, corporeal and spiritual. This idea and this conclusion are inseparable

from the idea that there is a Creator; and of both you are abundantly satisfied. Creation's voice loudly declares the existence of a Creator and of his providence, and revelation speaks the same truths so clearly and repeatedly as to leave the matter without a doubt. Having heard and fully and entirely credited their voices you proceed to meditate, for your entertainment and improvement, on that adorable and sovereign, and often mysterious Providence which superintends and guides the destinies of yourself and all the things and beings around you.

Your course will be easy. It will be most natural for you to follow creation, as you have just done, from less to greater, delaying as you advance to meditate upon the control of Providence over each department or grade. As the scriptures have selected and mentioned the hairs of your head among minute and unfeeling things, but not too minute to be overlooked by Providence, you may begin with them, and of feeling things, with the little flying sparrows. Or you may begin with the particles of dust blown by the winds, or the grains of sand washed by the waters, and advance thence to the greatest things and greatest animals. Thus you will proceed from atoms to empires, and witness the guiding of Providence over each. No atom moves, no breeze blows, no germ buds, and not a drop of rain falls, without the permission and purpose of Providence. Very greatly may you entertain yourself in closely observing his wise designs in all these. Entertaining however as these may be, they are things inanimate, and therefore his management of them cannot be so attracting as that of things animate, though irrational. These are the brute creation, including fishes, birds and creeping things. You will amuse yourself by reflecting that Providence orders their different sizes, forms, comeliness or uncomeliness; measures out strength to each, and gives exactly that length of life to every one which will suit his purposes best. But you will dwell longer in thinking of the various and very numerous ways and means by which he sustains their life. Of the fishes, with great leviathan at their head, it is said—“These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.” What is their meat? They are meat for one-another. One species preys upon another, and no doubt often upon the same. And of creeping things it is said—“He giveth the beast his food.” And of those that fly, “Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.”

These too, both beast and fowl, prey, the one upon the other; those of them which are ferocious and carnivorous. The

tamer sort he supplies in milder ways, but unto all he "openeth his mind and they are filled with good." Long may you meditate upon this extensive and entertaining view of Providence.

But that part of his care which is of all others the most important, interesting and attracting, is his management of man. He is animate, rational, feeling and accountable. You are meditating upon the providence of God over this world. Man is the greatest and most interesting object attached to it. That too, which will make this exercise so decidedly superior to the foregoing, and incomparably more engaging is, that you are one of the race yourself, and come under the management of the same Providence with all others. In this exercise you are not called to study the nature and faculties of man, but simply to view him as controlled by Providence. You look at him then, as he comes into the world, a feeble animal. As his strength increases and his faculties begin to develope, he begins to lay plans for life. These are generally very extravagant, but extravagant as they are, many of them are permitted to accomplish them, yet far the larger part fall through. When you look around and see the great undertakings of those who are called enterprising men; undertakings requiring great strength of mind to plan and manage, and a length of time and much labor; and untiring and unyielding perseverance; and finally see the whole accomplished; you are astonished at what man can do. Abundance of wealth accumulated—great buildings completed—cities built, and sometimes even where the waters flowed—canals done and in use—long voyages prosperously ended, and many large volumes written by one man and he yet alive; these things, no doubt, excite your surprise. And your surprise, on the other hand, is no less, to see those who are the equals in age and abilities of those who are successful, either rendered helpless by disease or suddenly cut down in the midst of their career by death. So great is the uncertainty of all things here below, that you are disappointed in either case, the success or the failure of men. Long may you entertain yourself by meditating upon the various providential distributions of intellectual powers, from the idiot up to the man of giant mental strength. Of the various distributions of property—of influence and of power.—Of knowledge in all its different degrees, among the nations, from the most ignorant idolaters to the most enlightened christians. But perhaps you may gain as much entertainment by meditating upon the rise and fall of individuals, of families, of states and of empires, as in any other way. You may see an individual exceedingly prominent, glorying and exulting in the sunshine of prosperity

and renown, but (as every thing has its day and its death,) you may see him suddenly brought down, and noiseless silence succeed all his activity bustle and stir. You will be just as apt to see families which have stood long and flourished greatly, broken up and scattered abroad by the death of the father, and that too, often in the prime of life. You may do much at wearing off the tedium of the slow moving moments of the sick, by taking up some volume of history, or by calling to mind the accounts which in former days you have read of the rise and fall of the great empires which have existed upon the earth. This is truly a sublime view of Providence, and if you suffer your mind to pass on in pursuit of the rise and fall of empires, till you behold not only the last one fall, but the earth itself fall, your views will be greatly increased in sublimity; and you will be consoled; which is ever the effect that we design your contemplations to lead to, and terminate in.

But, perhaps you ask how consoled? I answer: By viewing and meditating upon the amazing displays of Divine wisdom, goodness and power in the upturnings, underturnings and overturnings of men, both good and bad. And a steady consideration of his undeviatingly righteous dealings with all; his doing strict justice to every one, and injustice to none, will be a source of great gratification and high entertainment to your pious mind. But in taking those entertaining and consolatory views of providential dealing and control, yourself of all other sublunary subjects of this dealing will be the most interesting to yourself. You are not exempt from this control. In its extension and operations it reaches to you, and has ever had its influence upon you, and from it you can never escape.

On this subject you will naturally and unavoidably be an acute and vigilant student. This is a subject which touches your feelings—your keenest sensibilities. You acknowledge yourself to be the creature of God, made for his wise and good purpose, and at the same time your own happiness. But your afflictions cause the great question to arise in your breast, how is his wise and good purpose effected by my grievous pains and sorrows and at the same time my happiness brought about by these same pains and sorrows? This is the very interesting question on which you now become an interested, critical and daily student. And after you have thus studied for a length of time, and obtained all the information you can on the subject, your mind settles upon the following view of it, which in this manner you briefly express. You say to yourself, it is true I am a creature of the great Creator, and one of the race of men. In my original I was made good and without sin, but

from this good and sinless state there have been an apostacy and a fall: Therefore I with all the rest am a sinner and a sufferer. Jesus Christ the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. According to the infinite and unsearchable wisdom and knowledge of the Father who sent him, and plainly to satisfy the demands of his justice, he must suffer, and suffer to a great extent, in order to save sinners and take their sufferings upon himself. This he did. "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." He suffered not for himself but entirely for others. His sufferings were expiatory, not to improve himself but to atone for the guilt of others. They were strictly, truly, and to an unlimited extent, penal and vindictive. All those who believe this; who believe on him and embrace him, are entirely and forever delivered from penal sufferings. Those who do not, and who die impenitent, are not delivered from penal sufferings and never will be. Not only so, but all they suffer in time, and will suffer in eternity is penal, a just reward for their guilt. This is true, and yet their sufferings, in a general way, are just like the sufferings of those who have believed and are delivered. The natural evils of both are alike, with this exception, that the wicked appear to have less than the righteous. Of this I see some proof in the cases of the rich man and the beggar Lazarus. In the eternal world, it is said to the rich man—"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." An all-wise and righteous Providence seems to allow them respite here, while fiery indignation awaits them, at the appointed time, in the place where the rich man is said to be. "The wicked is reserved to the day of destruction." The evils which rest upon them now, but which are removed from the righteous, at least in part, are judicial blindness of mind and hardness of heart. These are moral evils, and incomparably more dreadful in their nature than natural evils. But because they are blind they see not, and because their hearts are hard they feel not. Therefore, being wrapped up in the many folded garments of delusion, "they are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men." For there are no bands even in their death. Thus it appears that the providential distinction made between the righteous and the wicked in this world is in favor of the wicked. Providence does not reward the righteous here in such a manner as to convince the wicked that he favors the righteous more than the wicked. Of this the righteous are convinced, knowing that their sufferings are for their good. I decidedly conclude that it is in favor of the wicked, if you do

not take into consideration the hope of a better world, which the righteous have. It seems to me to be true, while it is also true that "the way of transgressors is hard." It is true there is a present advantage and enjoyment in hope; but it is equally true that all the hope that can be given to a creature cannot banish present pains and sorrows—cannot make present sufferings present enjoyments. In this conclusion I am also confirmed, by the fact that Christ promised his disciples persecutions, among other things. He let them know that they that would come after him must not only deny themselves but take up their cross. The apostle Paul speaks of his "filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." The apostle Peter exhorts us to "rejoice, in as much as we are made partakers of Christ's sufferings." And tells us that we are not to "think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try us as though some strange thing happened unto us." Thus his disciples are to be tried—Out of trials and great tribulations they are to enter heaven. The wicked out of lesser and lighter trials are to be plunged into hell. Their trials and sufferings here, though lighter, are manifestly penal. They view them and feel under them as though they were undeserved and God unjust to bring them on them. They are not humbled under them, on account of their guilt and unworthiness and ill deserts. Therefore they have no effect or tendency to correct and improve them. And therefore also, it evidently and indubitably appears that they are judicial, or penal, or inflicted upon them as a punishment of their crimes, and not as a trial or test which being endured to the end should be succeeded by an entire deliverance from all sufferings.

August 15th, 1829.

But thank God! I hope it is not thus with me. I view the plan of salvation, as devised by God the Father, accepting and being satisfied with the sufferings of his Son, as vindictive or penal sufferings for me and all his people. So that what I suffer; these pains and sorrows of mine are not penal but corrective. They are the trial or test, which is that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ. In them I do not suffer for others as he did, nor even for my own sins in a penal point of view. This I could not do, because penal sufferings, such as he bore, were infinite, and I could not have suffered them out. The wicked never will. Mine I may endure unto the end. They are short:—They are light:—They work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. From this view of the subject I can see clearly how my pains and sorrows accomplish

God's wise and good purpose, and at the same time bring about my happiness. Being conscious, also, of all that strength of rebellion which was in my heart by nature, and the unbending, unsubmitive stubbornness of my will, and feeling and knowing by experience, the reducing, overcoming and humbling effects and tendency of afflictions, and also knowing, that "before honor cometh humility," before the crown the cross, I am not only reconciled to bear them, but even rejoice and thank God for these sanctified afflictions which are doing so much good for me.

My lifetime on earth is but a moment. My existence beyond—eternal, without day, month, year, measure or end. Afflictions are one great mean by which God prepares me for a happy eternity, and by which to elevate me above all sufferings of all kinds and make me secure in bliss. Therefore, with good cause I may exclaim—how great is his mercy! how amazing his love in afflicting me! In meditating upon his providence over all other things and over myself in particular, and on that special act of his providence, by which I have been disappointed in all my plans and prospects of life, and grievously afflicted, I am thus satisfied, entirely satisfied; my mind is reconciled to it and at rest. I see that it is all for the best. All things are working together for my good.

Your views, and feelings, and conclusions, my friend are correct and sound. They are perfectly accordant with the highest wisdom and the safest course.

O! that we could prevail upon the impenitent who slight the Saviour and his salvation, to look forward to the end of time, to the judgment over, to "the righteous saved, the wicked damned," and the overwhelming floods of divine wrath streaming upon them! Would they take such a view, with "faith, only as a grain of mustard seed," then would they heartily welcome such afflictions as yours, and have the same views, and feelings and conclusions under them that you have. But, alas! they do not!

Thus far, my dear afflicted friend, you have considered the design of Providence in your afflictions as it respects yourself, but this is quite a contracted, narrow view of the subject. Your afflictions, no doubt, are designed by Providence to make you a better person not only for your own good, but for the good of others. It is to make you have right views and feelings concerning this world and the next, so as to cause all your conduct to savor of wisdom, and every word to have weight and make an impression even upon the minds of the thoughtless. If your afflictions have had this proper, legitimate effect upon

you, it is scarcely necessary for me to advise you to let your conduct and words be of this character. As you are disappointed and pulled down from your earthly plans and schemes, and your strength is gone, and paleness has taken its seat upon your countenance, you will stand forth an example to all around you of the vanity and futility of this world, and you will be strongly inclined, very careful, and unceasingly vigilant to make your words, (as in a certain sense they are,) the words of a dying person to all those who have not correct views and feelings concerning the world to come; who are not believing, penitent, and humbled as you are. This, doubtless, is no small part of the designs of Providence in your afflictions. He shuts you out from the ordinary ways of man, and curtails you of the ordinary enjoyments of this world, that you may be weaned from it, and better prepared to wean others.

Some persons, in his righteous and adorable providence, he brings down to death with a single and sudden blow, that those around may tremble and prepare to follow. But you should rejoice that it pleases him to serve himself in another way with you. As he has stopped you in the course in which you started, you are not to suppose, for a moment, that he has no other course in which you ought to go. He not only has another, but a better. He never chooses the worse for the better; but, in his wisdom, always the better for the worse. It will be your business to look steadily, acutely, and prayerfully to see which way the hand of his providence points, and the next thing you have to do is to go in that way. In all probability the way in which you started was selfish, and had not his glory and the good of man enough in view. You must remember, you are his with all you are and have, and should be unreservedly devoted to his service. The best way that you can serve him on earth, is to advance the happiness of mankind. He does not leave his children and servants without directions. He does not give them work to do without telling them what work it is. He will tell them by providential indications what he would have them do. A multitude of things combine and concentrate to make up these providential indications, this hand of providence, as I have called it above. The strength which you have; your knowledge of your own feelings and abilities; your peculiar turn of mind and strength of mind for this or that employment; the opinions of your most wise and prudent friends; together with the openings which may occur, and the smiling prospects of success which may invite; and above all the flattering promise of usefulness to man. Thus his hand will point to the way. Thus you will hear his voice behind, saying "this is the way, walk you in it." You need not be surprised, if he

should appoint you to that task or work which seems very insignificant. It is his delight to effect the greatest ends by small means. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Do you have steadily in view his glory and the good of man, and very probably, he will choose you, one of the weak things of the world, to confound the mighty. By your instrumentality, weak as you are, he may work wonders of salvation for others. But you must go the way his hand points and his voice directs, whether as you proceed along you appear to effect any thing or nothing. If there is no appearance of good effected, your consolation will be that you have done your duty. It is possible for you to effect great good, but it not appear to you.—Should it appear, it will be much more enlivening and consolatory, though it may not be more real nor more extensive. God has made some seeds to germinate quicker than others. Some lie long in the ground before they sprout. In like manner it is with spiritual seeds. In speaking of the business in which you may engage, I do not intend to convey the idea that it will be in your power to be entirely devoted to spiritual things. This possibly may be the case, but more likely not. The highest probability is that you will have to engage in some worldly business to procure a living. In some light easy business of the hands, according to your sex and grade in society. Something with the needle, or if you be of the other sex, something in merchandise or clerkship, &c. In whatever employment you may engage, you will not likely be excluded from intercourse with others. You may be more or less. The more numerous the circle in which you move, the better opportunity you will have to do good. Let not a single one pass by unimproved. Seize every and the slightest opportunity to point all the thoughtless and unconcerned around you, "to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Thus, while you are exerting yourself with all possible prudence, activity, vigilance and faithfulness to advance the happiness of man, it will be a great source of consolation to you, that you are allowed of God to be thus employed. You, an undeserving, illdeserving, heildeserving sinner, not cut off and cast away, but spared and granted a little strength in the world of probation and hope, to speak to men and warn them to be wise. To warn and persuade them "to flee from the wrath to come."

If in God's sparing and amazing mercy you are thus indulged and allowed, thus to serve him, you will have consolation arising

from another source. I mean the regular and daily labor by which you procure a living. Thousands cannot do this nor any thing at all towards it. Great will be your satisfaction that you are not entirely and absolutely dependent on others for food and raiment, and a shelter from the storm. But this is far from being all the satisfaction arising out of your business. Man is made for action. And in that very action, when it is lawful and wright, God has placed no small enjoyment. To the sick person, (as you know by experience,) it is a very considerable addition to his disease to be deprived of this enjoyment. From the industrious and active person it is taking away a large part of his life. But this in some measure still remains with you. Great therefore is your consolation. Out of this subject there arises an idea which brings to view a still larger amount of enjoyment. It is not the duty of persons in health, much less your duty, to live the life of a recluse; secluded from the world and the enjoyment of society. It is altogether advisable that a part of that action in which God has placed so much enjoyment, and a little of which he has left with you, should be put forth in visiting your friends. All physicians, and all experience, and all the world know, the good effects to the afflicted of a seasonable visit paid at the house of cheerful friends. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." As often as you can, consistently, it will be well for you to visit your friends and enjoy their society. Throw off the cares of the world entirely, and give yourself up to relaxation and social entertainment. It will, at times, be admissible not only to lay aside worldly cares, but even your spiritual concerns and exertions. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun." And there will be a season for you to suspend all ordinary operations and surrender yourself up to the hospitality, courteousness, intelligent discourse, or even innocent chit-chat of those whose characters are good and whom you esteem.—You may listen to their useful and facetious anecdotes, and indulge with them in a hearty laugh. Thus by a timely, free and easy, and social visit, you may be entertained with a temperate, and at the same time, rich feast of reciprocal hilarity and sober joy. In the midst of this, you will forget the afflictions and woes that are upon you. Your spirits will be enlivened—your strength recruited, and you encouraged to go on with a greater degree of alacrity and delight in the desirable path of duty. This is consolation.

As you are a christian I presume you will not abuse what I have said on the subject of visiting friends, by supposing that I thereby design to give you license to frequent or tend balls, parties, or sumptuous entertainments where matters are carried beyond the bounds of temperate sociability and reasonable amusement.—

Where wild mirth, dissipation and intemperance are practised, in every supposable way. In licentious and extravagant eating, drinking, exercising, and ruinous loss of rest and sleep. These are no places for a christian to frequent, much less an afflicted christian. They are hot beds which produce afflictions, rather than relieve or remove them.—Hundreds and thousands who are chronic valetudinarians if they would be honest and candid, would tell you, that they caught their diseases by the intemperance of such resorts.

It was to quiet, and private family circles, to which I designed to advise you to pay your visits. If you visit larger circles, they should be associations of religious persons. This brings us to a close of what we had to say on the subject of providence, to which, and to the obedience of which, we have been referring you for consolation under your afflictions. And it also leads us on to the high and important subject of your own personal enjoyments of

RELIGION.

Here again, as in all the forementioned things, you have greatly the advantage of the patient who is violently and suddenly brought down and closely confined to his room, the sick person's prison. You cannot only sit up and read your bible at home, but visit religious assemblies, during the week, that meet to sing and pray—and on the holy sabbath day, you can say, with and to others, "let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Your feet can stand, not only within her gates, but walk within her palaces, and in the midst of the courts of God's house, surrounded by the congregation of the people, you may unite your heart with them in solemn and exalted worship. In warm and lively devotion before the great King; the Majesty of heaven and earth. Religion! religion! dearest word sounded in mortal ears, grand and greatest source of consolation to unhappy man! Unequalled soother of his pains, and sovereign antidote for all his maladies! Great banisher of guilt, darkness and doubts, and introducer of light, hope, joy and eternal life! Kind heaven's highest, richest boon to hapless, hopeless man; bringing life and immortality to light in his soul; his soul otherwise enveloped in darkness and filled with misery!! This gift of God to fallen man, unquestionably paramount to all others, including in it the gift of his Son, which is called "unspeakable;" you, unworthy as you feel yourself to be, do entertain a modest, humble and strong hope, has been given to you. Has been implanted in your soul, by the gracious means of God's appointment, and the powerful agency of the Divine Spirit, the great Comforter. You have very carefully, minutely and extensively examined the

evidences by which it may be known to a person's self, with greater or less certainty, whether it is within him or not: and with all diffidence and self condemnation, and unspeakable gratitude you are encouraged to think it is within you. If this conclusion is according to truth, (and I must consider it so,) all riches are within you, "the unsearchable riches of Christ," to buy which the man is wise who sells all else. Thus you have done, you have parted with and forsaken all for Christ, for religion, and are willing to loose your life to gain life. You have a sense of pardoned sin.—You are restored to the favor of God and reconciled unto him.—His love is in your heart and you have communion with him and with his Son Jesus Christ. You have no fear of eternal torment. "Perfect love casteth out fear." You feel yourself to be in a safe condition and a safe place. You have fled from the wrath to come. You see it coming, but not where you are or are to be. As I have hinted above, you have time and strength not only to read the bible but to read it leisurly, and in all its parts. In its proclamations and offers of mercy, pardon and life to the wicked. In its counsels, and warnings and exhortations, and persuasions of them; and its terrible, and alarming threatenings denounced against them by the voice of the eternal God, which speaks from heaven and shakes the whole earth. Threatenings which he will infallibly execute upon them if they do not repent and turn. This is the wrath that is to come upon the finally impenitent. You read of it in all the multiplied ways and under all the different and numerous figures by which it is declared and represented in the sacred volume. You firmly believe it and are escaping from it, and have so far escaped as to feel safe. Thus you enjoy religion.—And again, you have equally as much time and leisure, and are pleased to occupy more of them, much more, in reading and pondering over repeatedly, and from time to time, all the doctrines and precepts for instruction, with which the scriptures do so richly abound. Furthermore, there is not a single precious promise or encouraging word within the lids of God's holy book, to which you may not turn, and on which feast your mind. In this you will delight to be engaged. It is a feast indeed to the pious heart. A feast at which you are in no danger of excess or surfeiting.—Where you cannot partake too freely, and all you do receive will be well relished and give you great strength. Consequently, you scarcely let a day pass without partaking of this feast, without reading and meditating upon one or more of the kind and gracious promises of a forgiving and saving God. Thus you enjoy religion and are consoled.

Again, there are many doctrinal and practical books written by pious and able men who were sound in the faith. Which books

were designed and are well calculated to aid us in our views of the scriptures and in the practice of our life. To some if not to all of these you have access. Some are written in prose, others in poetry. Both will instruct and entertain you. Both will assist you to have higher and more correct and exalted views of many texts of scripture, and of the whole plan of salvation. The more pious of them will greatly enliven your devotion, kindle your zeal, and warm your heart, and fill it with holy and happy and almost rapturous emotions and affections. The enthusiastic sublimity, and burning fervor of chaste and correct and pious poetry, will indeed fire your mind and make you all alive in heavenly contemplations and heavenly hopes. Not one of all the thousand chords that twine about your heart will remain unstrung and unmoved as you read but all will vibrate, simultaneous and harmonious;—touched with the exquisite sensibilities of spiritual joy and love, with which indulgent heaven is pleased to visit the christian's breast. This is religion, this is consolation.

But this is far from being the limit of your privileges. You have strength and can have composure to enjoy your private devotions. You can say, when alone with God, "hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God : for unto thee will I pray. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."—Morning, noon and evening, can you let your voice be heard by your King and your God, and direct your prayer unto him and look up. And while you thus stand looking up, and directing your prayer to the great One, you feel yourself to be in the immediate presence of the august and awful Majesty of all worlds. A deep solemnity falls upon you, and you tremble with reverential fear. You see his greatness and his glory. You remember your rebellion and the depth to which you had sunk in sin and misery, and how low this great, condescending King stooped to reach you, You adore his Majesty. Your heart is filled and overflows with gratitude, and you give thanks unto him, and praise his holy name that he did not permit you to sink forever. With all earnestness and importunity; and with the feelings of a son in the presence of a tender father, you most devoutly and fervently implore his clemency and his smiles upon you a poor sinner, one of the chief of sinners. That he would forgive all your sins, wash away all your uncleanness, entirely renew your nature and make you a new creature in Christ Jesus, "and meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." And thus having prayed for the renovation, and restoration and salvation of your soul, which is the matter of highest concern, and feeling yourself to be heard and answered, you next intreat your heavenly Father to pity your poor

diseased body and remove your disease, if agreeable to his will. If not, that he would mitigate your pains, and if not that, that he may be pleased to resign you to them and afford you courage and strength and patience to endure them; to endure as seeing him who is invisible, and to endure unto the end, until your soul shall be released from its clay tabernacle and admitted into the society for which it is meet. Of that society, as you thus stand a suppliant on earth, your eyes being directed heavenward, you have a foresight, and of its joys your gracious King affords you a foretaste. This is one of the highest enjoyments of religion.

Another, to which I must not fail to direct your attention, is singing the praises of God. This is an exercise in which you may frequently engage. Even in your daily employment you may break the silence that surrounds you, chase the woes that press upon you, and enliven your drooping spirits, by a cheerful song of sacred praise. The fascinating and charming power of music is indeed great. You remember its effects upon unhappy Saul. I am speaking of sacred music for you, no matter how you make it or hear it made, with the voice or on musical instruments. I would highly recommend it to you. The voice makes the best and is more natural. It also connects sense with sound. Not every one has a voice for it, and if you have, in your afflicted state you may not have strength to use it. If so, or whether or not, your delightful christian duties will lead you to assemble often with those who sing the songs of Zion. Who "sing with the spirit and with the understanding," and make melody in their hearts and with their voices to God. While in the midst of these soft melodies, gentle tones, sweet harmonies and enrapturing airs: before "ever you are aware, your soul makes you like the chariots of Amininadib." You are wafted aloft, heavenward, upon the gentle waves of sound, and feel happy. Happy by the alluring effects of musical sounds, and by the devotional, worshipful and spiritual sense conveyed by the words that are sung. This is religious enjoyment. This banishes the miseries and melancholy of a shattered constitution and superinduces a better state of feeling. And this done you are consoled.

Again, if you take enjoyment from your own private devotions, and from notes of praise sounded by your own voice in private, or by others in company, you will be no less pleased with the prayers and worship offered up by others. More especially when you go to church, and listen to a pious, humble, devout, ardent, able and eloquent minister of the gospel, preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," the astonishing mercy and amazing love of a sin-pardoning God. You with the congregation are seated below, he is in the pulpit above, as if having come from on high, *descending*

from the throne of the great King, with messages of grace to you, rebels. All are composed, there is profound silence. He, with much self possession, slowly rises, and with all that seriousness, and solemnity, and gravity, and dignity, and pleasantness which a human countenance can express, looks around upon the assembly, and breaks the deep silence, by saying—Ye sons, and ye daughters of earth, it has long been well known to you that your present state of existence is not happy. The cause you have sought for. Partially the light of nature has declared it.* The book of revelation has made it known fully. This book I have examined. You and all have sinned, and are rebels, against heaven's King, who made you, and to whose jurisdiction you belonged. You are here, and not in hell, sure proof that heaven's King is merciful as well as great. Mercy, strange word! known not in heaven, nor in hell, nor on any world but the earth. The earth! grand theatre, chosen by the high and ancient King, whereon to display that other wise unknown thing, (viz.) mercy. The earth rebelled. Second rebellion in his reign. The first rebels received no quarters. In behalf of a part, at least of those of the second, a new feeling, never before felt, arose in the eternal Father's mind. This was a feeling of pity towards them, and this feeling he called mercy. This feeling stayed his hand, and he did not thrust them down beyond hope. His Son the high and amiable Prince of heaven, touched by the same feeling, with all reverence, said to his Father, "I'll mend the wrong they have done, whatever be the cost to myself." The Father well pleased accepted the offer. The Son undertook the stupendous work, clearly foreseeing the frightful cost. He took it in hand immediately, and men were governed with steady reference to his undertaking. It was not required by the Father that he should proceed directly to the execution of the more dreadful part of the work. Previous to this, men might be saved and were saved, by way of credit from the Father to the Son. To execute this more dreadful part, required the descent of the Prince of heaven to earth, required of him, incarnation, humiliation and indescribable sufferings. To these he has submitted. And the divine Spirit has been sent to apply the salvation wrought out.—These are the counsels of mercy and of grace which moved the independent eternal Father's mind towards rebellious men. These are the deeds of love and pity performed, for them, by his coeternal Son.

You, my fellow men, with all your race, were made intelligent beings, having understandings to know and wills to choose.—Your rebellion has impaired these but not deprived you of them.—God is a perfect Sovereign, and your wills are perfectly free.—Two truths plain and easy to be understood when viewed sepa-

rately, but if you attempt to reconcile them, the undertaking is above your present powers. 'Tis a mystery with which you have nothing to do. Your business is to choose or refuse this great salvation. And now, my dear fellow mortals, being "allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel," I have thus preached it unto you. "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." It remains for you to determine and choose how you will treat it. Will you believe it, repent of your rebellion, throw down your arms and accept the offered mercy, have hope in your life, hope in your death, and in the world to come, perfect happiness and fulness of joy forevermore, in presence of heaven's high, and holy and happy King, and all the pure spirits that are about him? or will you persist in your rebellion, slight and despise, and reject all these wise and rich and costly provisions of grace, and meet the doom of rebels? Take care, O ye immortals! take all possible care how you decide on this point! No decision made by human beings is equal to this. All others in comparison to it dwindle to nothing. On it is poised your all. Consider what, as rebels, you have already felt. O look at what is before you; and suffer your minds to glance one thought, one slight view to what heaven has done and offers; and the arms of your rebellion will drop to the ground, your hearts will melt with sorrow, and you will embrace with your whole souls the offered salvation.—May heaven's merciful King grant the same. Amen.

You listened to the discourse with both your ears and all your heart. And as the speaker delivered it with deep feeling, great earnestness, and burning zeal, and pious persuasion, you embraced the "good tidings of great joy" with every feeling of your soul; you rejoiced and exulted to receive pardon and salvation from heaven's offended King. You, now at the close, look around upon the congregation to see if all appear to take as much interest in hearing the "good tidings of great joy." You see some few that do, some careless, others asleep. Not so with you. One good effect of your afflictions is to make you hungry and eager to hear the kind messages of grace, the free offers of pardon and life. They give all parts of your religious exercises a sweeter relish than otherwise they are apt to have. Thus at church, you enjoy religion and are consoled. You retire with the retiring congregation, and as you walk along you think of

THE PRINCE OF HEAVEN,

the Son of God, Jesus Christ. You say to yourself, in the pious and silent meditations and musings of your heart, is it possible? is it possible? did the Prince of heaven do and suffer all these things for me? Is it a "faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and me who

am one of the chief of sinners? The bible declares it,—the preacher declares it—the Saviour when on earth proved it, and my heart loves him, and this is proof to me that he died not only for sinners but for *me* a sinner. O the love of Jesus! the love of Jesus, the Prince of heaven! how great! how great! reaching from heaven to earth, and drawing him down from the throne of all honor, and glory and blessedness to a cross of lowest shame and unutterable woe!

You think of the “glory which he had with the Father before the world was.” That he was the “brightness of his Father’s glory and the express image of his person, upholding all things by the word of his power.” That the Father said unto him—“Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.”—That he created “all things visible and invisible.” That the father said “let all the angles of God worship him.” “And that in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

You call to your recollection every thing that is said of him in the scriptures. You think of every attribute of his whole character as God and man, and every trait by which he is exhibited to angels and men. Unto the angels he is good and imparteth unto them of his fulness; so that they love him much and worship him continually. Unto men and to you, he is much more than good; he is merciful. Therefore you love him more and would desire to excel the angels in his worship. In him every excellence centres. His character is complete and nothing can be added unto him. He is the glory of the heavens, and the joy of the whole earth! Your love and gratitude and attachment and devotion unto him are so great, that the language of your whole heart is “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.”

Thus in meditating upon the character of the Prince of heaven, the Saviour of men, you enjoy religion. And your enjoyment will be equal in meditating upon the character of the eternal Father. You will be in no danger, of honoring the Son more than the Father. As you are afflicted and specially need comfort, you think much of the great comforter. In all the scenes through which you pass, and particularly in all your religious exercises and experience, you meditate very observingly and most deeply concerning his gifts and graces and operations which are within you. You, like all others, once had no religion, was a child of nature, without these gifts and graces and operations; but now, the “love of God is shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you.” You are “the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the spirit of God dwelleth in you.” “The Spirit itself beareth witness with your spirit that you are a child of God.” “And if a child, then an

heir, an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." An heir "to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." The spirit itself beareth witness with your spirit of these great and most comfortable facts, that you are no longer a child of nature, but a child of God, and a joint heir with Christ the Prince of heaven; whose inheritance is very large and extensive, in his Father's dominions. Large enough to divide out liberally to all those who are joint heirs with him. So large that the number of these cannot be so much increased, but that he will be able to give unto every one to the full extent of his or her wishes. And because the grant which every one shall receive, will be thus commensurate with every individual's largest desires, it is called his inheriting all things. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son." Thus while "the spirit itself beareth witness with your spirit that you are a child of God," it beareth witness that you shall eventually inherit all your heart can wish, shall inherit all things, and be a son of God, like unto the Prince of heaven his first born. When the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the great Comforter is thus within you, comforting you and teaching you and bringing to your remembrance all the things of Christ, whatsoever he has said and done for your salvation, and giving you strength and courage to suppress all doubts, and a full assurance of faith and hope that you will ultimately conquer and triumph over all enemies visible and invisible, and enter into and take possession of the above heavenly inheritance, you enjoy religion and are consoled. Indeed, my dear friend, this is the highest enjoyment of religion. This is the enjoyment of God; and together with what we have said of the Father and the Son, is the enjoyment of the triune God, which is the fullest consolation a creature on earth can have, and which is the last I shall attempt to suggest to your thoughts.

These are your personal enjoyments of religion. And it pleaseth the God of grace to grant you these from time to time, as you move along in life, and need consolation. This is religion, and you increase in it more and more, and abound and grow, "and hope to continue to grow till you shall come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

I have now my dear afflicted fellow sufferer, according to my feeble abilities, performed the task I took in hand. I am done.—I have brought all things to your view, or at least given you a clew to all things. To nature, throughout her multifarious and vast domain; and to nature's God, who is the God of Abraham, the God of our fathers, and the God of salvation. Accordingly you turn your attention to these things, and thoughts, and considerations, to ob-

tain consolation and exhilarating cordials as you move on in the dark valley of adversity. You reap more or less advantages from them, according to the gentleness or violence of your disease, and the time and leisure allowed you.

Thus you linger along, with intervals of better and worse, for weeks, or months, or perhaps a few years. But, in the appointments and allotments of Providence, the time has arrived when your disease instead of permitting you to take long journeys, or neighbourhood rides, or walks, or even dooryard walks, shuts you up to the contracted circumference of your room, and prostrates you upon your back on the bed of sickness, feebleness and languishment. This is now your undesirable and unlovely condition; your constitution shattered; the animal machine greatly worn and wasted and approaching to exhaustion and dissolution, and the mind almost unavoidably dejected and discouraged.

It is difficult now to hope for life, but difficult as it may be you *must* do it. You have been down before, and quite as low as you are now, and from that depression and prostration, you nevertheless arose and have since seen many good days on the earth. This you may do again, notwithstanding all the advantages the disease has obtained over your frame. You have become accustomed to endure pain and weakness, and may endure this renewed attack and rise again! Be that as it may the circumstances under which you are brought down now, are better than in any former case. You have had time after time, and repeated opportunities and favorable ones too, to think, and meditate, and foresee, and prepare for this season of sorrow and trial. You have before been nigh unto death and looked the monster in the face. You have had time to be engaged in the manner I have described above.—Time to converse with your friends—read the Bible, and other books, and this book of consolations; to make up your mind, and be in all respects prepared in your views and feelings to meet whatever Providence may have before you.

You are at this time upon your back, a feeble mortal contending and struggling with a disease which has long waged war upon you, and often got the better, and sunk you very low; and is now daily sinking you lower and lower than ever before. Your case at this juncture loses its peculiarity and runs into the case of the patient described in the former part of this work; with this exception that your sinking or rising will most likely be much more gradual than his. To that case I refer you. I shall not repeat in so full a manner, the description of the serious scene through which you are passing, nor of that which is before you in either case of life or death. I have already mentioned the advantage you have over him in the slow gradual manner in which you were brought

down. In other respects, like him, you have your physician.— Though you had discharged him, yet now he comes to see you to do you what little good he can. Your friends are around you.— You have their aid, and their prayers, and pious conversation.— Your good minister of the gospel visits you. And your faithful, guardian nurse is continually with you. You are now come into a condition more serious than any you ever knew yourself to be in since you commenced your existence. And this condition is becoming more and more serious every day. Your disease is manifestly gaining ground. You are losing strength rapidly. You are already so much reduced as to exhibit to view rather a skeleton than a human being clothed with flesh. There is a crisis, not many weeks, or at the furthest a very few months before you, which will decide to which world you belong, the visible or invisible. The wheels of time are steadily rolling you on to it. You have no way to stop them, and you cannot stop yourself. You must approach this crisis. You must come to it. “It is appointed unto all men once to die and after death the judgment.” Here you speak out and say if I have that to do, “I am not afraid to die. There is no fear of death in my heart. It is true I have had all the advantages of which you have spoken, and it has pleased God to bless them unto me, so that I feel entirely prepared to meet death. My Saviour has robbed him of his sting, and removed the glooms from about him. I feel much of the confidence of the apostle, when he said “I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day.” In short God is with me, and I feel myself to be a christain. And to you my friends I would say, and to the world, that it is better not to be a human being, *than not to be a christain.* For myself I can say “I long to eat of that tree which is planted in the midst of the paradise of God, and to drink of the pure river, clear as crystal, that runs through the streets of the New-Jerusalem. I long to be refreshed with the souls of them that are under the altar, who were slain for the word of God, and the testimony that they held; and to have those long white robes given me, that I may walk in white raiment with those glorious saints, who have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Why should I think it a strange thing to be removed from this place, to that where my hope, my joy, my crown, my elder Brother, my Head, my Father, my Comforter, and all the glorious saints are, and where the song of Moses and the Lamb is sung joyfully; where we shall not be compelled to sit by the rivers of Babylon, and hang up our harps

on the willow trees, but shall take them up, and sing the new hallelujah, Blessing, honor, glory and power, to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever? What is there under the old vault of the heavens, and in this old-worn earth, which is groaning under the bondage of corruption, that should make me desire to remain here? I expect that new heaven and new earth, wherein righteousness dwelleth, wherein I shall rest for evermore. I look to get entry to the New-Jerusalem at one of these twelve gates, whereupon are written the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. I know that Jesus Christ hath prepared them for me. Why may I not then, with boldness in his blood, step into that glory, where my head and Lord hath gone before me?—Jesus Christ is the door and the porter; who then shall hold me on? O thou fairest among the children of men, the delight of mankind, the light of the Gentiles, the glory of the Jews, the life of the dead, the joy of angels and saints, my soul panteth to be with thee.”

This is your language as you approach the crisis. You get no better and are moving on to it constantly. Some days have now elapsed. Your course and your progress are still onwards and more rapid. You approach death, and death you, and unless there is some great change and turning about there will have to be a meeting between you. Not merely such a meeting as of friendly ships from distant ports in mid ocean; or as of friendly travellers from remote parts of a continent, meeting in the wilderness and cheering each other's hearts, but as of fierce warriors upon the plain of single combat. Rather, your meeting will be within the confined circumference of this room, and in that corner, and on that bed where you now lie. It is yet uncertain what the result of your meeting will be, whether you will have to surrender or death be foiled and retire. But one thing is certain; at this moment you are not far apart, and death, like a beast of prey, the nearer he gets the more rapid his movements. He comes! he comes! O! he comes! The friends gather around, but all in vain. The combat is single, and cannot be otherwise. Friends must I go? Must I go? Has the appointed moment come? We cannot tell. It looks very much like it. If so, welcome death! welcome death! welcome death! With all thy rudeness, and ferocity and terrible aspect, I meet thee as a friend. Dear relations and friends of earth! Farewell! Farewell! I cannot stay! I go to seek a better world! Prepare to follow!! “Prepare to meet your God!!!” Death lays hold and the prey is his.

Sabbath Morning, Oct. 11th 1829.

FOR THE YOUNG, IN AFFLICTION.

It will be recollected by the reader that I promised to write for several classes of mankind, who might be in affliction. I selected the christian community for the first class, and thus far have written for them. I select the young, who may be in affliction, for the next class. This is a very interesting part of mankind; and one which, in health, stands greatly in need of instruction and correct feelings. Much more so, when in affliction. That person who is so far blessed of God as to do or write any thing which shall extensively advance their intellectual and moral interests, is indeed blessed of God, and in no small degree serves his generation. Un-speakably great is the responsibility of him who sets himself to this task, especially in the way of writing. Their temporal and eternal destinies may be suspended upon what may drop from his pen. Their usefulness and happiness in time and in eternity.—To do or say any thing which will turn a large number of them out of that “way in which they should go,” is like turning a great river out of its course at its head, which as it rushes along will desolate the country through which it passes. Thus they will overrun and destroy others, and in the destruction will destroy themselves. Were we to see those of one nation, and of another, and of all nations, thus misguided, we would behold a world, rushing to desolation and destruction. And on the other hand, if they be guided into “the way in which they should go,” and do go in that way, we would behold a world regularly moving on to “glory, honor, immortality, yea, and eternal life.” Such is the weight, and such the intrinsic importance of what is done to guide our youth. It is far from being the object of the writer to attempt, in an extensive degree, this guidance. I write for the afflicted, and do not mean to enlarge on what I may be enabled to introduce to their notice and consideration.

Be it my task then to speak unto such, in a plain, easy, familiar and affectionate style, a word or two of consolation. Those who are yet in their childhood I shall not stop to address. Such, who may be in affliction, (for no age is exempt,) I shall leave to be consoled by their parents and friends. I have to do with those who

can read. This will embrace all from the age of ten to twenty, who have had the proper and desirable advantages of schooling. At this time of life, both sexes are liable to be seized by diseases more or less violent; of shorter or longer continuance, but the female sex is more liable than the other, particularly to chronic disorders. And as both are liable to diseases, calamities and disasters of all kinds, they are also liable to death. My task therefore, like that which I have already performed, is truly a serious one.

I wish readers to bear steadily in mind the notice which I have before given, that I design my observations to be applicable to both sexes. I shall, as heretofore, use the word person wherever I can, which applies with equal propriety to both. To my female readers, who are daughters of affliction, I would say, that when I am compelled to use the words he and him, while at the same time I design my discourse for both sexes, it is after the usage of writers both ancient and modern. In grammar, when both genders are addressed, the masculine is considered the more worthy, and is used in preference to the feminine. This, as you well know, has its foundation in nature. As you read along then, ye fair ones in trouble, my dear sisters in affliction and sorrow, it is only necessary for you to substitute the words she and her, &c., in place of he and him, &c., in order to receive into your own tender, but aching hearts, the consolations that may be offered.

And now my dear juvenile companion in affliction, may kind heaven touch *my* heart with the liveliest sympathies, while I humbly but earnestly attempt to pour into *your* disconsolate heart some reviving cordial, some "oil of joy for mourning," and to present unto you, some "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." At the close of the two preceding cases, I ventured to say to the patient, that I had brought all things to his view for consolation, or at least given him a clew to all things. But this I did without specifying or particularizing any particular characters further than that they were christians. They might be in their afflictions, young or old, poor or rich, single or married, at home surrounded by a beloved circle of dear relatives and friends, or in a distant or foreign land, strangers among strangers.

As I had in that, done what I designed to do in particularizing, in a summary way, the different sources of consolation, the various things and thoughts and beings which might contribute to the relief or help of the sons and daughters of sorrow, I now proceed to the execution of my purpose in particularizing characters.—This part of my plan, owing to its nature, and to its connection with the foregoing, will be in its parts even more summary than that. I have there embodied the main part of my consolations.—In what follows it will be my chief business to refer several differ-

ent classes of mankind to them, and tell them how to receive and appropriate them. In short it will be to attend to the peculiarities of their cases, rather, as it respects their standing and condition in society, than the different diseases which may be praying upon them.

Accordingly, I proceed to consider your case, my dear young friend. You are young; and this is that grand peculiarity in your character and condition to which I now direct my attention. Almost literally, you "are of yesterday." According to the purpose and by the power and order of the eternal Creator, you sprang into existence, but a short time since, upon the earth. Out of nothing you made your appearance here upon this struggling world. Tho' struggling, yet it is fascinating, and often promises to its inhabitants, especially to the new comers among them, great and flattering things. Indeed to the new comers, this it almost always does. Thus it did to you. As soon as your senses began to open and notice its surrounding objects, you were allured and elated with the prospect. Like all that are born of women, at your introduction to its scenery you were entirely ignorant of its nature and condition. You mistook this wilderness of thorns and briars for a paradise, and vainly thought the people here happy. In this manner you passed the days of your childhood, without any great or signal check in your thoughts, and views, and feelings and progress. External things and circumstances continued fair and inviting. No dark cloud intruded itself into the atmosphere of your prospects, to put out your hopes and cover you with gloom. The state of internal things was equally flattering. You grew with a vigorous and rapid growth, and you daily felt an increase of strength in your frame. Your limbs and features, and whole person, were regular and well proportioned, and as you advanced towards maturity of growth, appeared more and more noble and grand to others, but especially to yourself. Your hair was fine and beautiful. Your eye penetrating and attracting. The rose in all the freshness and glory of its bloom perched upon your cheek. Not a wrinkle or furrow, as yet, had trials and sorrow ploughed across the lineaments of your noble features. Your lips smiled gracefully and pleasantly, and you had entirely come up to the bloom of life. But what is more than all, you were an almost entire stranger to sickness and pain. Scarcely a day had you felt even slightly ill. Scarcely a single pain had you discovered in any part of your frame. The fountain of life flowed full and healthy, throughout your whole system. Then, it was sweet to eat—it was sweet to sleep. Your mind, your mind, was so easy and so much delighted, yea, intoxicated, that you were almost constantly employed in building castles in the air, as we say in modern phraseology.—

And into one of these castles, with your head full of schemes, you had mounted, far above the level and ordinary movements of persons of riper years and more experience. But at length, the unthought of and undreaded moment comes, and a fell disease creeps up the long ascent to where you are, puts out its merciless, mighty, monstrous hand, defaces your beauty, tears from you your strength, and breaks your hold. Down headlong, from your lofty, aerial height, you fall, with a sudden shock and dreadful crush! O! my dear young prostrated friend, I admit you need consolation! you do indeed greatly need consolation! And if the disease which has laid hold on you, is violent and raging, you need it hastily or it may come forever too late. But in either case, whether violent or moderate, were your tongue to attempt to express the feelings of your aching heart, and could it use words most expressive, all in the superlative degree, it would utterly fail to express the intensity of your desires for consolation, relief and restoration to health. The thought, the keenly penetrating thought, that all your earthly hopes may now be blasted, in addition to the pains you feel, gives a sting to every nerve, and harrows up all the exquisitely unhappy feelings of your disconsolate soul.

What! say you, to be pulled down and stopped, and it may be cut off, in the very bloom of life! not in the midst of my days but in the very beginning of them! not when my career is half or almost run, but just at its commencement! O! how irreconcilable the thought! how intolerable! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! it will break my heart! it will indeed break my heart! Perhaps not, my friend. It is possible that it is one of the best things that has ever yet happened to you. It may bring you to your senses, and help to teach you the nature of this world, and of yourself, and of the great and good and terrible God who made you and governs you.

And this study is the very first thing to which I shall endeavor to turn your attention, in order to your receiving consolation. It is the want of knowing this world, and yourself and God, which not merely adds to your present trouble, but actually makes up a large part of it. I would therefore most seriously and most warmly recommend this study to you, no matter how well and intimately you may have before thought yourself acquainted with these things. No matter if you have before this, considered yourself a christian and even made a profession of christianity. You are young, and have much to learn, and many things to learn over and over again. The things or sciences which I do so earnestly advise you to learn at this time, in order to the soothing of your breaking heart, do not require the opportunities of an academic or collegiate course. You can learn them in your afflicted and

feeble condition, and perhaps more rapidly and to better purpose confined to your bed than in any other situation. In addition then, to what I have said in the former part of my book, to which I now refer you for every thing which you can apply to yourself, I would say to you, in order to suit your special case as a youthful sufferer, look around upon the world, and try to see and discover not what it appears to be, but what it really is. View it, in all its shapes and forms and parts and appendages, in its changes and revolutions, in its honors and emoluments, in its joys and sorrows, and in its emptiness of good and fulness of evil. After you have done this most attentively, and continued it as long as your disease and circumstances will permit, then pause and ask yourself whether this world is in reality so fine, so valuable and excellent a thing, that an immortal being, such as you are, should break his heart about it, even if it is known to him that he must leave it in a few days. Yet, go further and suppose that you are not called nor compelled to leave it in a few days, but permitted to accomplish your most sanguine and aspiring schemes, and have as much of the world at your command as your heart craves; and settle the question whether it will satisfy the cravings of your undying, immortal and imperishable soul. To assist you in this business, which is so well calculated to bring resignation and consolation into your disappointed heart, call to your aid those of greater age. Inquire of your parents, and the old people, yea, the oldest to whom you have access, what their sentiments and feelings are concerning the world. And they will tell you, unless they speak what their hearts know to be untrue, that it has never realized their expectations. That it has been continually disappointing them from year to year throughout their whole lives, no matter how successful they were in laying hold of it and having it at their command. And if these disappointments have taught them wisdom and virtue, and made them rich in valuable experience, they will tell you that they have long since come to the full and decided conclusion, that this material world utterly fails to satisfy the wants and desires of spirit. That they have clearly found its true place to be, where it is placed, under your feet, and not in your mind. This, no doubt, your parents and those around you, reverend with age and wisdom, often told you, in the days of your flourishing. But you were not only illprepared but entirely unprepared to listen to, much less believe, their old fashioned lectures and dry talk. Perhaps at this time you are in a better condition, not only to listen, but to believe too. You are in the way to have a little experience as well as they. Experience is the best teacher. The truths which it declares and inculcates, you cannot deny or doubt. Experience, is seeing and feeling for our-

selves, and when we thus feel and endure and groan, we know for ourselves. If all the grayheaded, sober and wise ones of the country had gathered round you, and employed all their skill and most ardent zeal to teach and persuade and exhort you to believe the above truth concerning the nature of this world, it would have been all in vain; they could have made no impression on you.— But, it is a vitally important matter to believe and know this truth, and you are now in the way to come at this knowledge. You are in the way to know how to think about, and view and use this world. In this respect your condition is actually better than it was before, and this should not fail to give you consolation.

After you have pursued this study long enough, and become better acquainted with the world, you will find out that every thing that promises here below, does not fulfil its promise. That the clear sunshine of the morning of life, may, even before the morning is past, be dreadfully darkened with thick clouds. That high hopes and high heads may be brought low. That prosperity is not the uninterrupted lot of man. That the world is not in reality so fair and beautiful and excellent as it appears to be. That it is not always in bloom and when it is, there are among the flowers and blossoms, thorns and briars, pointing outwards. In short, that it is not a paradise, but a world laboring and groaning under the curse of its Creator.

When you have advanced thus far in your thoughts and meditations and conclusions concerning the world, then look around and see how others are treated; what are their lots, their vicissitudes and changes, their success and disappointments, and their joys and sorrows. In doing this, I would specially recommend it to you, to bring within the compass of the view of your mind, all your fellow youths who have felt shocks like yours, and were cut off, or are now laboring under disease. This done, turn your eyes inward and study yourself. See what better you are than they. Ask yourself who you are? what your real character is? How you stand in comparison with others? whether there are any peculiar and intrinsic qualities and excellencies within you, on account of which you should be exempt from the calamities which fall upon the sons of men? what right and claims you have upon the great Ruler which he will disregard and violate if he does not give you all your way, and let you have your whole heart's desire? Be very cautious how you come to the conclusion that you have some such claims, for older and wiser persons would greatly doubt the correctness of such a conclusion. Repeat and pursue the study. Enter into a deep and thorough examination of yourself, that you may know yourself, for, this is the best kind of knowledge, and indispensably necessary to your receiving consolation. Because if you are igne-

rant of yourself, you will think of yourself not according to truth, not according to your real character: and will therefore be expecting things that do not belong to you. Whereas, if you are so happy as to arrive at a good degree of self knowledge, you will better know what are your merits and demerits, your good deserts and ill deserts. And if I mistake not you will find your good deserts to be very few, and your ill deserts very numerous. Your good deserts from men may be many, but from God certainly not. You may deserve many more from men than you receive from them or are likely to receive. If you cannot get your deserts from them; you will have a secret consolation, at least, that you are, in truth, better and more deserving than they think you to be. Though it would be a much greater consolation if, in this time of trial, they would give you your dues. These however no man gets of his fellow men, whether he is deserving of little or more. From this consideration then, that you are treated as others, let a consolation come into your breast.

But again, if while your eyes are looking inwards you have a full, and unbiassed and correct view of all your passions, all the feelings of your mind that have existed and do now exist towards men and towards God, this may be an item of self knowledge which may do you more good than all the miser's gold, or all the honors of the world in which you live. If this knowledge has its genuine good effect upon you, it will make you feel very humble if not very penitent. Altogether different from the manner in which you but now felt, when mounted aloft with your head full of earthly empty schemes. As you are thus looking in upon your passions, and remembering what they have been, how often perturbed, and violent and vengeful and ruinous to yourself and others; and remembering too the deeds which they have often caused you to commit; but above all, remembering that both have always been "naked and open" to the eyes of the eternal and allseeing God; and that he has been continually looking upon them ever since you had passions and was the author of deeds, and that you are accountable to him for every improper feeling, as well as every idle word, you may indeed be greatly humbled and very penitent. Your consolation that will arise from this source will come from the facts, that—"before honor cometh humility," and before bad passions and bad words and bad deeds are pardoned, men must repent of them. By this view of yourself and the thought that "God seeth you," you will be naturally led on to learn what you can of this infinite and fearful being.

You will find him to be from everlasting, self-existent, independent, and possessed of all other perfections. The great One who made all things and reigneth over all. It is your duty as an in-

telligent being to do what you can to learn and meditate upon, and admire and love every perfection of this august one. This is that for which he made you, and in which you ought to be engaged both in time and in eternity. But always according to the circumstances in which you are. You are now in your youth, and not only so but afflicted, and it is possible you may die in a short time. Your circumstances therefore, do not require of you to attempt to study, at this time, all his holy perfections, in the manner in which a theological student does. You may do what you can at this, but it will be your proper and special business to view him as he stands related to yourself. You are a being of feeling. You are capable of enduring pain or enjoying happiness. You have already tasted some little of the latter and have endured and are now enduring much of the former. The great practical questions with you then are, how will God order this for me as I advance in time and in the eternal world? what is his nature? how does he view me? will I be happy or miserable? This leads me on to ask you my dear fellow mortal whether you are a christian or not?—These questions which you ask concerning God and yourself, I feel myself warranted in saying I can answer. If you live and die a *christian*, you will be happy, if you do not, you will be miserable. If you have evidence that you are a christian, my duty with respect to you is done. The former parts of my book, to which I have referred you, contain all that I can say for you, whatever be the nature of your disease or the time when you must die. All that is said there you can easily appropriate to yourself. But if you are not a christian and know that you are not, much of it will not be applicable to you, and my most serious and earnest and warm advice and exhortation, is to become one without delay. Now is the time of salvation, now is the day, now is the hour. If you are not a christian no consolations will come into your heart from the invisible world. And if you are at this time called to die, I can discover not one single consolatory consideration before you, but all that is disconsolate. When I attempt to look for consolation for you, I am utterly foiled and look in vain. I can see nothing before you but darkness, thick darkness and woes worse than diseases bring, woes so great that nothing but the pen of inspiration can describe them. You will see the description in the Bible. The condition in which you are, that of affliction, is one of the best to induce you to become a christian. And youth is the proper season, the spring time of religion as well as of life. Should you listen to my advice and exhortation, and to the advice and exhortations of your friends, and to the voice of Providence, to the voice of God, and in truth and reality become a christian, all the consolations, the strong consolations that cluster

around the christian's heart, would gather round yours and stimulate and encourage and support you living or dying. And if you are so far blessed as to do so and have the christian character, there is but one more thought which I shall attempt to bring to your consideration. And that is, that you are an immortal being! and though but a few years old, have made sure of existence. This you have done in spite of all God's enemies and yours. In spite of all the diseases that do or can prey upon you, or all the enemies visible or invisible that do or can rise up against you. A happy immortality is the highest perfection of human nature. An unhappy immortality is the deepest imperfection. Immortality in God himself, unblest would not be a perfection. Let this then, be to you the sum of all consolation, and entirely resign you to whatever may be before you, good or bad health. life or death, that you are a plant of immortal growth, and though you but yesterday sprang up on earthly soil, and might grow in this soil a number of years longer, and it may be have some strong desires to do so, yet there is another and better, "even a heavenly" soil into which when you are removed, sooner or later, you will be transplanted, and flourish, and flourish with a heavenly vigorous and immortal growth. A growth which cannot be interrupted or blasted. What matter then if you should be removed even in your youth, in the very morning of your days? You may be taken from many and great evils on the earth, and as you have made sure of a happy immortality, would certainly enter into the world of the blessed. If so, you would never know what old age and decrepitude are. You would be taken from them on earth, and with the rest in heaven would always be young, and bloom, and bloom in perpetual youth. Taken away in the bloom on earth, to the more beautiful, and glorious and everlasting bloom of heaven. And now my dear young companion in affliction, in this vale of tears, fair sister or dear brother, whatever be the severity, the duration, or termination of your disease, may it be your happy lot to get there at last, and into the hands of our merciful God I now resign you.—Farewell.

October 31st, 1829.

FOR THE POOR, IN AFFLICTION.

There are different kinds and various degrees of poverty. There is moral poverty and there is natural poverty, and both have their moderate and extreme degrees. The poor for whom I write, are those who labor under that kind of poverty which consists in their being destitute, in a greater or less degree, of the actual comforts of life, food and raiment and a shelter from the storm. Many are of this class, perhaps a majority of the

human race. According to my general plan, it is not my purpose to inquire into the causes of their poverty. My business is not to account for the miseries of man, but to do what I can to alleviate them. A passing remark or two, however, I will make on the subject.

Some are naturally destitute of talents or abilities to contrive. Others are, by nature indolent, or in more familiar language, lazy. Some are shackled and surrounded by circumstances which they are utterly unable to break through or surmount. The English nation and other monarchies give us examples of these, and they are also not wanting among ourselves. Others are brought to poverty by their vices and crimes.

I am far from entertaining the presumption that my little book will pass over to the transatlantic countries. I write for the American continent; and specially for the United States of America; and shall be more happy and more grateful than my tongue or my pen can express, if I am enabled to make it useful even to a few of the sons and daughters of affliction in my own country. Therefore I shall not attempt to shape it to suit the condition of those of foreign lands, who groan under still more dreadful degrees of poverty than are presented to our view around us. Indeed our own beloved country, of most happy government, vast extent, great salubrity of clime, and inexhaustible fertility of soil, even "flowing with milk and honey," contains thousands and tens of thousands of those who present degrees of poverty deep and dreadful enough to awake and employ all the energies of all its philanthropists. Poverty alone is a distressing calamity. But when disease is added to it, the calamity is more than doubled. And this, my dear friend, is your unhappy condition; pinched by the cold and cruel hand of poverty, and pained, and tortured, and weakened, and prostrated by disease.

Whatever be the cause of your poverty you need consolation. If it is manifestly your own fault, you need it more, but are not so deserving of it. Be that as it may, I shall proceed to give you all I can through the means of pen, ink and paper.

In your afflictions your grand peculiarity is, that you are poor. Previous to this you have been struggling along, oftentimes destitute of even coarse food to nourish your body; of raiment sufficient to defend you from the inclemencies of the seasons, and it may be, even to cover your nakedness; and without a shelter good enough to turn off the flowing rain, the driving wind and the piercing cold. This no doubt you thought to be enough of the woes of time, but now a disease either more or

less violent, as the case may be, has seized upon your unhappy body. Deep and desperate as your condition is, my fellow sufferer, you are not to suppose that there are no consolations for you. There may be not only a few but many. It is true the world is often called an unfriendly world, and perhaps with too much justness; but at the same time it is not right to slander it. It is the business of every person to be his own friend, in every possible honest way, and in whatever condition he may be. And to all such, so far as my observation and knowledge extend, the people of our nation are disposed to be friendly. Many of the poor, may, without design, be overlooked, and some may be unnoticed on account of their backwardness to make known their condition. The great cause why any are neglected is the impositions that are practised upon the benevolent and charitable by undeserving and vicious characters. It has always been true among all nations, and will most likely ever continue so, that the best way to help the poor is to teach and encourage them to help themselves, so long as they have health and strength to do it; and when these fail, to give them the things they need. But even when health and strength are gone, they should exhibit a *disposition* to help themselves if they could. The maxim—"first help yourself and then I'll help you," is one of the best of maxims and will never wear out. And if it were ever correct and sound, since the world began, it is truly so in the United States of America. You may conclude from the drift of my observations, my friend, that my consolations to you will be lean and empty, and like Job's comforters were to him. Be not mistaken, I think I have the best that the world affords.

The first that I shall offer you, is, notwithstanding you are sick and diseased, to do and contrive every thing in every possible honest way, to get along without the help of others. And when you can do this no longer, possess and manifest a strong disposition to do it if you could. Let all around you, good and bad persons, see plainly your strong determination to do so. Spend the last cent. Sell what few things you have, to buy those which you cannot live without. Do not beg in an indirect manner by throwing out hints to those who are rich when they come in your way. If, of their own accord, they give you any thing, receive it with becoming expressions of thankfulness and respect. At the same time show them by your words and actions that it is your firm resolution not to be dependent on others till you are absolutely driven to it.

Let the doctor who visits you and witnessess your low, and destitute, and wretched condition, see this disposition in you,

This is not only the most respectable and honorable way to beg, but the most effectual. When the doctor and all your friends thus see and know your condition and disposition, they will feel moved for you, and consider you worthy of attention. Not only so, but they will say to others who are rich, who have the good things of this world in their possession, "do you know how poor, and sick, and helpless, and wretched such a person is?" And "we can assure you that he or she is worthy. He is doing every thing that is possible to hold on and hold out and bear up, but it really does appear to us that it is impossible for him to do it much longer." "Humanity calls loudly for us to do something for him." If you do as I have directed above, you will most likely obtain all the assistance your fellow mortals can give you, in the most honorable and best way. One good and kind neighbor will send you some delicate food suitable for the sick. Another will supply you with the necessary clothing. A third will see that you are properly nursed and kept clean. The doctor, or some fourth person will provide what medicine you need. They will see that your house does not leak upon you, nor admit the wind and cold, and they will keep it properly aired and properly warmed. Moreover, they will speak comfortable and encouraging words to you, and cheer and stimulate your heart as much as they can.

All these things, we say they may do, but it is possible also that they may do none of them. If they do, your consolations will neither be few nor small. If they do not, I feel it necessary to advise and caution you still farther. I would caution you against having hard feelings towards them. There may be some good reason, unknown to you, why they act as they do. Whether there is or not, you must remember, with all humility, that all the claims you have, are the claims of suffering humanity; and it is with them to choose how, and when, and where they will bestow their charities. Again, I would most seriously caution and advise you to be strictly honest. When you see the wealth and abundance of others around you, and these things too very much exposed and easy to be taken hold of by you, resist at all times, most mightily, every temptation to do so, even in the slightest way. If you have every facility to take some trifle which does not seem to be of much use to the owner, and to conceal the taking of it from him, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

When you beg, beg right out, openly and aboveboard. And when you can no longer get along without doing it, it will be honorable to do so. It will be your duty. From the advice I have given to shun it to the last extremity, you must not er by

attempting to shun it too long. It is possible for you to possess too much independence of mind. If you carry this to an unwarrantable degree, it will be an improper and unjustifiable kind of pride. Pride and poverty are two of the most dreadful evils that can happen to man. If you were originally a person of independent feelings, or if you were once wealthy, or even, as we say in common language, well off, you will be very liable to have this bad kind of pride. The trial will be exceedingly great, to be reduced to the necessity of begging your bread. So great that you will be apt to suffer longer and more than you ought to suffer, before you will humbly ask your fellow mortals for help. You may even endanger your life by doing without the things which are actually indispensable to support life, and the want of them, and the proper medicine and medical advice, may render your disease incurable, though your life may not be brought to an immediate end. Therefore I, as one of your warmest and best friends, would most earnestly beg you to beg before you come to that point. It is fit and proper to endure very considerable privations with the hope of getting along and getting through, but not to such an extent as greatly to endanger your bodily health, or put your life in jeopardy.

If it should be your lot to be reduced to the necessity of begging, go first to your relations who are able, if you have any in reach. In them God has placed, by nature, an asylum for the poor, who are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. This asylum was in their breasts by nature, and is still there, if neither they nor you have, by improper conduct between you, broken it down. The walls, and strength, and excellence of this asylum consisted in their and your natural and mutual affections; your love for one another. If neither they nor you jarred, or lulled, or deadened these affections, they constitute nature's poor-house, and hers is the best. As we have said, if there is such a poor house within your reach, by all means make your way to it. Go, or be taken to your relations who have something in their hands, or get them to come to you. If the understanding between you is good, they will remember the words which say—"Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother," and they will do so. But if it is not good, *you* will do well to remember that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." In this case you may find it to be true, "that there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." And you will see and feel the propriety of the advice given in another place, where it is said, "Thine

own friend, and thy father's friend forsake not; neither go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity; for better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off." If you have such a neighbor, who is your friend, or your father's friend, he is your next refuge; to him I would advise you next to apply. Should you fail in this application, I know of no other course for you than to fall away upon the mercies of the community at large, to come upon the town, and yield up yourself to be treated and taken care of in whatever way they may find themselves able and feel themselves disposed to do it. How unspeakably thankful, my friends, should you and I be, that our fellow men are disposed to help, in any way whatever, those who are in deep adversity. And that in our beloved America, it is not every body's business and thus nobody's business, but a matter of official concern. That moneys are raised by taxation upon those who have the comforts of life in their hands, which moneys are to be spent for the relief of the poor and helpless. That these provisions are generally made and making in the country, by townships and counties, and that in our cities there are large and suitable poor houses. And in both country and town, that there are officers appointed whose duty it is to fly to the crying necessities of suffering and languishing humanity. All the forementioned resources having failed, you must make known your condition to them. It is in their power to help you where you are, if they think best. Or they may remove you to some private house, or lastly take you to the public poor-house. If you have a choice you must mention it very modestly, remembering that "beggars should not be choosers." In either case, wherever you may be kept, at home, at some private house, or in the public poor-house, I would most warmly recommend it to you to be very mild and kind to those into whose hands you fall. Endeavor, by every proper and laudable method, to gain the affections and sympathies and tender treatment of those who are appointed to attend upon you. Be very prudent lest you offend them. And if you should find their treatment to be so rough and unkind, as to be intolerable, plead your cause with tears in your eyes first with them, and if they do not hear you, then with the proper officers. Let every word you speak be the truth, and beg with an honest heart, that they will have you faithfully and tenderly nursed (if you are so low as to be unable to nurse yourself,) and that they will keep you clean. But I wish you distinctly to remember, that this great and important business of keeping clean, lies first and mainly with yourself. Had you a home of your own, and that full of the comforts of life, and were you one of

the richest of the rich, and attended not merely by one, but by a number of the dearest, tenderest and most affectionate relatives, they could not keep you clean without your efforts to keep yourself so.

A person whose body is diseased to any great extent, unavoidably sends forth a morbid, loathsome scent. This is bad enough when every thing is done in the most prompt and constant manner to remove it, by proper airing and changing of clothes, but it is unspeakably worse where every species of filth is suffered by himself and others, to remain about him. It can but increase the disease. From this you will see that it will be necessary for you to be very cautious when you are about to complain of others, that the blame is not mostly, if not entirely your own. If you are, however, upon good grounds, persuaded that in these great matters of nursing, giving medicine and keeping clean, the fault belongs to the nurses and other officers, and they all refuse to hear your intreaties for better attention, the doctors are that class of men to whom you will, in the next place, most easily have access, and whose business it is to listen to your tale of woe, and interfere on your behalf. But should even these appear cruel, and refuse to do or say any thing for you, the clergy are the next class, whose proper business it is to visit the poor and the sick, and to comfort them both in word and deed. To them you may *impartially* expose your condition. From some, or all of these different characters you may expect consolation. If it be your lot to be taken to the public poor house, this is the place to which others who are poor and sick are also taken. And for convenience in nursing, the sick are sometimes placed in the same room. This may be the case with you; and if so, you will have not only your own filth to contend with, but that of others. This will indeed be a sore trial; and one of the sorest, if you have been a person raised in the more decent way, and do possess something of a correct and delicate taste. Should you find yourself lying in the midst of those as bad, and many of them worse, than yourself, and withal not disposed to keep clean, you will need a great degree of patience; and it will be of no small use to you to possess a great degree of prudence, and to have both in constant exercise. Tell them, calmly and deliberately, the bad effects and consequences of their negligence. And persuade them most earnestly, with a warm heart, with the heart of a fellow sufferer with themselves, if they have any regard whatever, to their own welfare and to that of those around them, to exert all the remaining powers which they have, to be patient, and mild, and to keep clean. A word from you, or

from some other inmate and fellow sufferer, will have more weight than from any other source. If one of you be not heard, let as many of you as can, join to plead and persuade, and your united efforts will likely have more influence than the combined exertions of the keeper of the house, the trustees or officers, the doctors and the clergy.

It is your incumbent duty to do what you can to instruct, and counsel, and encourage, and comfort your fellow sufferers around you. And they should do the same for you. You suffer together, and it may be, that you may be called to die, the one by the side of the other. There is every reason why you should be specially kind to one another. You should converse often together about this world and the next, and very particularly concerning the way to be happy in the world to come, seeing you are miserable here. If you are too ignorant to instruct one another on the most important of all points, you may ask for some good minister to be sent to see you. You may be too bad and wicked to be disposed to pray, but you cannot be too ignorant to do it if you are disposed, and it is the duty of all persons to pray for pardon, and help, and salvation, and of all, who is more needy than you? Therefore I say converse together, read to and for one another. If one cannot read let him listen to another that can. Read good books and especially the Bible. And pray often together in the manner in which a pious family worships, if you have bodily strength enough to do so. If not, pray in your own heart. Pray without ceasing. Pray always, with all manner of prayer and supplication. If you do so, if you follow these my general directions, I have no doubt but you will receive more or less consolation in each of them.

Thus my friend, my poor friend, I have viewed you in any and all of the different situations in which you will most likely be in your poverty and afflictions, and spoken a word or two of advice and consolation to you in each, but I shall not close till I speak one or two more to you on the subject.

I have not yet referred you to the two first parts of my book, neither can I, till I start the greatest of all questions, whether you are, or not, in your poverty and afflictions, a christian. They were written for christians, and a large part of those consolations there brought to view, came from sources from which none but the christian can draw them. Therefore, if you are not a christian and do not become one, however much they may console christians, they cannot console you. Not a christian! can it be? and in this christian land too! This land favored above all lands. A land of light, and liberty, and

plenty; of knowledge, of morality, and piety. Not a christian! and in the humble and humbling state of poverty, and besides laboring under heart-softening and heart-melting bodily pains and sorrows!

Is it true that a state of poverty and affliction has always been the best to cause persons to think of God in a practical manner—to make them feel, and most deeply too, their dependence on him and their great unworthiness in his sight; to melt their hearts with genuine godly sorrow for all their offences against him; and to engage their whole selves, body and soul, in devotion to him, and in his service? Is it true, that the poor of this world who have no treasure here, have always been most easily induced to lay up treasures in Heaven? And you are poor and afflicted, but do not think of God in a practical manner, do not feel your dependence on him and your unworthiness in his sight, your heart is not melted with sorrow for your offences against him, you are not at all engaged in devotion to him or in his service, you are very poor, you have no treasure here, and yet are not induced to lay up “treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.”

Is it true that some of the most eminent ancient believers “wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins: being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (of whom the world was not worthy:”) on account of their faith and the excellence of their characters? And you have not so much as a sheep skin or a goat skin to cover you, and have no faith! Are weak and feeble, have not strength enough to wander “about in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth,” to seek a shelter, an earthly home, and yet do not turn your thoughts to seek a better home in the Heavens! Is it true that the Saviour himself was poor, that “the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests; but the son of man had not where to lay his head?” And is it also true, that “though he *was* rich, yet for *your* sake he became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich?” And you, destitute of earthly riches, do not partake of his heavenly riches, which he procured at such a cost to himself, and so freely offers to you a poor sinner indeed! Again, is it true that he chose the poor, even the fishermen of Galilee, to be his disciples and followers? Did he mingle with, and teach the poorest orders of men, even publicans and sinners, so that as a clear and decisive proof that he was he that should come, he sent word to John the baptist, saying, “and the poor have the gospel preached to them?” All this for the poor, the gospel preached to them, the gospel preached to you, one of the poorest

of the poor, and you do not hear it, you disregard its "good tidings of great joy!" Tidings which tell of a far country where there are no poor. Where all are rich, and rich with precious and imperishable riches. You, poor as a skeleton, a very beggar, and do not desire to receive the news concerning these riches, and to accept a part of them. O my dear friend! is it true "that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called," and do become christians? not many of the rich and great—not many of the kings and princes of the earth, the great generals, and mighty warriors and noble ones, "but God has chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to them that love him," and you are one of the poor of the world, and not rich in faith nor an heir of the kingdom? Alas! alas! if this is your condition how lamentable and unhappy! rich in nothing, altogether poor. So sunk in poverty, that were it not for the charities and kindness of your fellow men, you would be exposed to the howling winds, chilling frost and absolute starvation, and withal brought low with disease.—There is every reason why you should expect to die ere long. To die! and not rich in faith nor an heir of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love him! Your soul not born again! Not renewed nor adorned by the graces of God's spirit! You not a new creature! The image of God not restored upon your soul; possessing none of the riches of faith, and being in no wise entitled to be an heir of the kingdom of glory which is beyond death!

You no doubt have often read, or heard the story, that "there was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Take notice, it is not said of the beggar that he died and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments. This is said of the rich man, but it may be true also of a beggar. He may die, and in hell he may lift up his eyes, being in torments. This however, as we have said, is not so common. The poor have the gospel preached to them, and generally they hear it, and believe it, and obey it, and angels hover round them, and when they die carry them into Abraham's bosom. But you seem to be an exception. You neither hear, believe

nor obey the gospel, are a beggar, destitute of even crumbs, and at the point of death. O! O! my dear afflicted, wretched fellow mortal, what thoughts, what feelings do you, can you have, about dying in this condition? Wretched here, and to be wretched in the world to come. Going from this deep poverty and these dreadful calamities and woes into the place of torments, where they "weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth." And this you will certainly do, if you have no treasure in Heaven, are not rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom. If you have a few years or months or even days yet allowed you, between this and death, cry, O cry, with the dying thief, 'unto Jesus, Lord remember me, now thou hast come into thy kingdom.' And as you cry and continue to cry, and beg and intreat that he would remember you, be you careful to bear in mind, that he did remember the dying thief, "and say unto him, verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And that he heard the cry of every one that called upon him, poor widows, poor cripples, poor blind men, and all the sons of misery, and turned away none, not a single individual. He wrought miracles after miracles to cure their bodies, and to cure their souls, he forgave their sins and spoke peace unto them. He "remembered them in their low estate." He remembered the poor. As then so now "he delivereth the poor in his affliction." "The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." "The Lord heareth the poor." "He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "He setteth the poor on high from affliction." "He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy." All these important, and weighty, and rich, and precious truths call to mind, and let them sink down into your mind with all their weight. Believe them with your whole soul. Believe in him "who though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, that you through his poverty might be rich." And then you can apply the two first parts of my book to yourself. And then too, your spirit will be rich, "rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom." Rich, even if your body should starve to death, or be wasted by consumption, or putrefied with sores and should rot and fall from your spirit. Having this precious faith, and that holy hope which is the anchor of the christian's soul, it is no matter what becomes of your body. It matters not whether even the dogs come to lick your sores. If you do thus believe, and your spirit is thus rich, and you are even now called upon to die; for your consolation, your final consolation here below, I have only to point you to the beggar Lazarus. As was his happy departure so will yours be.

Kind guardian angels will wait and watch around you, till your spirit, already rich with spiritual heavenly riches, shall leap out of its clay tabernacle; then they will carry it to Abraham's bosom, to the world where all is consolation. Where consolations grow on every twig, float upon all the waters, are wafted by every breeze, spoken by every tongue, and felt to the full by every heart. Where there are none poor, nor sick, nor disconsolate. O happy, happy change! thrice happy! unspeakably happy! Dear son or daughter of poverty; God grant that this change may be yours, when your spirit is called away from your weather-beaten, way-worn, frail, decaying and crumbling body. That you may leave all your poverty, and all your woes behind,—find none where you go, and enter the world which is full of consolation.

Nov. 21st, 1829.

FOR THE VICIOUS, IN AFFLICTION.

'The vicious are those who indulge in vice, who commit wickedness, who do not restrain their bad passions, but gratify them at the expense of virtue, goodness and happiness. Who violate the wholesome laws of God and man. O thou high and holy One! righteous God! God of the righteous! whose providence doth also afflict the vicious, be gracious now, be with me and enable me to speak a word to the sons, yea, and to the daughters of wickedness. Supply me with that word, that it may be a word of wisdom, and efficacious to teach, to warn, to terrify, and to persuade, to sooth and to comfort the self accusing conscience, the guilty soul!

In addressing this part of mankind, I am well aware that, in the sight of God there is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. They are all gone out of the way. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

But all are not openly vicious and immoral. Neither do all commit secret sins and approve of them and delight in them continually. There are a part of mankind, however small that part may be, which do a great deal more in restraining their bad passions, in withholding themselves from all kinds and species of vice, and wickedness, and evil, than another part. And this lays a just and broad foundation for the division of the whole race into two classes, the virtuous and the vicious. I entertain no doubt, I am able to say, I know, that the vicious

is far, is incomparably the larger class. Therefore, should I be enabled to write any thing really useful, I may be useful to much the larger part of mankind, and that part too which is much the more needy.

The vices which the unhappy sons and daughters of vice commit and indulge in, are also numerous as well as various. The temptations to them are all around, and at every step, and within them there are strong inclinations and propensities to give way and yield to one, or many, or all of these temptations. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. These are the things which defile a man." All these are outward acts, except evil thoughts, and are declared, as well as evil thoughts, by him who "knew what was in man," and could not err, to proceed out of the heart. The infallible Saviour, who had all wisdom, in stating to the scribes and pharisees, to the multitude and to his disciples, the things which defile a man, has here given us a summary of the vices. A summary of all these internal and external things which defile a man, which constitute him a vicious character. I say a summary, and nothing more. Many things may be omitted in a summary, yes, even innumerable particulars. Internal things he includes under the head of evil thoughts. Out of evil thoughts, evil desires arise; all kinds and species of evil desires from the least to the greatest, from the first to the last, that the unhappy sons of men, sons and daughters of vice and wickedness, suffer to brood in their breasts, and to destroy their own peace, and to break out and blast their own reputation, and despoil the honor and destroy the happiness of multitudes around them. Under this head he includes every unholy and unlawful carnal feeling, or feeling of "the carnal mind." All the unhallowed and forbidden lusts of depraved human nature.

Under the next head, in which he enumerates a few of the most prominent and atrocious, and flagrant, and heaven daring vices, out of the thousands he includes all outward acts and words, the tendency, and effect and consequences of which, are vicious and evil, and ruinous to the persons who are the authors of them, and to their fellow mortals around. Every single act and word of the kind, from the most trivial deed and the most insignificant idle word to the shedding of the blood of their fellow men, who were made in the image of their Creator, and to the awful blasphemy of this same great Creator of all. As we have hinted above, the vices are thousands in number. To enumerate them all, in all their shapes and forms, with all their ruinous bearings, would entirely surpass the limits and design

of my present undertaking: In different nations different vices prevail, according to the facilities to commit them, and the temptations to them; though far the larger part, are common to all nations, especially to all that are civilized. Some of those which pollute, and perturb our beloved America, which distain her sons and some of her daughters, which despoil her of her glory,—tear up the foundations of her good society, and rob her of her peace, I will now mention, observing something like the order in which the sons and daughters of vice generally move on in them.

In these movements their most common course is from less to greater ones; and the most common time of life to commence the course, is in youth, though there are many exceptions. They generally begin with the use of idle, and low, and obscene, and profane words. If they are not born associates of low and vicious companions, the use of such words very naturally lead them to associate with companions of this order. And as the vices have their associates, as well as mankind, and are linked together like a chain, they proceed on from the use of foul and profane words, to every species of falsehood and lying; to all which their associates often tempt them. And when they gather together in their associations, the next step is to drink, perhaps only a little strong drink, in company, to cheer each other's spirits. Then to gamble for a few hours. At the next meeting they drink larger draughts, and gamble more extensively, and longer. Thus on till they drink so much as to be intoxicated, (*viz.*) drunk; and from time to time drunker, and drunker, till they become confirmed drunkards. This vice is generally allowed to be the most extensively practised, and the most ruinous and fatal of all others that prevail in America. Its tendency, if it be not checked, is not only to all kinds of misery, and to the utter ruin of thousands and millions of the bodies and souls of men, but to unpeople the nation.

I forbear, however, to make any further remarks on it in this place, and will pursue the vicious some further in their course. From the tippling shop, or grog shop, or tavern, or coffee house, which are also too commonly gambling houses; they next find their way, under covert of the darkness of the night, to "her house whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. Whose house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." I mean the house of sexual debauchery. And here, alas! alas! they are joined in their course of vice by the other sex, the female sex, the fair sex. The scenes of debauchery, and lying, and riot, and stealing, and robbing from one another, and fighting, and stabbing, and murder, which take place at such houses, I shall not attempt to describe. Those who wish to conceive of them in some degree according to the extent of their

enormities and horrors, may think of them as places at which all the unhallowed, violent and raging passions of the human heart are let out. At which there is no amiable blush of chastity and delicacy, but where all the fires of corrupt human souls are kindled, and flame without the least moral restraint, and where all the dreadful, and filthy, and covetous, and vengeful lusts of sordid human bodies meet, with no check, but boil up and overflow, like the boilings and overflowings of a caldron filled with corruption. Here also some of the most loathsome and fatal diseases are caught, and the unhappy persons who catch them, sink into the deepest degradation and misery. When confined to their beds by these diseases they are very righteously shunned by all the virtuous and decent, and often suffer more than tongue or pen can express. Not unfrequently it becomes the very unpleasant duty of the overseers of the poor to take them to the public poor house. Their treatment cannot reasonably be expected to be any other than that which is rough and untender. Who that is virtuous can have a heart to wait on such objects with affection and tenderness? If there is a human being among all the sons and daughters of misery, that deserves to be neglected and ill treated, such a character does. And if, in this condition, they repent of all their wickedness, those who have the care of them do not, nor can they readily believe their repentance to be true and real. At the same time this is the best thing they can do. And if they cannot convince men of the truth and reality of their repentance, God will see it and know it to be true, and will have mercy on them if men do not.

But it is more common for them to be taken by the constable or sheriff from these resorts of vice, and iniquity, and crime, to the dungeon of the public jail, and there to be loaded with irons and "fed upon the bread and water of affliction," until the day of their trial, in the public court house, before the appointed judges and twelve honest jurymen of their country. And here, in the presence of the whole court and all the citizens who may come in to hear the account of their enormous crimes, they are generally found guilty and condemned, and one of the judges passes the solemn sentence of their condemnation upon them. They are found guilty and condemned and sentenced according to their crimes, some to the penitentiary, the hateful prison of criminals, to labor for a term of years, or for their life time, shut up from all the cheerful ways of men, in dreary and servile and toilsome confinement. Others are sentenced to be taken back to the jail from which they were brought out, and there to be kept so many days till the appointed day to be hung, and then to be brought out dressed in grave clothes, surrounded by a guard of armed men, placed in a cart, back foremost,

with a rope round their necks, and their coffin by their side, and thus to be driven to the gallows erected in a conspicuous place, and there in the presence of thousands and ten thousands of their fellow men to be hung, according to the sentence of the judge, "till you are dead, dead, dead, and God have mercy on your soul." This is the career very frequently run by the vicious, but in pursuing it, the richer and gayer, generally go by the way of the theatre. The poorer make lying, theft, forgery, robbery and murder, their more special business. This however is far from being the only course in which the vicious are to be found. They are among all classes of mankind. And they generally strive to conceal their vices. In this strife many are successful, and though they practice some of the most dreadful, yet escape the eyes of mankind, and pass among men for virtuous, decent and worthy characters. Not only so, but there are many vices and these too very much practiced, which though they can be discovered and well known, yet are exceedingly difficult, if not impossible to be seized and punished by the arm of human law. From these causes, together with the strong propensities of mankind to evil, those are very numerous who practice vice at their own homes, in the private family circle; so that society is annoyed and disturbed both in private and public by the vicious; those immoral and heedless monsters of our race who instead of striving to better the condition of mankind are employed in making it worse.

And you, my afflicted fellow mortal, are one of this class of mankind, are a son or a daughter of vice. Some one or more of all the vices you have given way to and practised, in some or many of all their forms. You have gone on, heedless of the laws of God and man, regardless of the peace and happiness of your fellow beings, and of your own peace and happiness, and what is worse, of the honor and glory of God. Perhaps you have pursued this course a length of time, it may be a number of years, and that you have gone to great, and enormous, and frightful lengths in sin and wickedness and crime. It is possible you may have concealed your vices, not only from the eyes of the public officers, so as to have escaped detection, but even from the eyes of the sober and virtuous part of mankind. So that your sins are secret sins, or at least known to but few, and you practicing them as ever. Or it may be that you have pushed them to such a length that you have been discovered by the keen and watchful eye of the public guardians, and seized by the strong arm of justice; and that you are at this time in jail or in the penitentiary.

Be that as it may, by the just appointment of Providence you are overtaken by a disease of some kind or another, of more or less violence. It may be so slight as to allow you strength still to

go on in the practice of that vice in which your corrupt heart takes delight. If so, you may need more consolation than you think you do. A disease has laid hold upon you, and the more you indulge in vice the stronger and stronger will its hold become till it may bring you to your bed, if not to your grave. If this is your case, if you are afflicted with disease and going on thus in vice and wickedness, my first and last, my main and only consolation which I shall offer you, is to tell you to stop. It is to give you the faithful and warm advice of a true friend. It is to give you warning in time, and to urge you by all that is sacred and good, and all that is terrible, by every consideration that heaven and earth, yea, and hell itself present to view, to stop in your unholy and mad career. By the claims which society has upon you, by a sense of duty to others, to yourself and to the great and fearful God who made you and who cannot look upon sin with allowance. By all these weighty considerations I would call upon you to cease from vice if you would have consolation in your afflictions. By the stings of your own conscience I would urge you to stop.—By the danger of having the finger of scorn and contempt pointed at you on the right hand and on the left. By the terrors and penalties of human law, and by the more awful terrors and penalties of the good and holy and inflexible law of the eternal God, who is all knowing to know and almighty to execute. By your own love of yourself as an intelligent and moral being. By the charms which a good name has, a good reputation, a good character. But if these considerations, and this love of character, have no weight with you, you are a being of feeling, consider what the disease that has settled upon you has already done, is now doing and threatens to do, if you do not stop from your vicious course and bestir yourself to check and remove it. It is your disease which has introduced me to you, and it is my great object to offer you consolation. Your case differs from all the foregoing. Your disease has been either brought on or increased by your own criminal indulgence in vice. It is a matter then, in a great measure, of your own choice and of your own procuring, and if you have not, by too long and too frequent indulgence, settled and riveted it too deep in your constitution, it may still be subject to your own choice and disposal. It may depend upon your indulgence in vice or your ceasing from it. The way that I have attempted to console the afflicted is to advise them to use suitable and promising means for restoration, and to indulge a hope that they will get well, or it has been to sooth them as much as possible under their afflictions. With you then my course is plain and easy to be discovered. You have only to remove the cause of your disease and then you will get well. And this cause you can come at, it is within

your reach and within your power, if (as we have said,) you have not gone too far and given the disorder too deep a root. If you would be consoled then, and so effectually consoled as to need no more consolation, on the subject, stop, stop I say, and get well.—Never indulge again, not one single time in vice from this moment forwards. Stop, O stop! before the disease stops you. If you gather up resolution and receive this my great and good consolation and get well, it will be unnecessary for me to refer you to the two first parts of my book. You would have no need to read them, except as a well person may read them. Should you take my advice, and act upon it from this time forth, so as to remove your disease, you will by thus removing it, remove two at once, the moral disease which you have chosen to fix upon your character, which is, of the two, by far the worse, and the natural disease in your body. But in spite of the powerful and repeated rebukes of your own conscience, and all the high and weighty claims and considerations which I, and all your friends, together with your doctor, have urged upon you, you hear not, you heed not, until at length you are brought down by the disease and stopped, effectually stopped, confined to your room and to your bed, flat upon your back, and brought so not only by disease, but by a disease arising out of vice, which makes it the more hateful, and detestable, and loathsome.

Most richly you now deserve to be forsaken by all in whom there is the least spark of decency and virtue. Especially by all those who have so warmly, so earnestly, so repeatedly and so long cautioned and warned you against the danger of getting into the condition into which you have now fallen. You fully deserve to be abandoned, and given up by all beings, visible and invisible, human, angelic, and divine, who are capable of ministering to your relief and comfort. But strange to tell, this is not yet the case. There are a few persons, among whom is your doctor, who do not give you up. Persons who possess an uncommon degree of humanity, whom your great and crying wickedness, and deep and dreadful pollution, have not yet driven from you. Whose hearts are still anxious and strongly desirous to relieve and rescue you if possible. And all this not from any love which they have to your character, but the high concern which they have for your nature. Even the invisible holy angels are willing and ready to do you good. Yea, even God himself has not yet cast you off to utter despair and endless woe, but is now, after all your heaven-daring crimes and unspeakable ingratitude towards him, waiting to be gracious, willing to forgive and receive you. And to prove this, he has commissioned me, and is now sending me, the writer of the consolations of the afflicted, the friend of the afflicted, the

friend of the vicious, (so long as he himself will be their friend,) to visit you with counsels of mercy, with offers of pardon and life; sending me with all the consolations which can consistently be offered to a person in your wretched condition. I am therefore come into this your unhappy sick room, like your physician, not to catch your disease, but to cure it. I am come, sent by the great God who created us both, whose goodness has ever been around us, and whose power over us. I am come on an errand of love and pity to you, a poor miserable creature, and am perhaps, the last "messenger of grace" that will ever be sent to you a dying mortal, with offers of pardon and life, with strong consolations and comforts. I therefore stand this day over you, by your bed side, and in the name, and by the authority of the God of mercy and salvation, most solemnly, most earnestly, most warmly, and most affectionately address you. Holy angels, upon the wing, with deepest concern surround me, and God himself looks on, while I offer to your disconsolate spirit, these great offers of consolation and peace, and make, perhaps, the last appeal to your conscience, and for your decision, that will ever be made to you this side the eternal world. No doubt devils cling to you with anxiety greater than human language can express, lest now, after all your past life of vice and sin, you should repent of the same and escape from their ranks, disown them for ever, and resolve eternal hate and war against them, and rejoice with joy unspeakable, to be allowed at this late hour, to join the rank of the decent, the virtuous and the godly. To be instrumental in effecting this, is the great object of my errand. I come to bring you consolations, but your spirit is incapable of receiving these happy and cheering consolations which I bring, because you have ever resorted to vicious indulgences for consolations in past life, and these that I have are virtuous, and have no connection with vice.. You see your condition then, here you lie confined to your back by disease, unable to rise, and unable to resort to your former vicious indulgences, so as thereby to gain even temporary consolation. Disconsolate! disconsolate are you indeed! Low and feeble, and to all appearance gone beyond the hope of obtaining any consolations whatever, unless you accept these holy comforts which I am permitted and commissioned to bring you! You have no rich treasure of sacred, holy knowledge, and your passions are all out of order; peace is gone, and hope is almost on the wing to take its flight. Darkness and despair you now discover to be gathering round you, and threatening to overwhelm you. Your disease rages with greater and greater violence, and manifestly threatens soon to close your career of vice, and at the same time your day of grace. Of your rapid decline you are very sensible. You see

plainly that there must be a change for the better in a very short time, or you must die. The world with all its scenes falls back out of your sight. The business, and pleasures, and allurements of it cannot be brought before you so as to attract your attention, and beguile your pains and give you quieting comfort. Your companions in vice are poor comforters now. They are experienced in nothing but sensuality and sin; their thoughts have all been of this world, as well as their desires and lusts. "Like brutes they live." Like brutes they are. Their thoughts have all been confined to the surface of the earth. They have not looked beyond the stars. They have built too low. And as they have done, so did you. When they come into your presence and attempt to comfort you, they talk of the things of this world, but this world is out of your view. They say nothing about a future state of existence. Nothing about immortality and eternal happiness. They say to you "be courageous, act the man, and if you have to die, die like a man." By this they mean that you should be courageous, and act the brute, and die like the brute. Of all comforts, these to a dying person, are the most comfortless. To present the world to him when he is about leaving it, and not to say a word about whither he is going, but to cast as much darkness around him as possible. Thus you have found them in their late visits to you. They did you no good; they gave you no comfort, but bewildered your mind, and added, greatly added, to your perplexities and pains. They were literally ministers of darkness and not of light. They do not pretend to have any light, and actually have none. And alas! thus it is with yourself. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." In this truth all agree, and you seem to have come to the very borders of this most solemn and trying change. You look forward in expectation of this change, as being but a few days, and it may be, only a few hours before you. Neither the eyes of your body or your mind are yet out, but they are both turned away from the world. The world is now completely behind you, you cannot see it. Nevertheless your eyes unavoidably look, and look forward (as they can look no other way) and strive to see. Your spirit is moved, and stirred, and works within you. Thoughts must rise, will rise, do rise, and revolve in your breast. As you feel yourself to have come to the end of your life on the earth, and the time to be at hand when your breath must stop, and your eyes go out, your spirit anxiously asks, inevitably and urgently asks a few of the greatest of all questions.—Is there another world? shall I live again? am I immortal? if I live again will I be happy? Though there have been a few hard-hearted, stony-hearted persons in different ages, who at the hour of death either did not feel anxious about these great

questions, or pretended not to, yet after all your past neglect, and it may be spurning of them, your spirit finds it to be more than it can do to neglect and spurn them now. It exclaims with the intense and exquisite feelings of a departing spirit.—Whither, whither, O whither am I going? Your thoughts fly like lightning. Am I going into the deep, dark abyss of annihilation, of nothing, no longer to exist, but to come to “a perpetual end?” You see and feel that to believe this, will be doing the greatest possible violence to your spirit’s nature; that it is utterly repugnant to its constitution. You take a rapid view of a human soul as compared to all other beings of the earth. You directly and manifestly see its transcendent superiority. You behold it a great and shining light in the midst of this material world, having surpassing brightness and glory, and say can it be that this light was lighted up to burn but for a day, and then go out for ever? Your own spirit replies with emphasis, no. From the large amount of knowledge which a human spirit can obtain during its short race on earth—from its exquisite sensibilities, its insatiable love of life, and its boundless desires, not possible to be gratified here, you hastily come to the conclusion that you will indeed live again. From the broad and universal fact, that all nations have, in all ages, no matter how gross their ignorance, nor how deep their degradation, either with or without revelation, thought, and felt, and believed that they would live again, though there have been some exceptions of individuals, yet *you* cannot in this most serious and trying moment, possess such obstinate and monstrous hardihood. Your spirit finds itself unable to doubt, and feels itself constrained to join with the great majority of your race in believing that you will live again. And as you conclude that you will live again, you cannot see any reason why you should not *always* live, and be immortal. You having thus rapidly, but as reasonably as rapidly, settled these previous and minor questions, there remains one more, which is the last and greatest of all, for your mind to come to rest upon—In living for ever shall I be happy? O question! question! greatest of all indeed! what, will immortality be without happiness? Such is the unspeakable solicitude of your spirit in asking this question, that it writhes within you while you do it. In the transitory earthly life which you have past, though there is but little happiness here below, yet you have, even in your vicious career, found enough to enable you to learn the difference between happiness and misery, and your spirit longs and pants to know what are its prospects for happiness in the eternal world. However ignorant you may have lived, your life has been spent in a christian land, and it is hardly possible for you to be so ignorant as to know nothing of the christian religion; more likely you have

been well instructed in it. It is the only religion known to man which can enable his dying spirit to know with any certainty, whether it will be happy in the eternal world or not. But this religion you have not only turned away from, but despised and rejected, and gone far in the way of folly, and vice, and sin, and unholiness. This religion, throughout, teaches virtue and not vice, and the sum of it is, without purity of character no person shall be happy in the eternal world.—“WITHOUT HOLINESS NO MAN SHALL SEE THE LORD.” “THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD.”

This is the great truth of the Bible, and without the belief and practice of it, the Bible is of no use. Believed and practiced, the Bible is of the highest use. At this juncture, at this most solemn, soul-trying moment, you look back over your past life. All the scenes of it are fresh in your memory, and present to your view. A gloomy, dark picture—black “as the tents of Kedar”—dark as mid-night, and terrible to look back upon. Such is the picture you have drawn of yourself, such the history you have furnished, and you cannot now help it. Over the past, none have power; but the past may have great power over you, and actually has, as you now look back upon it. The whole course of your conduct towards your parents, your brothers and sisters, and all your good and kind, and virtuous friends, rises up before you and disturbs your soul. You now exclaim with the deepest feeling, and the most pungent grief, O my mother! my mother! my tender, and affectionate, and pious mother! her kind care over the moments of my childhood, her sweet kisses and caresses, and in riper years her gentle teachings and faithful warnings, all unfelt and unheeded by me! O wretch, wretch, wretch that I am! All her soft and gentle dealings, and soothing, and restraining words, and looks, and the darts of pain too, which my vicious course caused to pierce her tender heart, are now become pointed daggers in my own ungrateful, unfeeling, unholy and guilty soul! My father too, was kind, was faithful to teach, and counsel, and guide, and warn, and threaten, and rebuke, and chastise, but I took it all for unkindness, and despised every thing he could say or do for me. I esteemed his counsels folly, his warnings no better, and his corrections tyranny. My dear brothers and sisters that are now alive, can each say, “I told you so,” “I told you, you would come to this.” It is true they did affectionately caution me, and foretell my ruin, and repeat their cautions and predictions, and pursue me as though they could not, and would not give me up. Their words and exertions are now like barbed arrows in my heart. My friends were numerous; many of them moral, and virtuous, and respectable; and many, I believe, truly religious. They are all witnesses against me this day; and especially the faithful ministers of the

gospel whom I sometimes heard, and might have listened to at all times, but I refused. I now see that all these were in earnest.—That they believed what they said and taught.—That they felt it too.—That they felt for me.—That they believed I was immortal. That they loved me. And in justice to them, I must acknowledge, that they all said that God too, was kind, and waited to be gracious, was willing to forgive and receive me, and make me his son, and be to me a father, better than all fathers or friends besides. Abundant proof have they all, and God too by his providence, given, of their and his kindness and goodness to me. Yea some of you are now manifesting your continued, and unwearied, and uncommon kindness, and condescension, and affection. Your kindness is great beyond measure and beyond expression. *Here you are* now around *me* a most vile, and diseased, and loathsome, and sinful, and ill deserving wretch. And there too, stands the kind doctor who is doing all he can for me. And even here, over me, stands the writer of the consolations of the afflicted, the great friend of the afflicted, who is devoted to do them good and console them, if they are within the reach of consolation. You, dear sir, dear friend, have followed me in my career with your counsels, and warnings, and threatenings, and entreaties. But as to all others, so to you, my ear was deaf, my heart was hard; I neither heard nor felt; I put you off. To you the whole catalogue of my crimes is known. I am, in truth, constrained to say that you have been my continual and faithful monitor. The remembrance of my cold-hearted, proud-hearted, stern rejection of you, now causes my conscience to sting me like an adder within my soul. The gospel too, did warn, but I trampled it under my feet. Ah! this was the height of my guilt, This stings the keenest and deepest of all. The gospel! a revelation of God's will to man, to enable him safely to shape his course here below, and happily to enter into that eternal world, on to the very borders of which, to all human appearance, I have now come. Yes, the eternal world just before me, and I neither safe nor happy. What shall I do? what shall I do? O friend of the afflicted and of the dying, speak and say! for my unhappy soul is spotted, and stained, and covered with guilt and pollution, and overwhelmed with sorrow and grief, and feels like sinking into hopeless despair, even before I die.

No wonder, no wonder my feeble dying fellow creature, that your spirit should now be distressed and in anguish, since you have fought your wicked way against all these friends, and God himself, and his gospel. You now, in this trying hour, feel the need of consolation whether you deserve it or not. It is possible you may be gone beyond the reach of consolation, and may now be enveloped in the immovable glooms of despair. It is out my

power to tell; indeed it may be known to none but God himself. I hope you are not, and feel myself strongly urged, yea, bound by the sacredness of my undertaking, and by my duty, not to give over my attempts to console you, as long as you have strength and life enough to think, and hear, and attend. But all I can do for you in this extremity of your case, is, in the name, and by the warrant of God Almighty, once more, even now again, to offer you pardon and life. Accept these and your spirit will be consoled. Believe the gospel; repent of all your crying sins. Look away, in haste, to him who "died the just for the unjust." Embrace the Saviour. Embrace God's whole plan of salvation, and you may, even in a few moments, rejoice in hope, and your consolations may abound by Christ; and, vile as you may have been, if your spirit be at this time called away, it may go rejoicing and triumphing in God. Your condition will not now permit me to speak to you at any length, but for your encouragement I will just refer you to three cases given in the scriptures. The first is the prodigal son. Bear in mind to what lengths he went, in vice, and sin, and iniquity; and remember how graciously and affectionately he was received when he returned. Again, think of the exceeding and raging madness and wickedness of Saul, and of his sudden and happy conversion. But last and most of all, think of the dying thief who was crucified with his Saviour, and who even after he was, for his great crimes, nailed to the rugged wood, railed upon his Saviour, then dying for *him* a most guilty wretch. Think! O think! I say, of this unequally great sinner,—this hardened, hardened monster, who in his very last moments, in his dying agonies, reviled his unspeakably compassionate Saviour who hung by his side; but suddenly stopped, and with a penitential melting heart, cried out—"Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Let the reply which the insulted and abused Saviour immediately gave him, encourage, and support, and console your sinking spirit—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—This is all I can do for you, to tell you these things, and to recommend them unto you. To persuade and exhort you to take this course, this last, this only resort to obtain consolation. But if I am done speaking to you, I can attempt to speak to God, and this attempt I will now make.

O Lord God Almighty! Creator of the heavens and of the earth, great God, with whom is all power to make worlds and to govern them, to make the universe out of nothing, and to uphold it, and and control it—all power to make the soul of man and his body—to give life, and to take life—to redeem the soul and to raise the body again from the dust—all power to comfort and console the disconsolate spirit of man! Thy human creature that lies upon

this bed, sinful, and diseased, and disconsolate, needs consolation, and greater, and more immediate, and more effectual consolation, than I or any of our fellow creatures, or any of thy creatures can give; I therefore come unto thee, the great source and fountain of all consolation, in whom is inexhaustible fullness of happiness and peace, who canst by one act of thine, or by one single word, pardon and console, deliver and bless, yea, even fill with consolation and joy, this sinful, sinking worm. Come, O come, make haste to deliver! snatch this poor soul from sin, and misery, and ruin, as a brand from the fire! O magnify, magnify the riches of thy grace in working instantaneous wonders of grace and salvation for it! Make it a splendid trophy of thy grace, a bright and glorious and everlasting monument of thy redeeming love. Without delay O God! come down and save. Give unto it faith and repentance and holy love, and entire sanctification of its nature. O make it a new creature in Christ Jesus, I very humbly and most earnestly pray. Even now banish from it all clouds and glooms, darkness and doubts, and fill it with peace and hope. If it be thy righteous will, great Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, sovereign Disposer of all events, even yet, at this extreme moment, rebuke the disease and restore this afflicted dying mortal to health and active life: that it may from this time forth see many good days upon the earth, and long be thy faithful servant, devoted in all its powers of soul and body to serve thee, to spend and be spent in doing good; in actively advancing the glory of thy great name, and the good of man. But if it be thy sovereign determination for its body at this time to die, and its spirit to take its flight; be moved with pity and do not drive it away in its sins; let this poor mortal die the death of the righteous, and let its last end be like his. And now, into thy compassionate hands, O God of grace and tender mercy, of amazing condescension love and salvation, I resign this my feeble languishing fellow mortal; thine it is by creation and by preservation, make it thine by redemption and eternal salvation, to the praise of the glory of thy great name, now and for ever.

Thus my unhappy, afflicted friend, I have familiarly talked to you, and taught you, and cautioned you, and warned you, and plead with and persuaded you, and prayed for you; and all these I have done in sincerity, with a feeling, affectionate heart, with all my soul. My duty towards you appears to be done, and the time to have come, when I should take my leave of you and withdraw, but before I go I will say a word or two more. Pray for yourself, as the dying thief did, and if it please God to raise you up and restore you to health and prolong your life, remember how you felt when you were at the point of death, remember how ear-

nestly you desired to have a little time allowed you, if it were but a month, or a week, or a day or two, of composure and freedom from pain, to make your peace with God; and henceforth be continually engaged in seeking "his favor which is life, and his loving kindness which is better than life." Do all the good you can—lose no opportunity to teach and persuade your fellow creatures to prepare to die and to meet God. Never, never so much as look towards, or have one desiring thought or feeling towards your former course of vice and sin. But should it not please him to restore you, and should you be called to die in a few days, or even in a few hours, die with the voice of prayer on your lips, if you have strength enough to utter a voice, if not with prayerful desires on your heart. And now, as I have done and said all I can, give me your hand that I may bid you an affectionate farewell. Farewell, farewell my afflicted fellow mortal, and should we never meet again on earth, may the infinite and merciful God who made us, grant that we may meet in heaven; no more to sin, no more to be afflicted, but for ever to feel grateful to him, and to enjoy him, and unceasingly and eternally to praise and glorify his adorable and gracious Majesty.

Jan. 16th, 1830.

*Friedrich Augustus
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FOR PARENTS IN AFFLICTION.

A considerable part of the inhabitants of the continent of America are parents. A larger proportion of the community are married, and raising families, than in older settled countries.—And far the larger part of this proportion are to be found in the lower classes of society, and particularly among the poor. All persons are liable to afflictions and death; parents are not exempt. It is no uncommon thing in a family, for one, or both, the parents to be disabled by some calamity or disease; or to be cut off by death. The children have many and great difficulties to cope with, when their parents are virtuous and industrious, and both spared to contrive and labor for them, and instruct, and encourage, and counsel them. Their difficulties are increased when

either their father or mother is idle, or vicious, or is disabled by sickness or cut off by death. Much more, when both are disabled or cut off. In either case it is difficult, if not impossible, for the children to be kept together. As a general rule, it is much better for them to be raised together, than to be separated into different families. The loss of one or both parents, is not only the loss of those who are bound to provide for them, but it is the loss of that natural affection which they can find in none else. Parents may be deficient in providing for them, may indulge them too much, or may even show partiality to one, to the injury of others; but when mixed in other families, with other children, their injuries are apt to be greater and more discouraging; more neglect, marked partiality, and down right abuse, are likely to take place.

Some of the leading advantages of their being brought up together, are, that they may know one another, and become intimately acquainted, and be united together in strong and still stronger bonds of affection, and thus be prepared and inclined to assist one another as they grow up, and after they are grown, and even after they are separated and settled in life, having the same habits manners and customs, views, sentiments and character. For these reasons, generally speaking, (as I have said) they had better be raised together. If parents are spared to them, the most common exceptions to this rule, are, when they are not disposed to discharge their duty towards them, or not able to do it. It is for those who are not able to do it, and for those who are threatened to be cut off and taken from them, that I now write. I have already written for those not disposed to do it, the vicious; and also for their children, the young in affliction. This however, I have done, only as it respects their being diseased, and not particularly with regard to the want of a disposition in parents to discharge their duty to their children, nor with regard to children's being bereaved of their parents. On these points I have not, nor do I intend to enlarge. My plan was, more particularly to attend to those afflictions which consist in actual diseases of the body, and those distresses of the mind which naturally arise from such diseases. I cannot refrain, however, from saying a word to all those bereaved of near and dear relations or friends, particularly to young people and children. Dear friends, however much you may have depended on, or been attached to the person or persons you have lost, reflect seriously that they had once to die, sooner or later, according to the appointments of God, and his appointed time had come, therefore they had to obey his call. Just give them up then, remembering and being very sensible that you too must die, but you are not yet dead, and have yet your work to do on the earth, and perhaps a great deal more now, since the removal

of your friends.—It is one of the best things that you can do to sooth your minds, actively to engage in doing this work, and doubtless it is the design of Providence that you should do so. Do not look then, for other such friends on whom to depend, for you cannot likely find such. Depend therefore, on God and on yourselves, and in all things and in all respects, do your duty, and he will comfort your minds and reconcile you to your losses, and make up your losses unto you, and cause all things to go well, and end well with you. I must now hasten on to console the parent in affliction.

And you too, my fellow mortal, are afflicted, and are a parent, a father or a mother, having charge of one, or more, or many children, and these perhaps small and helpless. You have been an instrument in the hands of God of bringing them into existence. Hitherto you have been devoted to take care of them, and provide for them; and whether riches or poverty was your lot, you found the task a great and arduous one; but now a disease has taken hold of you, one of the grand pillars of their support, the prop on which their infancy was lodged and upheld, and on which they still depend.

Before you were married you had yourself to take care of. After the birth of your children, in them you recognized yourself; yourself enlarged or multiplied. The wants of your original self were the same as before, and in them the enlarged part of yourself, your wants were increased according to their numbers, and good or bad condition. When you had your single self to provide for, your wants were neither few nor small, but after the births of your children, these were greatly increased. Wants, and trials, and sorrows cluster around them, as well as around yourself. To meet these wants, to bear them through these trials, and to sooth them under these sorrows, employed your whole time, and consumed all your strength. And now a disease, either more or less violent and threatening, has robbed you of your strength, and forbidden you thus to employ your time. Even if your disease is slow and continuous or chronic, but great enough to take your strength, it is no inconsiderable disease. You may by such a disease be rendered unable to do any thing for your family or yourself, except to contrive, or lay plans. Indeed you may be so enfeebled, and at the same time so destitute as to be unable to lay plans, or in any way to provide for your own wants, much less the wants of your dear little children. Furthermore, your disease may be of such a character as to threaten to take you, in a few days, from them, never more to lift a hand for them, or see their faces again in the flesh. The aches and pains which your disease gives you, are truly severe and very trying, no doubt you consider the afflic-

tion great enough, but this affliction is increased, is perhaps doubled by the thought of your dear children. O my little ones! you exclaim, my dear little ones! my babes! my babes! what will become of you? what will become of you? young, feeble, tender, exposed, helpless! O my babes! my babes what will become of you? This feeling, heart-moving exclamation of yours, my friend, is the voice of nature; 'tis the grief of a parent's heart, a parent's heart bleeding for those dear little mortal, immortal beings which cry and cling around your emaciated and helpless body, and look for that aid and attention which you have been accustomed to give them. No wonder that thoughts and feelings for them should greatly add to your afflictions. The great question is, how you are to be consoled, if it be but a little, in this most trying condition. My dear friend, though your case is truly disconsolate, and has much in it to cause desperation, yet, I humbly think a few things may be said, which will in some measure sooth your aching bleeding heart.

The first advice which I would give you, is, though you can do but little for them, to do that little. If you can barely hold up your head and speak a few words at a time, make the attempt, for those of them who may be able to hear and understand. If you have many, the older ones must be old enough to hear and feel for themselves and for their dear little younger brothers and sisters. Tell them all those things about being good children, which long before this you ought to have often told them, and perhaps have. Let them know, as clearly and fully as they can understand, their true condition in this miserable world, and how to make the best of it. Tell them what it is that makes character and happiness. Show them fully and impress it upon their minds, with the tenderness, and affection, and weight of a languishing parent's words, that only the virtuous and the pious are useful in the world, and have any good ground to expect to share a part of that little happiness which is to be found here below. Impress them as deeply as possible with a sense of what will be their orphan, and bereft, and exposed condition, if you are never restored to health and strength again, to provide for them, and to educate them. Do your utmost to impress them not only with a sense of their loss in your being brought down, but with the absolute necessity of their depending upon themselves to supply that loss, and to supply it not only for themselves, but for their younger brothers and sisters. Tell them they must be men and women in their very childhood. They must immediately learn to contrive and manage and work for themselves. They must be wise in their youth, and very industrious. They must go to work as if they would starve and perish if they did not do what you, their parent, heretofore have

motherless. Heart-rending! heart-rending indeed! No wonder! no wonder you are disconsolate! No wonder your head droops, your hand falls, and your heart sickens and sinks within you, and you feel yourself, at times, abandoned by God and man, and by hope itself. Gentle mother, tender, affectionate, afflicted mother, "be not swallowed up with overmuch sorrow," great is the power of God, and it is always guided by his wisdom and goodness. He may even yet raise you up and restore you to health and strength, and spare you to go in and out before your children, and long enough to see them all grown and able to provide for themselves. This is quite possible, and not only so, but a very common thing. He often brings persons low, very low, and mothers too, such as you are, and then restores them. This he does to show them how insignificant and feeble they are, and how entirely they depend on him. This may be his purpose with you. Who knows? who can tell? It is unknown to you, neither do I know. It is known to God alone. We hope he will restore you; and you too should hope, and you may not hope in vain. Your hoping is one of the best means to bring it about. But though it is your duty to hope, it is uncertain what the event will be.

If, when we are in health, it is our wisdom to be preparing for, and standing ready for death, how much more is it *your* wisdom and duty at this time, threatened, threatened to an alarming degree. O! say you, how can I go? how can I go and leave these precious little ones, already fatherless, and to be motherless in this world of trouble and sorrow? Loving, fond mother, should it be so; consider for a moment that you will not be the first mother that was ever called away from her helpless offspring. Perhaps, as you have passed through life you have had frequent opportunities of seeing children left by both father and mother; and though you observed some of them to meet many difficulties, and sore trials, and much abuse, yet you may have seen others who got along exceedingly well, and some who did better without their parents, than they likely would have done with them. Some who grew up to be men and women of superior worth and note, of great respectability and influence, and of uncommon usefulness; who, in all probability would never have risen to such eminence if their parents had lived.

One reason why orphan children sometimes do so well, is, that they learn, very early in life, to depend upon their own energies and efforts. The greatest men have come up unassisted, and many of the most virtuous and amiable women were orphans in their youth. Another reason is, they were not injured or spoiled by the excessive indulgence of over-fond parents. From these reasons and others which I do not tarry to mention, I say they not unfrequently become great; and God, in mercy, sometimes makes them

good as well as great. So that you see he can provide for them without parents, and cause them to do well, both in a natural and moral point of view. He can in the highest sense, be a father to the fatherless, according to his promise. And in accordance to what I have said above, what he does *for* them he does mainly *by* them. When he removes parents he does not bless the fatherless without means. He will put them into the hands of other men and women, whom he will use as instruments to take care of them a little while, till they can take care of themselves; then he will use their own instrumentality, and make it the great means to advance their own interest and happiness. You recollect how he did this for the little infant Moses; in what manner his providence took him up out of the ark of bulrushes, laid among the flags by the river's brink; and had him faithfully nursed in his infancy, even by his own mother, and ably instructed in his riper years, and finally brought on to be the great and good law-giver of Israel. It is not said in vain then,—“A father of the fatherless and a Judge of the widows, is God, in his holy habitation.” Listen to the words of this father of the fatherless, when he speaks and says—“Behold the fowls of the air for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Aye ye not much better than they?” Are not your children, poor afflicted mother, better than the fowls of the air? Furthermore, he says—“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith.” And will he not, poor dying mother, clothe your fatherless children even if they become motherless too? If then, it is your lot now to be taken away from them, as you are dying, let these words of their great heavenly father fall soothingly upon your ear, and find their way into your heart,—“Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.” Do these things, and you will have consolation concerning your children, in your afflictions and in your death. I would now say a word or two concerning the manner in which you should leave them. I have already told you that God would not preserve them alive without instruments or means, though he could if he would. Accordingly, the best thing that you can do is to give them into the hands of one or more of your best friends, who you think will be able and disposed to do better for them than any other person or persons. Thus leave them to God that he may preserve them alive. Thus commit them into the hands of their heavenly Father, the great God, who created them and all things else, and

done for them. Even if it is in your power to leave them wealth, you should strive thus to impress them to depend upon themselves, lest others impose upon them and take their wealth, and they finally come to starvation and ruin.

But above all, it is your duty, indispensably incumbent on you, to impress them with the great and all-important truth, that though you be taken from them, yet they have a heavenly Parent, who can be disturbed by no sickness nor calamity, can never be brought down, nor die, nor even sleep. "Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper." Remind them most affectionately, of the beginning of the Lord's prayer—"Our father which art in heaven." Tell them what the apostle says—"To us there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things." And what he says in another place, of God—"I will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." O tell them of their great heavenly Parent, with a feeling heart, with tears in your eyes, with all the earnestness of a dying earthly parent! Point them, point them to their heavenly Father, with so much zeal and earnestness that they will look up and believe indeed that God is their Father, and that though they cannot see him, yet he sees them at all times, and will watch over them and keep them, if they continually trust in him, and feel themselves to be his sons and daughters. Exhort them with all your heart to shun idleness, and all kind of bad words and evil ways, and to treat all persons with the respect due unto them, and to be very kind unto all, but especially unto one another. Persuade and beg them never to quarrel among themselves, but to love one another most tenderly and affectionately, and to do every thing that they can to serve and help one another.

Thus much you can do for your children, even if you are very low and feeble.

Again, it will be another great source of consolation to you, if your companion is alive and well, and able to go in and out before the children of you both, the dear pledges of your love. This will be the greatest earthly source of consolation that will likely rise up to your view, from any quarter whatever. It ought to do a great deal towards calming, and soothing, and consoling your anxious aching heart. Great, great is the wisdom of God, and his goodness too, and these appear very strikingly in the creation of mankind; "male and female created he them." This was his plan to make them fruitful to multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it. A plan all over full of wisdom and goodness, and admirably calculated to accomplish its great end, the increase and happiness of mankind. I do not say that God could not

have made them social beings without making them male and female, but I do say that by making them so, he has ably and wonderfully secured to them a social nature, and made society their natural state, with all its happy consequences.

Accordingly, in this world of innumerable difficulties, mankind are not propagated by single, lonely unassisted individuals, but by pairs, by a father and mother. The great work of providing for, and rearing, and educating children, is committed to the joint counsel and efforts of two.

Is one by nature not as able in mind or in body as the other, the children will depend more upon the abler. Is one diseased or crippled, or in any way disabled, they look with hope to the other. Is one cut off by the great destroyer death, the other may be left to be their friend and helper. These are the instruments, or means, which God has provided for the bringing into existence, and for the rearing, and defending, and supporting, and counseling, and encouraging, and comforting, and educating generation after generation. But, as I have hinted; in his righteous sovereignty, it sometimes pleases him to disable one or both of them; sometimes to cut off one, yea, sometimes to cut off both. And you are one of those instruments, and it may be your case is an extreme one. Perhaps you are a widow, who in the days of your husband, had great difficulties to encounter, in this great work of rearing children, notwithstanding all the help he could give you. When he was called away the whole burden came upon you. You felt like being crushed to the earth under it, and it has indeed been a heavy burden upon you; nevertheless you have struggled along under it up to the present time, and struggled so constantly and faithfully as to have been successful in providing something for them and in keeping them together even till now. But, times out of number, did you say to yourself,—“hard is the task, hard, hard indeed is the task! You thought it altogether hard enough, but it seems it has pleased God to add to it, by afflicting you, and threatening to take you away from this world; from all your dear friends, and from what are dearest of all to you, your children, your truly dear little ones. Poor afflicted mother, I must acknowledge your case to be an extreme one indeed, one of the most trying “that flesh is heir to.” A multiplicity of ills have gathered around you, and settled upon you. You, in the days of your husband’s life, at best, the weaker vessel; he cut off from you and gone; you left a helpless woman, with children still more helpless, and to complete the whole, a disease preying upon you, and rendering you more helpless still, yea, bringing you down upon that bed where you now lie; and threatening, ere long, to make the cold grave your bed, and your children, already fatherless,

who upholds all things, and is able to preserve fatherless and motherless children alive. Yea, and to prolong their lives, and to bless them abundantly, and make them greater, and better, and happier than their parents were.

I have now said all I expect to say to you to console you, concerning your children; but I would most seriously inquire of you how you can do the things that I have advised you to do, in instructing them, and impressing them with a sense of their condition and their duty, and in committing them to God, if you have not yet committed yourself to God? If, neither in the days of your youth, nor in the days of your husband, nor in the days of your widowhood, nor even now in the days and hours of your affliction, and feebleness, and nearness to death, you have not given yourself away to the great father of all, to take care of you, as you wish him to take care of your children; if you have not become in all respects a christian. Are you more deeply concerned for your children than for yourself? Do you love them more than you love yourself? Is it no matter what becomes of you in eternity, if you are so much concerned for their temporal well-being, or perhaps mainly for their temporal condition, while in a great measure you overlook their spiritual and eternal concerns? If they be spared alive and provided for, and do well on the earth for a few years, is it no matter whether you go down to hell for ever or not? Have you thought of their bodies and your own body so constantly and exclusively, as to forget and neglect your own undying and imperishable soul? Have you not yet, up to this trying and sorrowful moment, been made to see the wants of your soul, and the dangers to which it is exposed? Have you never had a discovery of your soul's real condition, and been enabled to see it as God sees it? O my dear female fellow mortal, dying mother, have you never discovered, and known, and felt yourself to be a sinner in the sight of God, guilty, guilty, and exposed to his just and eternal vengeance; and have you not further discovered and fully believed—"that it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners?" Have you not seen your need of this great Mediator and Saviour, and fled to him as a shelter from the coming storm of divine vengeance, and for your soul's eternal salvation? If not, if not, all that I have said to others I now say to you, in one word—"flee from the wrath to come—lay hold on eternal life." Your time is short, you cannot do it one moment too soon. Do so if you would obtain everlasting consolation for yourself. And while you are handing your children out of your feeble dying arms, into the hands of their heavenly father, commit your own spirit to

him in the hands of the Lord Jesus, the only Mediator between God and man, and the Saviour of the souls of men.

Feb. 9th, 1830.

FOR THE RICH, IN AFFLICTION.

I next direct my attention to the rich who may be in affliction. The great fact in history that there have always been, and are now, poor and rich, arises out of the nature of man, out of their different dispositions and different abilities. A few, whose lives have been long, have acquired riches by hard labor, industry and economy. Some become rich by honest, and upright, and useful, and praise-worthy commerce, fair dealing or trading. Others by the rise of property. Others inherit riches; and not a few get a great deal of property into their hands by dishonest dealing of one sort or another, or by fraudulent speculation.

Ours is a republican government, and from the very nature of such government, the means and facilities of acquiring property are more in the reach of every member of the community, than in kingly, imperial, aristocratic, or despotic governments. Accordingly, in our beloved country, property is to be found more equally distributed throughout the great body of the people, than in countries under such governments, and it takes less of it to give a man the name of a rich man. The rich are therefore very numerous; and as they are liable to calamities diseases and death, in like manner with all other persons, the number of afflicted among them will be in proportion to their own number. In writing then, for this part of the community, I write for no small part of the whole.

It now falls to my lot, and becomes my duty to visit you in your afflictions, my fellow mortal. Accordingly I have come, and am here present in your room. I find you in the midst of the good things of this life. You have food and raiment; and not only food, but much food and many changes of raiment. You are surrounded with the rich provisions, and superabounding bounties of Providence; at all of which you can look and call them your own. You have "fruits and much goods laid up for many years." You have also treasures of silver and treasures of gold; your coffers or chests contain a large amount. But these are not all. You have here, as I now see with my own eyes, a great house with many out-houses, a splendid mansion with its convenient appurtenances and appendages; with its apartments, rooms, halls and furniture. All the apparatus, the utensils and furniture of your house are in conformity to the house itself, convenient and grand, many of

them glittering with splendor. Your table furniture is of the most costly kind, of the best materials and most beautifully ornamented. Your mirrors or looking-glasses, are broad, and long as men and women, and gilt with gold. Your floors are elegantly carpeted, and walls as elegantly papered and adorned with much carved work. There too, are your easy-backed, soft cushioned, "accomplished sofas," fixed on wheels to move whither your judgment may dictate, or your fancy prompt. And here is your "bed decked with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen," and filled with the softest down. And I observe all these things around you to be as clean as skilful hands with much labor can make them. Moreover, you have as many domestics either servants or hirelings as you wish. And as it is true "that wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor," you have many friends. Thus I find you in the midst of all this abundance, this splendor, these domestics and these friends. Your complicated and extensive affairs you have been accustomed to superintend and direct hitherto. You were a person having authority; to one you said go and he went; to another come and he came; to a third do this and he did it. You appeared with the full glow of health upon your countenance, moving from place to place with activity and strength. Not unfrequently you caught hold of the instruments in the hands of those under your authority, and with uncommon expertness, rapidity, skill and strength, showed them not only how to do their work well, but rapidly too. In short, with great ability and success you stood at the head of a very large and difficult concern. But instead of finding you this day at the head of this concern, standing or moving with that health, and strength, and activity in which you have heretofore so much exulted, I find you checked, stopped, and prostrated by disease. You, now, like all others in affliction, need consolation. Does the poor person in affliction need consolation? so do you. But it is possible that the poor person, after all, may not be so needy as yourself. This depends upon the state of things within you both. It depends upon internal riches. You have external riches, the poor person has not, but you may have internal riches, and if he has, and you have no riches within, he in affliction, has the advantage of you, is nothing like as needy as you are. But if you have, in addition to your external riches, internal riches, I can see no reason why you may not have greatly the advantage of him. If you are thus rich without and within, it appears to me that you have greater advantages than either character for whom I have yet written or intend to write; you, greater advantages than any character that can be found among the sons and daughters of affliction and sorrow.

By internal riches I mean a good character; and by a good character I mean all that is excellent in a moral point of view, from the least good moral trait, disposition, or act, up to the highest that is attainable by man here below. I mean those riches which consist in knowledge and wisdom, in faith and love, in holiness and hope, in patience, and resignation. I mean what I have described at length, in the first part of my book, (viz:) the internal riches of a true christian. If you possess these in connection with your external riches which I have just described, you are rich indeed, and rich even in your afflictions; yea more, will be rich even in your death and in eternity. But though you may be thus doubly rich, and rich to the furthest extent in both these kind of riches, nevertheless you may be disconsolate and need consolation. Neither the one kind of riches nor the other, nor both together, can remove distressing pains and sorrows, and do away the need of consolation from the disconsolate sons and daughters of affliction. The one kind can do much more than the other, vastly, incomparably more. External riches can do but little, internal riches can do very much. I say then, if you possess internal riches as well as external, but are notwithstanding disconsolate, in your afflictions, all I can present to you I have already done, in the two first parts of my book. To the first or second part according as your disease may be, rapid or chronic, I now most seriously refer you; if you humbly and confidently think, and satisfactorily know, upon good evidence, that you do possess these internal riches; in other words, that you are a true christian, you may find much there to console you. Every variety and form of consolation there brought to view—every consoling thing, and thought, and consideration you may apply and appropriate to yourself. And this you may do by the help of your external riches, to the greatest advantage. If you have been so wise, and so resolute and happy, as to put your external riches into their place, and keep them there—if you have not set your heart supremely upon them—if you have not made them your God, but used them as your temporal and temporary servant, they have been a good servant, and now in the days of your calamity, and sorrow, and helplessness, will be a *very* good one. If your afflictions remain long on you they will supply all your earthly wants. You will be able to have that food which is the most suitable—that raiment which is the most comfortable, and your house dry and warm in winter, and well aired in summer, and always clean. You will be able to have the attention of the best doctors, and all that nursing and waiting upon which can do you any good. Your riches will enable you to take long journeys or change your climate if that is thought best, and they will always enable you,

where ever you may be, to have many friends about you. Again, if your disease is of the violent and raging kind, and should it actually take you out of the world in a very short time. your riches will enable you to have all that help which the earth affords. They will hand you out of the world more gently and more easily, than the cold hands of poverty hand out the poor. All these things they may do for you according to your need.

On the other hand if you have been so unwise, irresolute and unhappy, as to let your external riches get out of their place, and remain so, and if they are at this moment out of their proper place, they no doubt have already done you much injury, are doing it now, and if you do not succeed in getting them into their place, will finally do you an irreparable and endless evil. Perhaps, however, you are at a loss to know what I mean by your riches being out of their place. If so, I will attempt to give you a little more clear and full explanation. If your riches are out of their place, they got so, in something like the following manner.

You discovered yourself to be in a world in which food was absolutely necessary to sustain life. You saw that you must exert yourself and obtain it, or perish with hunger. Further, you found that proper clothing and a suitable covert from the weather and storm, greatly conduced to your health and comfort. Therefore you devoted yourself, body and soul, to get these things; and perhaps so unreservedly, that you did not allow yourself any time even to enjoy the society of friends; much less to improve your mind by gaining useful knowledge, or attending to any other of the high concerns of your immortal soul.

All other objects dwindled down to a point, to a shadow, to nothing. You overlooked them, and as you looked around and forward, riches, riches filled the whole compass of your view. Riches, riches were the great, grand, absorbing object, forward to which you looked with eager, intense penetration; and strided with long and rapid strides; and grappled and grasped with all your powers. You, with others, gained the name of "seeing far into the millstone," in laying plans, and of "making every edge cut" in executing them. This business of getting rich employed your whole time, and exhausted all your energies. It called into perpetual and vigorous action, your head, your hands and your heart. You thought of it by day, and were engaged and overwhelmed in it, until the darkness of the night, and the lassitude or weariness of nature, beat you from it, and caused you to sink in sleep; and your sleep itself was not sound and undisturbed by the darling pursuit of your heart. Riches, riches came up before you, in the visions and dreams of the night. Thus they occupied your whole soul by day and by night; and you drove on until you acquired

and accumulated more than enough to furnish yourself and all those dependent upon you, with food and raiment, house and home and every convenience during your own and their lifetime. And in the language of an ancient satirist, you held all you got, with fist, and tooth, and nail. As the every where, and every day proverb is true—"the more you have the more you want," so it was with you. The scriptures were verified—"he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase." When you had arrived at this elevated stand, a new demand for riches, besides the want of food and raiment, house and home, with equal if not increased urgency, presented itself to you, and pressed itself upon you. A new and higher flame of ambition was kindled, and flamed in your breast. This was the desire of grandeur, pomp and show. You chided yourself for sloth and stupidity, bid your energies awake, buckled on the harness anew, and braced yourself with redoubled force, to the far more arduous and greater task, of putting a polish and glare upon all your possessions, so that the eyes of all beholders might be dazzled, and their inquiries extorted, "whose are these glittering possessions? who lives here?"

Thus you have labored and toiled, striven and struggled, till you have got every thing about you most grand and splendid, in the finest paintings and colorings, as I have already hinted. Those who visited you beheld in your residence, something like an earthly palace. And when you went out your dress was fine and elegant, 'twas gorgeous apparel, 'twas surpassed by none. When you chose, you would be drawn by the noblest horse or horses, in a gig, chariot or carriage, fixed on the easiest springs, cushioned and curtained in the highest style, and both it and the harness with their trappings, plated so as to be all over white with silver, or it may be yellow with gold. In all this magnificence and earthly glory, you were able to appear both at home and abroad. Thus you were permitted to be successful, and accomplish your proud and aspiring projects; and when you had arrived at this pitch, you were pleased, elated, proud. You had such feelings as the great king Nebuchadnezzar had, when he walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon.—"The king spake and said, is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Thus you felt when you looked upon your superb and splendid buildings, with all their appendages, and your rich and costly equipage; and thought of all the bank notes and dollars which were in your possession. It was a feeling of self sufficiency and independence; you exulted in the "might of your power, and in the honor of your majesty." You had these riches; you

got them yourself; you thanked no body, nor any being for them. You were proud of them, and you loved them with all your heart. There was nothing, nor any being either visible or invisible, that you loved so strongly as these your external riches. They were your idol.—They were your God; and thus they got out of their place entirely, altogether out of their place. And, by this mournful truth, we are enabled to come to the knowledge, and the certain and unquestionable knowledge too, of another truth still more mournful. This truth, which we can know with so much certainty, is the dreadful and alarming fact, that, your external riches being thus out of place, you are destitute of internal riches. Your whole interior, your whole soul is void of those virtues, those moral excellencies, which enrich, adorn, ennoble and bless the soul. Which make the human being superior to all other animals of the earth; and the want of which makes him inferior to them all. Alas! alas! you have spent all your time and wasted all your strength in providing for your body, which at best can only live a short lifetime; and concerning which, the words of the poet are strictly true, when he says—"man wants but little, nor wants that little long." Yea indeed, your folly has even been greater. You have been so foolish, so mad, as to attempt to feed your soul, your spirit, with the coarse food which was made for your body. You have striven with all your energies, to cram and fill, and satiate your immortal soul with the material, crude and gross husks, and trash of the earth. And the mistake you have received within yourself, leanness of soul, emptiness of soul; 'tis all hollow within, an aching void. 'Twas made to be fed with heavenly, spiritual food, such as angels use, such as religion brings; but this you have neither sought nor found.

And now, a cruel disease has taken hold of you, with a strong, unyielding, merciless grasp. It has already drawn you down from your lofty elevation of strength and glory; and alarmingly threatens to drag you still lower, even into the narrow precincts of the cold, silent, gloomy grave. This is your unhappy condition this day, and it is my painful lot to find you in this condition. To all human appearance the grave not many steps before you, and all the preparation which you have for it, consists in your outward wealth, which is worse than no preparation at all. Do you now look around upon your possessions and treasures, and think of employing some doctor of surpassing and unequalled eminence, and of giving him a very liberal compensation if he will cure you, even as much as he may choose to ask? Such a one is a man and nothing more. He did not give you life, neither can he preserve your life. Vain, vain then may be your hope from this source. Your possessions and treasures may avail you nothing.

Again, do you think of employing a numerous council of the ablest physicians? You may buy their wisdom, and skill, and experience, and endeavors, but all these may but hasten your pace to the dark house appointed for all living. If doctors cannot help you, none of the men of power can. 'Tis vain to apply to princes or kings, monarchs or potentates, with whole nations at their command. You might empty your treasures into theirs, but they, with all their legions and armies, could not beat and drive the disease from you, which has settled and fixed, and clinched its hooked, penetrating and rude talons, deep into your mortal body. Utterly vain then will be your attempts to make your riches serve you in this way. Being disappointed and foiled in all these hopes and expectations, does a thought come into your head to bribe death? Gold never did, nor ever will bribe the monster. He hath ever laughed at a bribe. Seeing the folly of this, does another thought rise in your mind, to give up and die, and take your riches along with you, and enjoy them in the world to which you are going? A sight of the absurdity and impossibility of this, stares you in the face like lightning, and a sense of it strikes your mind like thunder. You see in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye—"that you brought nothing into this world with you, and it is certain you can take nothing out." Being again utterly foiled in this, does it occur to your mind that God has all power to rebuke and remove diseases, and restore to health, and prolong life, and peradventure he may be tempted by a price? Vainest hope of all is this. There is no price in your possession to which he will look for a moment. Impious! impious thought! to suppose the Deity to be tempted by your silver and gold.

It is true, that the Son of God who was God, and who was made flesh and dwelt among us, did cure all manner of diseases. But it is also true that he never received a price for doing it in one single instance. Were he now upon the earth, and even here, your gold would be no inducement to him to cure and restore you. But he is not now upon the earth, neither does it please God in these days, to perform miraculous cures, or to have them performed by any instruments or in any way. Looking in this direction then, your hopes must all sicken, and languish, and die, and vanish. You will be shut up therefore, to the one only course, if the disease prove too strong for you; and that is the onwards course which leads hence, away from your riches, your friends and all that you hold dear, into the eternal world, to meet your God immediately, and on the resurrection morn, and on the great day, the day of general and final judgment. But you are not ready to go into the presence of this terrible God, this august and solemn Judge. You are rich without, but not within. Your soul is un-

renewed, unadorned, wrapped up in earthly riches and decorations, all which must fall from about you, the moment you start to meet this awful God. And do you now, after all, with the feelings of a desperado, look around once more, and for the last time, and for the last effort upon your external riches, and suffer a fond and final hope to rise in your breast, that God will accept your external riches for internal wealth? That he will admit the exchange, and allow you to buy the renewing and adorning of your soul, the new creation, so as to be a new creature, by the means of your treasures of silver, and treasures of gold, houses and lands, and your cattle upon a thousand hills? This last hope is vainer than the vainest. "You were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold;" but (if at all) with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Neither can you be renewed in any other way, than by the Spirit's application of this precious blood to your soul, to "cleanse it from all sin." There is no other possible way in which you can obtain internal riches, riches within. This is in short, the way of christianity, the way the Bible points out. I say, I tell you, there is no other way. You are destitute of internal riches. You are without those happy traits of character, those important moral qualities and qualifications, without which, neither you nor any other human being can meet God in peace. Without which, you can meet him in no other way than as an avenging Judge. This way of christianity, this way through Christ, is God's way, his only way, and all the way he will allow or permit the sons and daughters of mankind, to approach him, to meet him, and to be happy with him. He appointed it himself, and has long approved of it. It is the "King's high way of holiness." It is the way of salvation, along which the "ransomed of the Lord may return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." But if you are not satisfied with this way, and think that there either has been another and better way found, or that there can be, and that even you can do it, if you are not satisfied with some one of the past discoveries made by others, I would like to know what that way is. What are the ways, dear feeble friend, that have ever yet been discovered? I know of none but the ways of idolatry, in some one of its thousand, its numberless forms; or those ways which are corruptions of God's way, such as Mahomedanism. If you choose, and settle upon some one of the many ways of ancient or modern idolatry, what good will it do you? What internal riches can you thereby obtain? what safe preparation to meet the true God? What did the ancient heathens gain, who worshipped gods of their own formation, gods of carved wood, gods of molten silver or molten gold, gods of the animals, from

the ichneumon and the cat, up to the bull; or gods of the hosts of heaven, the sun, moon and stars; or great men for gods, or gods of their imagination, that were not only no gods, but nothing at all? What did they gain I say? what internal riches? what preparation to meet the God that made the heavens and the earth, the true, living and eternal God? It is impossible for you or any other person to tell what they gained, except it was an increase of sin, and iniquity, and degradation, and an accumulation of guilt. And modern idolatry can do no better. False then, is this way, false, false, and leads from bad to worse, and from worse to utter ruin. And what better can mahomedanism do? certainly nothing. It, too, like the schemes of idolatry, is an invention of a man, to find out the way to be rich within, the way to meet God in peace in the world to come, which way was so hidden and deep, that none but God himself could find it out and make it known. Not satisfied then, with idolatry or mahomedanism, will you summon all your powers to find out a way of your own? How can your powers, poor feeble creature, accomplish an undertaking so great, an undertaking under which a vast multitude of the ablest men, not as you are now, but in good health, with full vigor of body and mind, yea, having superior minds, have staggered, reeled, and fallen, and failed. If Seneca, Cato and Cicero, Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, men of the strongest and most matured intellect, surrounded by the most exciting circumstances, utterly failed to discover a safe way to meet God after death, and were but idolators after all, what can you in your feebleness do? What can you do, who have spent far the largest part of your past life in acquiring riches? What have you learnt besides the dimensions and value of a shilling and of a dollar? What can you now learn, with this disease upon you, and in the short time which may be allowed you? If the heathen world had years after years, and ages after ages allowed them, to discover and learn what you vainly think you can find out in a few days, or it may be in a few hours, are you not indeed vain and presumptuous? Are you not vain and presumptuous in the highest possible or imaginable degree, to think that you can, under these circumstances, discover that way, which as I have said, none but God himself could devise or find out? Certainly, certainly you must be, and whether you see and believe it or not, you are thus vain and presumptuous; and it is true that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby you must be saved," but the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. "He is the way" and the only way, "neither is there salvation in any other." He is God's way. Of the truth of this, my dear diseased fellow mortal, I am deeply sensible and fully satisfied. I am entirely

convinced, and very confident, that if you do not receive consolation, against the fears of death, in this way, you will receive it in no way, but will die unconsolated and hopeless.

What has the infidel world done? what have the *giants* of infidelity done? They have spent their strength to obscure and block up this way, and to prevent mankind from entering in thereat, but have never discovered another to which they could point. Their great business has been, to pull down and destroy, not to build up. To do mischief, not to do good. To pull down and put out him whom God hath given "before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel." But they have never discovered another light. What are infidels doing in this age? what will they ever do? what can they do? much evil, no good. Neither they nor their principles can do any thing better than this, for the poor or for the rich. If you persist in your endeavors to discover a way of your own, by, or through which, to meet God in peace, you will but increase your doubts and darkness; you will but gather clouds and darkness around you, and every effort you may put forth, instead of beating away those clouds, and letting light in upon your soul, and consolation with the light, will, on the contrary, thicken the darkness that is about you, and multiply and magnify your disconsolate, and unhappy, and hopeless feelings.

If you become discouraged in your attempts to discover some high and safe way of your own, to meet God after death—some grand scheme—some bold and able plan, you will be very apt to turn your thoughts, and your feet too, to the way of morality. Nothing is more common, especially with the rich. But the way of morality is not God's way, and therefore he will not meet you in that way, and receive you, and welcome you home to his rest. I mean by morality, what you consider your good deeds—your works of righteousness. God may look very differently upon these good deeds, from the manner in which you look upon them. You may look back with much pleasure and self complacency, upon every act which you consider to have been good; and perhaps in their place, and in a certain sense they were good, but not good for the purpose to which you wish now to apply them. You wish to make a merit of them by which to be accepted of God. That is to say, you wish to meet God on your own terms, and in your own way. But he has declared that you shall not, that you cannot. He has ever had a law for man since he made him. You have broken that law, and you cannot repair it. You cannot perform the works that it requires. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." "The law worketh wrath." "A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith

of Jesus Christ." "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse, for it is written, cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them." "That a man is not justified by the law in the sight of God, is evident: for the just shall live by faith." "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all." Christ offended in no point, and was guilty of nothing. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." He was the perfect way. The holiest men have acknowledged themselves sinners and unholy, in words like the following, which were the words of one of the holiest, and which briefly point out the manner in which men are saved in God's way.—"For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." If such a man, who had been devoted to do works of righteousness, and had literally spent his life in doing them, felt constrained to say of himself and others—"not by works of righteousness which we have done," what language can you use, who have been all your life gathering together riches?

But perhaps you remember that you were a very honest, liberal, benevolent dealer. That you paid all your debts most promptly—did not exact all that was due to you—sent not the poor away hungry nor naked, but abundantly fed and completely clothed, and that you were ever moved with pity towards the widow and the fatherless, and ate not your bread alone but divided it most freely. Especially that you visited all the sick and afflicted, and poured in the healing wine and oil, lifted and encouraged the drooping head, and emptied your pockets to procure for them all that aid that mortal can give to mortal in this vale of tears. All these acts, no doubt, were good and very good in their proper time and place, and are commendable, and have always been commended, and always will be by all the virtuous and the good. The same holy man of whom I have spoken above, directs all "to be careful to maintain good works, declaring that these things are good and profitable unto men." But this same holy man as clearly and as forcibly declares that they will not save a man—that they are not God's way of salvation, when he says—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mys-

eries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." These are works of righteousness, and the most exalted works of righteousness. They are much more than common morality, and yet you see how entirely they fail to enable a person to meet God in peace. What then! what then! O thou that art rich in dollars, and in good deeds too, will either or both of these avail thee, if the disease which has seized you, hurry you away with no other preparation, to the bar of that God who had a way of salvation, and told you of that way so plainly, and so repeatedly? What good will your morality do you, when you begin to reckon with this august, unyielding and terrible Judge, who will be approached in no other way than his own? It will be nothing in the account, and you will be hastily spurned from his presence, as an evil doer, a disobedient and impenitent sinner.

You know, my afflicted friend, what is said of the rich: if you do not, I will tell you with a feeling and an affectionate heart. "They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." "Will he esteem thy riches? no, not gold nor all the forces of strength."—"Riches profit not in the day of wrath." "Their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord." "For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation."

"There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and finelinen, and fared sumptuously every day * * * * the rich man died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his

finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

This is what is said of the rich—all these different sayings and declarations are made of them. And now the great matter is,—the great query, are these things applicable to you? shall they be said of you? shall they come upon you, and shall this be your doom? If so, you appear to be moving on to it with great rapidity, and the time is at hand. Again, I say, shall it be so? As it respects all secondary things, means and causes, more depends upon your own choice, than any other one thing, or all other things taken together. If you choose to have these sayings and declarations verified in yourself, and to meet this doom, you will have it so. If you choose and determine that it shall not be so, then it will not be so. We know that nothing can be this way or that, without the agency, or permission of him on whom all things depend. Yet mysterious as it may appear to us, and really is, this great being tells us all, poor and rich, that our doom will be according to our choice. But perhaps you are unconcerned and indifferent about all these things, or at least profess to be, and endeavor to appear so. It may be you are concerned about being sick, and disabled from business, and in pain and distress, if not about death. If this is the case let me take a view of your condition, and as I attempt to see it and describe it, it may be well for you to look at it too.

Here you lie upon your "bed, decked with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen." Your clothing "is purple and fine linen." You are a rich person, and you have every thing rich and splendid about you, as I have before said. In these things you have taken, and if you could be spared, would still take delight. And here stand your friends, to whom you are attached by the tenderest and strongest ties.

How can it be that you have no concern about leaving these things and these friends? Why did you take delight in procuring them and in having them, and why do you possess so strong desires to live, and still to have these things, and to enjoy these friends, and at the same time have no concern about dying and leaving them for ever? Impossible! Impossible! my fellow mortal, unless your heart is truly hardened, to the hardness of the nether mill-stone.

The very thought of leaving these things and these friends, is

a heart-moving and a heart-melting consideration. It is, as I have before said, the greatest change and the greatest trial that man has to pass through on the earth. And I appeal to your own heart and conscience to know if it is not so, and if you have not viewed it to be so, and felt as if it were indeed so. Why have you been moved when you have stood over a dying friend? Why did the tears flow down your cheeks, and why was your heart melted and wrung with sorrow and grief, at the mournful sight of seeing them torn away by the violent hands of death? Why have you been greatly moved on hearing of many lives lost by a storm, a pestilence, an earthquake, or an all destroying battle, in which thousands and tens of thousands were killed? Why have you always been moved and had deep concern at the death of others, but pretend to have none about your own. The death of all that have died or ever will die, cannot effect you like the death of yourself. If you were now to stand and see all that are alive upon the earth, sink by an earthquake, and be ingulphed, but yourself spared, it would not effect you at all in comparison to your own death. If all were to stand and see you sink and be swallowed up, the matter would be unspeakably greater to you than your seeing them sink. If all these your friends, near and dear to you, were confined as you are, and threatened by death, would you have no concern for them? You certainly would. Have they no concern now for you? Yes, their hearts move and melt with pity and grief. And can you see all this concern in them for you, and have none for yourself? No, no!!

Therefore, I am forcibly and irresistibly drawn to the conclusion again, that it is impossible for you to be unconcerned about dying, when you take into view, barely your leaving the things and beings of this world. I say it is impossible for you to be unconcerned, unless your conscience is seared with a hot iron, and your heart is hard as the nether mill-stone; or you are out of your right mind, (viz:) deranged. And if you are not so, but have your senses, you must be much more concerned about what will become of you after death. Do you pretend? can you presume to say, that you have no concern about whither you are going, or what will become of you? If so, I would ask why you have continually possessed and exhibited so much concern about all the various, unpleasant, temporary changes to which you have ever been liable, and through many of which you have passed? Why were you perpetually anxious, and exceedingly anxious, lest you should experience the change of becoming poor and needy, destitute not only of the comforts, but of the actual necessities of life? Why did you have any concern or dread, about any of the many calamities that you were liable to, which were not likely to

terminate in death? Why did you fear the dislocation of a joint, the fracture of a bone, the loss of an eye, &c. &c.

When you have left home on a journey, why have you had concern, and deep concern too, at the time of bidding your friends farewell? And now you have come to the time, to the soul-trying, most heart-rending moment, when you must bid them a long, a long adieu, and take your final leave of them upon the earth. When in times past you left them on a journey, to go a great distance, and be absent a considerable length of time, you felt concerned both for them and for yourself. You pondered and mused thus in your mind. "I now leave my friends and my home—I go a distance, to be gone some time, what may happen to *them*? what may happen to *me*? Some one or more of a thousand things may befall them, or me. They may be broken up, driven from their homes, and scattered abroad over the earth. They may be sick.—They may die; and if I should live and return, I may find not one of them to welcome me on my return. On the other hand, should disappointments and calamities fall upon me, in a distant land among strangers, far from the kind attention, and soothing and encouraging smiles of dear and much loved friends, how will my heart then feel? Will it be possible for them ever to come to me? Shall we ever see each others' faces again, and interchange acts of kindness, and feelings of love? Shall we ever again enjoy each others' society, and be happy together." Thus you mused.—Thus you thought and felt, and thus your heart was moved, and you were concerned. And now you are about to leave them and the whole world, not knowing what will become of them—how many casualties and difficulties may happen to them, or whether it will ever be possible for them to come to you or not; but knowing clearly and certainly, that you can never return to them upon the earth. And as clearly and certainly that they must die, but you have no knowledge, (or pretend to have none) whether, after their bodies shall die, it will be possible for you and them to meet again. You not only pretend to have no knowledge, but no concern, whether you will live again or not, and if you do, whether or not you will be happy. You are about to take this most serious, this long, this last farewell, and go on that journey in which you will meet no back travellers, and which you can yourself never retrace, and pretend neither to know nor care whither you are going, or what will become of you! How strange! how unaccountable is this! How entirely are you now unlike yourself—unlike what you ever were before! In all previous matters and difficulties, and minor changes, you were very properly and very wisely concerned. You were an intelligent and a feeling being. But now when you have come to the great

change of changes, the greatest of all changes that you ever anticipated upon the earth, and which of course ought to excite a concern, deeper than the deepest that ever before moved in your breast; you tell us, both by words and actions, that you have no concern at all. We ask then, if you are still, and in this, an intelligent and a feeling being? Is this worthy of yourself? Is it like a human being, or like a brute? We ask again, all of us who are around you, and our reason and feelings unite, and most earnestly inquire of you, why you have no concern at this most serious time? Is it because all mankind have always been, and are now without concern, when they approach death? If you think so, you cannot think any thing more incorrect and false. All mankind have, in all ages, and under all circumstances, civilized or uncivilized, learned and refined, or ignorant barbarian, wild and savage, possessed and exhibited the deepest concern, about what would become of them after death. The philosopher and the sage, have ever speculated about it, and drawn conclusions favoring the idea that man would live again. The wild man and the savage have ever done the same, and said there would be better hunting in the world to which they were going beyond the grave.

But perhaps you reply to us that the reason why you have no concern about what will become of you after your death, is, that it is impossible for you to know anything on the subject. If you had been born on this continent, five hundred years ago, of Indian parents, you would have had, in the judgment of men, some ground to have said so, but none in the judgment of God: see Rom: 2d. Years and years ago, "our saviour Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." However much life and immortality may have before been in the dark, he set them fully in the light, and caused the light to shine round about them with great brightness through the gospel. And wherever the gospel goes, it is a bright sun, and in its centre men's eyes may see life and immortality in full shape and of the largest size, so large and so plainly presented to view that whoever looks cannot fail to see; but some shut their eyes and do not look at this sun. They do not believe that they can there see life and immortality; and if you think and say that it is impossible for you to know any thing about what will become of you after death, any thing about future life and immortality, it is because you shut your eyes and will not believe that life and immortality so plainly stare you in the face.

You will not believe any thing that Jesus Christ has said concerning the invisible world into which you are now going; will not believe the accounts and representations which he has

given of heaven and hell; will not believe his sacred words nor his mighty works, his many and benevolent and astonishing signs and wonders which he wrought among all people, his friends and foes, during the space of three whole years; will not believe in his resurrection from the dead, and in his promise and power to raise the bodies of all men; in his glorious ascension on high, and in his "coming with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all." You will not receive his advice when he says, "fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." You pretend not to know whether you have a soul at all or not; and if you have, you do not pretend to know whether men or death itself can kill it, and do not believe that God can destroy both soul and body in hell.

If you believed these things, you would now have, not only a concern, but a most anxious concern. If you believed that the Saviour told you the truth when he told you that you were immortal, you would be very desirous to know whether you would be immortally happy or immortally miserable.

And here let me tell you, my rich afflicted friend, if you doubt, and do not believe, and deny what Jesus Christ has told you when he said you were immortal, no one, as I have before said, has plainly and fully spoken this great truth but him, and to your view life and immortality are not brought to light; and as you do not know that you will live again, you do not know that you will not. The one must be as much in the dark to you as the other. You have no other means to know that you will *not* be immortal, than you have to know that you *will* be immortal, I mean if you discard all evidence but the evidence of your own senses. You have never been beyond death to discover by your own senses whether you could and would live or not. And even, if you would admit the testimony of others, none have ever come back to tell us what they saw and felt beyond death, as I have already fully shown in a former part of my book.

Jesus Christ was God and man, but as man and after the manner of man, he made no communications to mankind on the subject of immortality. He did not tell us that he either saw, or heard, or felt the fact, but he told us, as God, that he knew it; he told us by his own mouth and by the mouth of his inspired servants. This is what we are to believe, if we wish to be fully satisfied that we are immortal; believing this, life and immortality are fully brought to light to us. But, not to wander from the point, I would just further observe, that neither you

nor any other person, no matter how learned, can find any true, unsophisticated argument or chain of reasoning to show the impossibility of your being immortal. Many more and stronger arguments can be found to show the possibility of it. Such as this, you once had no life or being, but now you have. It was therefore possible for you to begin to be and live, and if it was possible for you to begin to be and live, is it not easier for a thing to continue to be than to begin to be? The conclusion is fair and without the least sophistry, that it is more possible for you to continue to be and live, than it was for you to commence being and life.

Upon the whole, I say therefore that you do not know, and cannot know, that you will not live again. You are, then, in uncertainty about it; and what consolation is there in uncertainty? I cannot see how there can possibly be any. But I do know that uncertainty, even in the small affairs of life and time, generally produces very great perplexity and distress. What, then, must it be supposed to produce about the infinitely greater matters of life and immortality!

It is exceedingly difficult for us who are here around you, to believe that you have no concern about the consequences of death. It may be you pretend to have none, but at the same time really have a very deep concern. If this is the case, you had better be honest and candid, and just tell us your real feelings and condition that we may do all we can to administer consolation to you; but I have before admitted that it was possible for you actually to have no concern, even at this time when you should have the most.

If so, it is, as I have said, because you do not believe that Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light. And now the time has come for me to be very plain and honest, and sympathetic, and unreserved with you.

Accordingly, I now tell you my rich, afflicted, dying friend, that your not believing that Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light, does not make it untrue. It is no less true for the want of your faith. No more than it would be untrue that there ever existed such cities as Babylon, Jerusalem and Rome, or such men as Cyrus, Alexander the great, Augustus Cæsar, Napoleon Buonaparte, or our father Washington, merely because you do not believe that there were such cities and such men. Your unbelief cannot destroy *all* that, or *any* of that evidence which presents this glorious and happy truth in full shape and size upon the broad face of the gospel sun. Others may see if you do shut your eyes. Every leaf of the sacred scriptures have stared you and all of us in the face, and said, "Who hath be

lieved our report?" You have answered, not I. We have answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the son of the living God," and that thou hast brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel. Your unbelief can neither destroy the truth, nor the belief of the truth in us. We believe and are sure, that is, we know that Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light; that we, and all men, are immortal. No point has more abundant, more various, more clear or more decisive evidences centering and combining to establish it. We have ever lived in the midst of this overwhelming evidence, and "been compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses;" and we have the witness within ourselves.

And we, this day, this day of affliction and grief to you, stand around your sick and dying bed, with feeling, anxious, aching hearts, and most solemnly repeat the two last things of those that we have already told you were said of the sick. The first of the two, is that frightful woe which rolled from the mouth of him who brought life and immortality to light; "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation." The other is his story of the rich man who died and was buried, and in hell lifted up his eyes being in torments.

You have received your consolation, then. You have been and are now rich. You may look back over the whole journey of your life, and reflect upon the consolations that you have received as you passed along. With the help of all your riches, I expect you will not see the whole to have amounted to much. And whatever you may see, the multiplicity, and the richness, and sweetness of your consolations to have been, they are now all gone by, and like the plentiful meals which you ate five and ten years ago, they neither do nor can give you any enjoyment now. You have received your consolation. Thou, in thy lifetime, hast received thy good things. And you have now come to the end of your lifetime, and are about to receive no more good things. It is not now, and it never can be any consolation to you that you have had consolation. You are about to die, and no doubt be buried with great parade, and pomp, and show. Over your dead body will likely be raised a splendid monument or a huge mausoleum, with some high sounding epitaph inscribed upon it; it may stand for several generations, and those that pass may read your name there, and be reminded of your riches and greatness, and may hear the story of all your extensive possessions and of these your grand and magnificent buildings. But the other part of the

serious story which I am now telling you, and which is as certainly and undoubtedly before you [if you do not believe and repent] as it is certain and undoubted that you will die, is, that in hell you will lift up your eyes, being in torments. And you may see Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom, in the company of all holy and happy angels and men; and you may cry and say, father Abraham, have mercy on me and send some Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham will say, son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from thence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence. And there you will be. Across that great, that vast, that impassable gulf you can never pass.

And I will tell you what makes me believe, and be sure, and know, and be satisfied that you will be there in torments, and never be able to pass that tremendous gulf. Because Jesus Christ did prove himself in many ways to be a great being, the son of God, yea himself to be God, by curing all manner of diseases, by working thousands of benevolent miracles, by restoring the dead to life, by saying to the sea and to the winds, "peace, be still!" and the winds ceased and there was a great calm. the winds and the sea obeyed him;" by telling men their thoughts; by fortelling things to come, which actually did come to pass, particularly the state of the Jews, which are a kind of standing miracle; and finally because he always did tell the truth and always will, and cannot lie: he said, "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away;" and he said, if you believe not on him, you shall lift up your eyes there in torments, and be there and never be able to pass that awful gulf; and it will be true, it *will* be so, it *will*, it *will*, I say. This present world is a place of much wretchedness, misery and wo. You have seen it with your eyes: you have been in the midst of it; you have felt it, you now feel it, and feel it severely too. You have often thought, when you have been witnessing and feeling this misery and wo, of the power of God, and felt surprised and wondered why he did not stretch out his strong, mighty and almighty right arm, and deliver yourself and others from the pains and agonies which you were enduring. Yea, you have wondered why he did not deliver and make happy this groaning world. But you see he does not do it. The plain reason he has given is, because all have sinned. Therefore he lets them suffer. Therefore he lets you suffer and will let you suffer, even unto death, and will let you lift

up your eyes being in torments, beyond the impassable gulf. "A God all mercy would be a God unjust." His mercy does not reach you now to such an extent and to such a degree as to ward off from you all suffering and misery. He sees you lying, and groaning, and languishing on this bed, and does not come nigh to help and deliver you from these present, moderate, inconsiderable sufferings. It is not inconsistent with all the goodness of his nature, his kindness, his tenderness, his great pity, and amazing love, and condescension, thus to look upon you at this moment. And if you resist and reject all this his goodness, this boundless love of his, with which he "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" he will look upon you being in torments, beyond the impassable gulf, and none of all the goodness of his nature will be moved towards you at any period or in any degree, but the greatness of his power and vengeance will be unchangeably set against you. This he has declared, and this he will make good. It will be as true, and as certain, and as real as any of all the things which you have already experienced and felt, or which you now experience and feel. But this you do not believe. God has already done, not only many things, but a great many things, and very weighty and important things, things exceedingly condescending and kind, to induce and incline, and persuade you to believe it. He has given you the most striking evidence. He has set before you a body of the most commanding and irresistible evidence, which evidence is of long standing and of imperishable character, was given to your forefathers from generations immemorial, and has been increasing in strenght and clearness ever since it was first given. He has ever surrounded you with "a cloud of witnesses," who have continually told you that they believed, and knew, and felt it to be true, that God would do what he has said he would do. He has set before you many and various motives, motives of the highest and most weighty character. Those that were terrible to the most frightful extent; and those that were alluring and captivating beyond expression. He has set before you hell with all its horrors, and heaven with all its glories and happiness. And all these things he has done for your good; to induce and cause you to believe what he says, and to act towards him as you ought to do; and by so doing to shun everlasting misery and gain everlasting happiness.

And now my rich, but languishing fellow mortal, I feel myself prompted, constrained and urged, by the weight of all this evidence resting upon my mind, and by all these tremendous and solemn motives affecting and moving my heart, by know-

ing both the terrors and the love of the Lord, to persuade and pray you, even yet, at this late hour, to be reconciled unto God. I have already told you God's way, and his only way, to be reconciled unto him; and that way is through Christ. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Another way can no man find, than that is found, which is Jesus Christ. And here let me tell you—and my heart rejoices, and greatly rejoices to be able to tell you—that it is possible to find this way, both easily and quickly, even in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. So Matthew the publican found it. So Zaccheus, who climbed the tree, found it; and many others, but most strikingly of all, the dying thief.—And you.—O my heart is moved, and melts with tenderness and sympathy while I stand over your pale and emaciated body and speak it! and so you may find it, even yet. What you have to do I will now plainly tell you. Immediately let your riches go—give them up—turn your eyes from them—unrivet your affections from them, and "set your affections not on things below, but on things above;" and be truly sorrowful that you have let these things below occupy and engross so much of your time and attention, and esteem; and be entirely willing to surrender them up to be disposed of by God as he may think best, not to be thrown away and lost, but to be used for His own glory. You must now be willing to give up all earthly things and considerations, "your houses, your brethren, your sisters, your father, your mother, your wife, your children, and your lands, for the name's sake of Jesus Christ, that you may receive an hundred fold, and inherit eternal life." You must be as willing to do this, and even more willing, than he who is owner and commander of a ship is, in time of a storm, to cast overboard the lading of his ship, not only those articles which are less valuable, but the more valuable, and the most valuable, yea, the whole, even to the last one, in order to save his life. You must deny yourself, not only in part, but entirely. Further, you must "cast down your imaginations, and every high thing in you, that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. You must go out of yourself into Christ, and then you will be in God's way of salvation. All your unbelief must die away and perish, and your soul must fill with faith, with strong faith; you must believe in Jesus Christ with your whole soul. Your hard heart must be softened and melted, and wrung with sorrow for all your sins and iniquities, your crimes and follies; and you must, with grief and hatred of them, turn from them unto God. All your exalted views and notions of your superiority

and greatness, which your riches begot in you, must vanish.—Your ideas of having noble blood must fly away. And if you had a strong mind, and have received a good education, and are a learned person, you must consider your learning as nothing. “Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.”—“Except you be converted, and become as a little child, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” Not the most distant thought or feeling must remain about you that you are more acceptable in the sight of God on account of your wealth, your knowledge, your power, or your influence. You must remember that Jesus Christ came “not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. That the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” And you must bear in mind, and let it sink deeply into your mind, that he went unto the multitude—that he taught the multitude, mingling with them, and sat down to eat with publicans and sinners. You must, therefore, consider and feel yourself sick in soul as well as in body—sin-sick, diseased by sin, and now be induced most hastily to apply to the great Physician of souls, and most humbly to beg of Him, to heal your soul. Because he was not great after the manner of men, was not a general, prince nor king, you must not despise him; he must not therefore be unto you a stumbling block, nor foolishness, but you must consider him as he really is—“the power of God and the wisdom of God;” and he must be made unto *you*, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that according as it is written, “he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.” Thus you must glory, and not in yourself. And because Christ’s people have generally been and are now poor and lowly, of the lower and lowest orders of men, you must not be ashamed of them, and thereby be deterred from confessing Christ before men; you must not be ashamed of Christ, nor ashamed in any way, on any account, or in any degree, to confess him before men—for he himself has said—“Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.”

Upon the whole then, you must not let unbelief, or hardness of heart, shame or fear, enemies visible or invisible, bad men or devils, deter and stop you from coming unto Christ. You must, I repeat it, and with emphasis too,—go out of yourself into Christ, and then you will be in God’s way of salvation; and then, and only then, you will find consolation, which was the thing to be found. Taking this advice and this course, my

dear friend, you will not only find consolation, but a fountain of consolation. You will be a christian right away. The Christian's hope will be yours, and all his encouragements and supports; and all his high and holy and happy and glorious prospects will open before you; such as I have described them in the first two parts of my book, to which you may then look, and in which you may read, and as you read, may consider yourself the person addressed, using either the first or second according to the disease which is upon you. Being thus and doing thus, you will lay up for yourself, "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal," and I may add where you will not be torn away from your treasures by death. You will thus secure unto yourself a title "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." A title to lands in the heavenly Canaan, and not only to lands but to mansions too. A title signed, sealed and delivered by the hand of the eternal God himself, and securing unto you the highest and most valuable possessions or inheritance that is possible for you to have and hold in all his universe. Having secured this title, which as I have shown, you may do even in a moment of time, you will not die and be buried and in hell lift up your eyes being in torments. — You will die, it is true, and leave these possessions which you now hold, but as you die

—— "Will read your title clear
To mansions in the skies,
And bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe your weeping eyes."

Your fellow mortals will carry your dead body out of this your earthly mansion, and kind kindred angels will carry your living spirit into the *heavenly mansions*. I bid you an affectionate farewell. *June 9th, 1830.*

NOTE.—If I attempt at this moment to express the gratitude which I feel to God for enabling me to advance thus far, under my very great bodily weakness and through ten thousand interruptions, in writing the *Consolations of the Afflicted*, I know I shall utterly fail to express what I feel. I am encouraged to hope that as he has upheld and strengthened me thus far, he will at least continue my little strength and sustain me till I accomplish my whole plan, my whole work of sympathy and benevolence for the afflicted. Should I not, but die, may sur-

vivors print what is done for the good of mankind. I have yet to write for the Stranger—The Aged—Those afflicted by the afflictions of others—and the Melancholy.

“The author’s life was at this time threatened by a periodical disease.”

FOR THE STRANGER IN AFFLICTION.

At the discovery of America, by the Europeans, it was very naturally and very properly called the “New World.” It was a new and extraordinary degree of courage in an uncommonly bold and adventuring man, (*viz.*) Columbus, which bore him up on the trackless and frightful bosom of the ocean, until his eyes beheld this “New World,” and his feet stepped out upon it. And, as it was an adventuring and exploring spirit which discovered its shores, it has been and is still the same spirit which pervades and explores the whole of its vast interior. Its towns, and villages, and cities, particularly in the West, are yet remote from one another: therefore, its commerce, which is considerable, requires much travelling by land and water. From these and other causes a considerable part of our population leave the homes of their infancy and youth, the bosoms of the families in which they have long enjoyed the society and assistance of relations and friends, and go hundreds and thousands of miles in search of some gain, or some new home in a newer and more untried part of this “New World.”

Some parts are more healthful than others: on this account, travellers are very frequently taken sick from home. There are many other causes of their sickness besides the difference of climates. Two climates may be equally healthful, and yet persons going from one to the other may fall a prey to disease. The breathing of air, the drinking of water, the eating of food to which they are not accustomed, will generally have a new effect either good or bad, but more commonly bad. The privations and exposures to which they are liable in journeying from place to place are followed by the same undesirable consequences; besides the state of the mind will have a powerful influence either good or bad. Is the mind entertained, pleased, delighted with the sight of new towns, cities and villages, and new sections of country, all having their peculiarities, this will be conducive to good health. On the other hand, are unfavor-

able impressions made upon the mind, and does it not take delight in the scenes it beholds, and the condition it is in, bad health and sickness may be the consequences. Nostalgia, or being "home sick," (according to the popular phrase) may produce actual bodily sickness, and lastly, becoming penniless, or moneyless, in a land of strangers, may sicken the heart, the body, the soul, the whole being.

Because it is not a common thing for females to travel a distance, unaccompanied by friends or relations, and further, because it is not so common for married men to leave their families and take long journeys, as it is for young unmarried men, the class of mankind for which I now write is less numerous than any which I have yet attempted to console in their afflictions. I shall, therefore, be the more brief; and although I shall have mainly in view travelling adventuring young men, I shall attempt so to shape my address as to make it applicable as heretofore, to all ages and both sexes.

Because persons cannot remain a length of time in one place and still be strangers, without acquaintances and without friends, and because chronic patients may be in a complaining condition for years, and thus cease to be strangers, or even work their way from the land of strangers to their former home and friends, the patients whom I shall now proceed to address are those who are attacked with sudden, and violent, and periodical sickness. Such attacks upon strangers are much more common than upon settled and permanent citizens; and far more frequent in the southern parts of our country than in the northern and eastern: so much so, that certain sections and cities of the south have, with considerable propriety, been called the graveyards of the north, particularly that great commercial depot, New Orleans. Multitudes, multitudes of our most healthy, robust and hardy sons of the north, go down to the south seeking their fortune, but instead thereof find a bed of dreadful sickness, and in many instances, a premature and unhappy death in a strange land.

Afflicted stranger! sickness and trouble have overtaken you in a land of strangers; you are where no faces are known to you, and yours to none. Prompted by the same tender, deep, lively and active sympathy which has moved me to attempt to console others, and urged on by the same extensive, far-travelling, wide ranging, comprehensive benevolence, which hastens in all directions, to all lengths, and to all places, to relieve the miserable, I have followed you in all your journeyings, across mountains and plains, through deserts, and with the courses of the meandering rivers, into this remote country, and even into

this sick chamber where you now lie. No trivial errand has brought me thus far. No selfish, sordid motive has been the influencing and exciting impulse. I come on an errand of love and pity, to do you good. To attempt to quiet and calm and encourage your drooping spirits. To pour into your afflicted, lonely and forlorn bosom some healing balm, some reviving cordial, some real consolation.

Here you lie, far from home, far from friends. No father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or loving wife is here; long rivers flow and huge mountains stand between you and them; their faces smile not, and shine not upon you; their hands minister not to your necessities; their gentle voices speak not, whisper not kind and cheering words into your ear; the fireside and door-yard scenes of much loved home are not now before your eyes; all things around are new and strange and more or less dismal; glooms hover over you; your eyes weep; your heart is pensive and sad; you are disconsolate. I have already said all I can for you on all points save one, and that is the point or fact of your being a stranger. To this point it is my special object now to direct my attention.

There will be the utmost propriety in my making my communications to you in private; because it will be my special business to tell you how to feel and act towards these strangers who are around you. I will therefore close and bolt the door for an hour or two.

And now, my friend, I must tell you that I well know the thoughts and feelings of your soul, the secret and sorrowful workings of your lonely heart. You lie here upon this bed and think and ponder. Your thoughts and desires go back—they retrace your whole journey and linger about that home you left, now dear enough if never before. Your heart fills and overflows, and you inwardly exclaim—"O that I were this moment within the doors of that well known and long known house, and surrounded by those dear relations and friends in the circle of whom I have so long been, and for the more part been belssed and happy." The object which brought you here now appears trivial and trifling, if not altogether delusive and hateful. Perhaps you blame yourself most bitterly for pursuing it till it led you into this your present doleful place and condition. In all probability this you may do very justly. If so, and almost whether or not, you now lose sight of it. It vanishes from your view, and you can see nothing but the scenes of home, home; and there your spirit longs to be, in this, your sickness; and if by it you are called and compelled to die, it is not only your choice to die there, but your strongest, most intense

and altogether inexpressible desire to be indulged with the high privilege of taking there your last look upon the scenes of earth, and the last things to be seen in that look to be the surrounding faces and eyes of your dear friends looking your departing spirit away, away, to your long, your eternal home.

But my friend, you are here, and things are as they are, and you must make the best you can of them. It would be ignorance and presumption in you to expect to be as well treated by these strangers as you would be by those who are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. You must bear in mind that before you arrived here these people had, each one, their own business to attend to; and you must consider further, that to nurse and wait on a diseased person is one of the most unpleasant and disagreeable duties that mortals have to perform for one another. This is the case when the disease is not contagious or catching, and how much more so when the person who nurses is continually in danger of taking the same disease.

The best rule by which to measure your expectations, is that which, from its unequalled excellence as well as from its origin, has obtained the name among mankind of "the Golden Rule." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." In short, "do as you would be done by."

In order properly to apply this rule and to make the best use of it, you would do well to suppose yourself at home busily employed in doing your own work, and further, that some one of these strangers should call at your house and be taken sick. Perhaps you would feel it no small task in that case to drop your own affairs and devote yourself to nursing and waiting on a diseased and loathsome stranger. By this application of this best of rules, which is the only proper application, you may be very considerably guarded and guided in your hopes and expectations from these strangers.

If upon change of circumstances you would have to contend with a good deal of reluctance in your own breast to nurse them, you need not be surprised that they have to contend with the same to nurse you. That they will do it at all should be a matter of great thankfulness on your part. As it respects deeds of kindness and charity, there is a great difference not only between individuals, but families. This difference may arise out of a multitude of things, such as knowledge and experience in nursing the sick; having means to do it, and lastly possessing a humane and charitable disposition of mind. But if these strangers possess all these advantages, and these worthy and amiable traits of character, and are disposed to do all they

can for you, in vain will you expect to be as well attended as you would be by those who are bound to you by the ties of nature and friendship. Should they obey the doctor's orders carelessly—neglect to give your medicine or nourishment at the proper time, and do it very awkwardly when they do do it; should they not keep you clean, should those of them who pretend and attempt to watch with you and wait on you at night, fall asleep and snore so as by their snorings to add to your distresses instead of alleviating them by their vigilance and faithfulness, you need not be surprised at any or all of these things. It is truly a serious, incessant, irksome, fatiguing and exhausting business to nurse a person that is very sick as it ought to be done. It requires no less vigilance and affection and skill than a tender mother gives to her infant ten days old. Every symptom, and the slightest change for the better or the worse should be observed and attended to, the moment it appears. More strong affection, more sleepless and ceaseless attention, and entire and unreserved devotedness can be found no where than in the breast of a kind mother towards her infant. And yet the question is asked “can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget.” If, then, even a mother can forget, how much more can others, and most of all, strangers.

One of the best things or aids which you can have is money. I do not say it is the best, but one of the best. If you have it, now is the time to use it. This you should do in the most prudent way. Let all around you know that you are able and willing to compensate them in a proper and reasonable way. Do not excite their avarice, for it is possible they may neglect you and let you die, in order to get your money. Be cautious and wise in the management of it, and every other thing about you. I shall not enter into minute particulars, but remind you that, good and useful as money is, it is not love, and it may fail to buy love, or if it buys, may buy nothing but a base, selfish, sordid love.

There is one great thing or matter of which I must not fail to speak, and that thing is character. If you have ventured to come so far from home as you have without some testimonials of good character, some papers from three or four or more men extensively known, and of good moral character themselves you have done very wrong.

But perhaps you are ready to say to me, that these cannot be known so far from home. Do not be mistaken my friend, there is a great deal of travelling in America, and there is scarcely an inhabited corner in it, in which nothing at all has been heard or known of such men. And even if they had never been heard of

here, that would not prove that there are no such men. But it may be you would say further, that if there were such men and known all the way to this place, papers from them might do you little or no good. People might doubt whether these men ever gave you such papers, and might suspect that you forged them. I know that bad men have forged papers and thus imposed on strangers. But this has not occurred very frequently, and when they have done it their object has been to gain money rather than character, or if it was to gain character and credit, they most likely designed by having credit to gain money. *You* should have brought papers with you to have gained the treatment which is due to an honest, decent and virtuous person. But perhaps with you, this was not the fact, and you had no such character at home, but instead of having a good character actually had a bad one, and could not have obtained good papers without forging them. If so, the defect or fault was farther back, and as much greater, as farther back. You should never have lived in such a manner as to have gained a bad name, or bad character, instead of a good one. If this was your standing in society at home, your present condition is truly deplorable. No person should live in such a manner as to have any fear to be known any where. And every person who travels a distance, whether he be a public or private character, or professional person, a merchant, a mechanic or a common laborer, should be perfectly willing to be known at any place. Not only so, but he should be desirous to be known, so much so as always to procure papers of recommendation and take them with him. And he should show by his countenance and conduct, as well as by his papers, that he is an honest, virtuous and worthy person. That there are dishonest persons and deceivers, should be no discouragement to the honest and virtuous, and should not deter them from doing their duty. And it is not only their duty but their interest to be known. "A good name is better than precious ointment. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

But you say you have papers of recommendation and good ones too. If so let me see them. I will read them and examine them carefully. Truly they speak very well for you, and appear to be all right. They contain every thing that is necessary, and there appears to be nothing wanting. The whole face of them appears also to speak the truth, and to be no deception. They are just what you now need, my friend, and I am now prepared to speak unto you with greater confidence, words of consolation. Your course is plain, if you have not already exhibited them, take the very next opportunity to show them to these strangers among whom it is your lot to be cast and confined to a bed of sickness.

Let me now advise and urge you to prove yourself to be worthy of such papers by every act you may put forth, by every word you may speak, and every look of your countenance. Let every act, word and look be mild and modest. Exhibit all the patience you can possibly, and manifest a great degree of reserve in your demands and requirements of them. Get along with as little waiting on and attention as possible, not to do yourself too much injury by doing without things that are actually necessary for you. Show them that you have very tender feelings for them, and will spare them as much as the nature of your case will admit. By acting thus they will think more of you, and more highly esteem your character; you will gain their love, and this being gained, their care for you, and devotedness to you, will be secured. Should you pursue a course contrary to this, you would incur, and justly too, their ill will, neglect and abuse. Whereas, by observing the polite, gentle, humble and conciliatory course, which I so fully and highly recommend to you, you can scarcely fail to gain their most decided good will and affection.

I have nothing more to say to you at present. I will now open the door and call in the family, and say what I can to them, to incline them to deal favorably, and faithfully, and kindly by you. They are good enough to drop their work and come, and are all present. My friends, you see this poor sick mortal whom the providence of God has cast in among you, and confined to this bed of sickness. He is far from home and friends, as he has already told you, but this is a time with him when he peculiarly and greatly needs both. And to you, gentle strangers, I must say this is the time, and here is the opportunity for you to show your hospitality, goodness and charity. If you have tender hearts, if you have bowels of mercy and compassion, now is the time for them to move and yearn over this lonely and forlorn child of sickness and sorrow. For your encouragement I would inform you, that he is not without papers of recommendation, which show who and what he was at home. To all appearance the papers are good. They purport to be signed by several public men. The man's countenance, and the simplicity of his conversation seem to corroborate the testimony which the papers afford. Upon the whole I think we may safely consider him to be a decent and respectable character. A person who respects himself, and should therefore be respected. Here are the papers, you can look at them at your leisure, after you shall have heard what few more things I have to say concerning him. I would just remind you, kind strangers, that if this person could produce no written evidence of whatever kind, to prove himself to be worthy of attention, by his countenance, his appearance, his words or conduct; yea, were it

manifest from all these sources, and from the disease which is upon him, that he has no claims at all to good character, but is a person of notorious bad character, still it would be your duty for humanity's sake, to have pity upon and take care of him. But as I have shewn you this is far from being the case, and there will be the greatest propriety in your striving to do so well by him that no body could do better.

In the management of this forlorn stranger, as it respects yourselves, much is involved. Your reputation among your neighbors and mankind in general. The future approbation of your own consciences, when you shall look back upon the scene which you are now passing through, will depend upon your faithfulness at the present time. And what is most and highest of all, the approbation and praise of God himself. If then you would act in such a manner as to be able to say with pious Job—"The stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my door to the traveller," look well to what you now do. There is a high command of the Highest, long ago given, which reads thus—"The stranger that dwelleth with you, shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." Would you observe this command in all its breadth and length, you would make yourselves, in your feelings and in your efforts, brothers and sisters unto this poor suffering, travelling stranger. You will love him as yourselves. You will consider that it is as hard for him to be sick as one of yourselves—that he can suffer as much, and that his sufferings are as great to him, as such would be to you, and even more, as he is in a land of strangers. My dear hospitable strangers. I now feel confident that you will do so well and so much for this sick, this lonely and disconsolate traveller, that at the end it may indeed be safely said that none could have done more. But should you, it would not still be equal to the attention and care of relations. For this there is no substitute, no equal, in all the earth, among all the sons of men. Nevertheless be not discouraged, come as near to it as you can. Try to think of every thing that will in the least minister to his relief and comfort. Write letters to his friends, if he wishes you to do so. Request the neighbors to come in and see him; particularly the decent, the virtuous and the pious; that they may converse with him, and revive and encourage him. And here I would subjoin a caution which I always consider important, yes indispensable. The caution is, for you to prevent his being injured and oppressed by too much company. Sick persons are very frequently much injured by the superabundant kindness and over officiousness of ignorant and talkative visitors. Do not trust him to be nursed by hired men or slaves. It will be the doctor's duty to keep an eye

over you, and no less yours to keep an eye over him, to see that he is faithful, especially as the patient is a stranger.

Upon the whole, my very dear, kind-hearted and hospitable strangers, I shall now rest assured that you are fully inclined and prepared to do all that is in your power to aid this poor sick mortal. When you see him turning, and writhing, and tossing, and hear him groaning with pain, go to him, and feel for him, and let him see that you do feel for him. When you see the tears of sorrow and anguish rolling down his pale, feeble and disconsolate cheeks, gently wipe them away and sympathize with him. When you see hope upon the summit of his countenance, rising and threatening to mount upon the wing, to take its departure and flight, and the glooms of discouragement and despondency gathering to take the seat it has hitherto retained, then draw nigh and smile, smile pleasantly, and speak familiar and most affectionate words, reviving words, words of life, and thus draw back and detain departing hope, that it may again brighten his countenance, and revive and strengthen his heart. And lastly, should it be the appointment of kind heaven, for you to see his feeble head drooping, and fainting, and sinking, and to feel his hand becoming cold, and his pulse to be "faint and few," stand over him, and let your countenances appear calm, and composed, and pleasant, and speak to him mildly, but with great confidence of the great God and of the Saviour "who is mighty to save, even unto the uttermost, all that come unto God by him," and advise him peacefully, and with unshaken confidence to sink into the arms of this mighty Saviour. Do all these things I say, if you should be called to them, and look not for your reward on earth, but look for your reward on high, at the hand of him who will say—"I was a stranger, and ye took me in. I was sick and ye visited me." And who has already said—"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

And now, patient, I must subjoin a few more words to you, before I take my leave and depart. It cannot be that I have yet discharged all my duty to you. I have said every thing that occurred to my mind, which I thought worth saying, on the subject of your being a sick stranger among strangers, but you are a *very* sick stranger, and there is quite a high probability that you will not recover nor return to your earthly home and friends, and I have yet made no inquiry of you, and not said a word to you about your seeking another and better and more lasting home in the world to come. This I must certainly do, or fail to accomplish a main part of my work of consolation. I have undertaken

to console the afflicted in view of life or death. And unless you can give me good, and strong, and satisfactory reasons why you should not be spoken to on the subject of death, and while your strength is greater than it may be before many days, I think my kindness and regard for you should not stop here, but I should proceed with all tenderness and faithfulness to do it. Unless you can prove to me that you are a being, an animal altogether different from other human animals, and have no foresight or forelooking to the future, that you are a being without feeling, hopes or fears; and this I think you cannot do. And if I speak to you at all, to console and encourage you, in view of what is beyond death, there is no thing or being of which, in all my travels, and studies, and researches, I have been able to make the least discovery, out of which, or whom, strong and satisfactory consolation can arise, but our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the Son of the living God. He, and He only, is the dying man's hope. It will be unnecessary for me to speak to you of Him at length. There is no way in which I could do it, without repeating more or less of what I have already said to others. To that, any, or all of it, I now refer you.

But my friend, there is one view of your case and condition which I think it highly proper and desirable to present to you before I leave you. And this is the thought, that you are not only a stranger in this part of the world, but a stranger in all the world, even if you were at home. A considerable number of the best men of whom we have ever heard or had any knowledge, and who lived longer than it is common for men to live in our day, confessed themselves to be "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." "They desired a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city"—that is, another home, and a fine one, a city. Should you get worse, your pains become greater, and your symptoms more alarming, and should you by dreadful sickness lose sight of that home to which your thoughts tend and centre, like the needle to the pole; and after which your heart greatly and steadily longs, then realize and be sensible that you are indeed a sojourner, a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth—that you "have here no continuing city, and seek one to come." Lift your thoughts, and the longings of your heart, above the earth, and look down upon the earth as a place where strangers, wayfaring men turn aside to tarry for a short season, and thus consider it no great matter whether you ever see your old home again or not; and let your thoughts and desires centre upon a higher and better home, "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," a heavenly and happy home. And rejoice, O thou

stranger! thou afflicted stranger! that though thou art a stranger here to men, thou mayest not be a stranger to God. God is a stranger no where; He is in all places; He is every where. He can draw nigh here as hastily and help you, and comfort, and encourage, and support you, living or dying, as effectually as he could if you were at home. "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." In every nation, and of course in all parts and places of every nation. As well here where you are now, as in the place from which you came. And let it be all that encouragement you need, that it is written—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." At the same time be careful to call in a proper manner, with all your heart, feeling your need of salvation, and your utter helplessness to save yourself; for it is also written—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Call then, upon the name of the Lord with your whole soul, and you shall be saved. And thus you may find consolation in this strange land, living or dying, which was the thing to be found, and which brings me to a close of all I undertook for you. And now, afflicted stranger, I bid you farewell, and go on my way to console others.

July 15th, 1830.

FOR THE AGED IN AFFLICTION.

So many are the ills and calamities of life, so many are the afflictions of the youth and of the middle aged, that but a small part of the human family arrive at old age,—but very few are permitted to number three score years and ten. Here I feel it necessary again to say, that this is a world of sin and therefore of misery. Because all have sinned, there is no reason why we should wonder that the great body of mankind should be afflicted, and distressed, and smitten, and cut off in the earlier stages of life. Such is the fact however, and the more mournful part of it is, that a large majority of these do not arrive at the prime of life.

Notwithstanding a few of the whole are permitted to advance not only to the prime, but to go beyond to old age. I do not pretend in this work, to fix an exact limit at which persons become old. I shall speak of them as advanced in years. It is for the afflicted among those for whom I now purpose to seek consolation. But why do I say for those among them? are not all old

persons, or very nearly all, afflicted? Can one among a thousand of them be found who enjoys good health? Scarcely. This class of mankind, therefore, will differ from most of those whom I have already attempted to console, by its being a small class, and from all others by there being very few in it exempt from affliction.

The afflictions which are peculiar to old persons are the infirmities of old age, as they are very commonly and very properly called. I say peculiar, I do not mean that they are not at all subject to sudden and periodical diseases; for such not only afflict them greatly, but often take them off. I mean that it is not so common for them to be afflicted and torn by such attacks, as it is for them to be worn and wasted by the infirmities of old age. They are almost all chronic patients; and as such I shall view them and speak to them, in what I am about to say; not forgetting, however, that they too may be scorched with a raging fever, exhausted by cholera morbus or dysentery, distressed by convulsive fits, or thrown into anguish by violent cholic, or any other of the sudden diseases which seize upon the sons and daughters of sorrow and wo.

The aged are those to whom much is due on many accounts. They are our fathers and mothers. By them we received our existence; they nourished us in our infancy, and provided for us in our youth, and counseled and guided us in our riper years. We are in debt to them, and our debt is great, we owe them much. We are bound by many weighty and solemn obligations to provide for all their wants, and to treat them most affectionately and tenderly, and to do all in our power to make smooth and easy the short remains of that path of life, which their aged and feeble feet have yet to tread. As a civilized, evangelized and enlightened nation, we should set an unblemished and perfect example to the whole world, in our treatment of our fathers and mothers, whose long and laborious toils, and great experience; and whose grey heads and hoary locks clothe them with reverence, and call for much respect from all juniors and inferiors. And those among them who have peculiar afflictions, have greater demands upon our care, and attention, and sympathies. We should remember that we too may be old, and as we treat them, so will we likely be treated. The ancient nations treated their old people with much respect and esteem. The Egyptians embalmed their fathers when they died, and kept them in their houses standing on their feet against their walls, with their faces outwards, for years. The command given to the descendants of Abraham, was—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." The reason of this command is manifest. Should

they not honor the aged, but put them to death, when they become old or less serviceable, or helpless, (as some heathen nations now do) they in turn would be put to death by those younger than themselves, when they become old, and so their days could not be long in the land. Therefore, it was further said—"Hearken to thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother, and all the people shall say, Amen." The Romans and Grecians would rise with the utmost respect, and give place, and give seats, when the aged came in.

Cicero says—"We ought to hold our parents most dear, because from them was delivered to us, life, matrimony, liberty and citizenship." Another Latin writer says—"Make yourself such towards your parents as you would desire your children to be towards you." And I must even delay briefly to relate what Plutarch and Lidy tell us of Coriolanus, a brave general of the Romans. They say—"After doing much for his country, he was, by a decree of the people, banished. He went to a neighboring nation, the Volsci. They immediately made him one of their generals, to head their armies against the Romans, his own people. He rapidly conquered many of their towns. They became alarmed, and sent orators to beg for peace. The orators carried back a fierce answer. They were sent again, he would not admit them into his camp. The Priests, a more sacred order of men, clothed in their most sacred attire, were sent, but all in vain. At length Coriolanus' mother, an aged woman took his wife having two sons, and also took a large company of women, and went to the camp. It was announced to Coriolanus that a large band of women had come. But he, who could not be moved by the public majesty of the legates, nor by religion in the Priests, was much more obstinate against the tears of the women, until he saw his aged mother, when he exclaimed—"Thou hast overcome and conquered my anger, O my country, by my mother's prayers, for whose sake I now forgive thy injury done to me. And he immediately delivered Rome from hostile arms."

All that are not themselves aged, should vie with one another, and strive to see who could treat the aged in the most becoming and proper manner. It is true, that—"The glory of young men is their strength: and the beauty of old men is the grey head. Yea, the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." A crown of glory, yes, a crown of surpassing and unequalled glory. If it be found in the way of righteousness, not all the fields of nature furnish a cluster or head of flowers blooming with such transcendent splendor and loveliness; and the crowns that kings and conquerors wear are heavy,

wigged and uncomely, in comparison to those which crown the fields. Therefore the crown, the hoary crown, that rests upon the head of the righteous, is the crown of crowns here below. It indicates that he who wears the crown of the universe above, has favored his subject on earth with many days, and permitted him to become a veteran soldier in his service among men.

I must confess that such a crown, such a hoary head, with its silver locks, has always called forth my heart's highest admiration and esteem. But when it is on the head of one who is not in the way of righteousness, its glory is eclipsed. Of all the things I ever meet, such a crown covering a wicked head, and having under it a bad heart, a profane mouth, and hands that work iniquity and crime, is to me the most unlovely and hateful. An old, grey-headed sinner, son of vice, drinking, swearing, bad man, who can love? He has long abused the abounding favors and kind offers of the God of mercy and grace. He has had one year added to another, till the amount has become great, and God is adding still another, to see if he will not even yet turn out of the broad way that leadeth to destruction, into the way of righteousness, that thus the hoary crown of sin and shame that is now upon his head, may shine forth in all the lustre of righteousness, and become a crown of glory. To all such, and especially to those of you, who are afflicted, this would be my brief but most earnest exhortation, to turn into the way of righteousness, that your hoary crowns may indeed come from under their obscure and horrid eclipse, and pour forth their light like the sun when he comes out of an eclipse in his full strength. I shall not tarry here to reiterate the calls, and offers, and warnings, and threatenings of God, which have been so often, and even till now, lost upon you. I shall just remind you, that—"He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Your time is short, if this sickness does not take you off, old age soon will. The afflictions that are now on you are another warning, and my voice is now added to it. You must at last, even at this eleventh hour, believe, repent, and turn out of the broad way, into the way of righteousness, or these hoary heads of yours, will certainly, (I say certainly, and mean what I say, for God means the same,) go down, and sink, under a dark, dark, and eternal eclipse; you will suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. I can see no reason why you do not need consolations, nor why they would not do you as much good, as any of all the disconsolate sons and daughters of men. And if you would seek and find them, you cannot do it in the worldling's hope, in the hope of this world, because you must soon be

torn from it. You must seek and find them in the christian's hope, the higher, and holier, and happier hope of a better world.

And now my fellow mortals, O ye aged, hoary headed, thoughtless, heedless, decrepid, afflicted sons and daughters of vice and wickedness, bending over your graves, if all other exhortations and warnings have been lost upon you, may not these of mine! I must now leave you, but before I go I will just tell you, that whether you wish me or not, I shall most earnestly, with all my heart, put up my prayers to Almighty God for you, who can even yet console and save you, if he will. Farewell—I go on my way to converse with and to console the hoary headed, who are in the way of righteousness, and whose hoary heads are therefore crowns of glory unto them.

Aged, reverend, worthy, but afflicted friend, it has now become my duty, and fallen to my lot to visit you in your declining days, when afflictions are upon you. You have lived long and passed through many trying scenes, but have also had *your* share of the enjoyments of life. No doubt you are surprised to find yourself here still. You have come through innumerable dangers seen and unseen, which forty, or fifty, or sixty years ago, you looked forward to, and then had not the least expectation to pass through them all without falling by some one or another of them. Perhaps sickness has torn your frame and shaken you over the grave repeatedly. It may be you have had many hairbreadth escapes from death, threatened by storms of wind, by lightning, by fire, by horses and by all kinds of perils, on land and on water.

The world is continually changing. There is a restless spirit in man which incessantly pushes him on from one thing to another. The manners and customs of the people do not remain exactly the same, ten, or even five years. They change their language, their peculiar phrases and modes of speaking—their dress, and even their modes of worship, yes, and I may say, even the shapes of their bodies. These changes, in addition to all the cares, and woes, and trials, and calamities to which man is liable, greatly affected you as you were growing old. The world, as you first became acquainted with it, and to which your habits and customs were conformed, was no longer the same. A large part of those who were of your age, and with whom you grew up, fell by your side, now one, and then another, until your ranks have become thin, and have been getting thinner and thinner still, till now there is but here and there one or two of your first associates to be found; and you are literally and truly the few among the many, and are surrounded by what is to you another and a new world. This has long

ago made you feel strange and unpleasant, and these strange and unpleasant feelings grow upon you as you get older, and particularly when you hear of still another, and another of your aged equals dropping off. Long ago you felt as if *your* world was dead, if *you* were not, as the aged poet speaks of himself, when he says—

“With me that time is come, my world is dead,
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
* * * * *
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbor is unknown.”

In the conduct of the pert race that started up around you, you saw so many things contrary to your own views and feelings that you not only gazed but could not restrain your mind from finding fault. And just so they felt and acted towards you. I have no doubt that in many things, things that are indifferent in a moral point of view, you and they have both acted improperly, and unnecessarily widened the breach between you. Nothing is more common between the young and the old. It would have tended greatly to *your* peace and to *their* profit, if in all such things *you* had made proper allowances for them, and *they* for you. Perhaps you think you have done a great deal of that, and it may be you have. If so, you have given them much instruction, and they have given you much comfort. If you are to be spared still longer, do not fail to pursue this course, and good results will follow. But you should never have winked at their vices and sins, but with all prudence taught, reproved, and warned them, and should do so still, if life is spared. There is no case in which there should be more bearing and forbearing, than between the old and the young. It never was the design of God that only one generation should be on the earth at a time. On the contrary, he has always had several generations at once, mixed all through one another, for the mutual advantage of the whole. He very often has the father and the mother, their children, their children's children, and the children of them, all living at once, and mingling together. That is, the great grand children, enjoying the society of their parents, their grand parents, and their great grand parents.† And in all this, we see the most striking wisdom. Dreadful would be the state of mankind, if only one generation should live at a time. The grass and herbage of the fields, the wheat and barley, the cotton and corn spring up in the spring—wither and fall in autumn, and are dead in winter. Were

†This is at this moment true of my own worthy and honored parents.

this the state of man, how ignorant he would be! who would instruct him? how entirely would he be unmanned, curtailed of his intellectual powers, and shorn of his superior and lordly glories!

But this is not the state and condition of the human family. On the contrary, as I have said, several generations are on the stage at the same time. The older are spared to instruct the younger, and all, from the oldest to the youngest, have their respective duties to perform to one another. Every one has appointed unto him or her, by Providence, his or her proper place and station, and his or her proper and appropriate part to perform. If they will observe the pointings, and directions of Providence, as attentively as they ought, they will seldom, or never, be at a loss to know their part—their duty—and in what manner it becomes them to perform it, when it leads them to act towards one another.

Much of the happiness and comfort of the human family depends upon the *manner* in which these several social duties are performed. In the performing of them, there is a strong tendency and propensity in all, to encroach upon others. Superiors upon inferiors, and inferiors upon superiors. Fathers upon children, and children upon fathers. With respect to infants and children of the age of four, or five, all will agree that they should be treated as parents and guardians think best, as they cannot think for themselves, or at least cannot think right. One of the greatest difficulties in all social life, arises out of the danger and propensity of parents continuing too long to think for their children, and the children thinking too soon that they ought to be allowed to think for themselves. On the part of the parents, when it is carried too far, it becomes sovereignty out of its place, and suppresses that independence and self command, which children, as they grow up and approach manhood, and womanhood, should be allowed gradually to assume. The denial of this, produces from the children, rough and untender treatment of the parents. And on the part of the children, the tendency and propensity is to assume these rights and privileges too soon, which produces in the parents a very rigid exercise of sovereignty over them. The whole brings about much unhappiness, and it is for the want of both knowing the exact extent of their rights, and being disposed to go to that extent, and content there to stop. A vast amount of social difficulties, of heart-burnings, and heart-achings, would be prevented in society, if all would study, and strive, in a proper and laudable manner, to go to that extent, and no farther. It is not always age that makes superiority. Talents and acquirements, merit, intellectual and moral, have much more to do in this business than age. But this

is the most difficult truth or lesson in the world, for aged persons to learn. It is almost impossible for them to prevail upon themselves to believe, that a certain young person, born perhaps after they were forty or fifty years old, should know more than they do. And this inclines them always to be finding fault, finding fault, speaking of the ignorance, arrogance and presumption of the assuming youths. And it makes them unhappy. I do not mean that they should not see and condemn the ignorance, arrogance and presumption of those youths who are truly ignorant, arrogant and presumptuous; but I do mean that they should allow virtuous, talented and meritorious young persons all that credit that is due to them. And I do further say, that respect is due to the aged, from all juniors, solely upon the ground of their being aged, and a vast, unspeakable amount, when they are not only aged but virtuous, wise and meritorious.

How it has fared with you, and how you have got along in all these matters, my aged friend, you know. Whether you have been treated, under all circumstances, as you should have been, or not, you at least have your opinion. But perhaps you feel ready to enquire of me, what good it will now do you, for me to talk to you about the past. My object is to prepare your mind for what I have yet to say to you, concerning the present and the future. Again, others, as they are growing old, may be profited by the hints which I have dropped. Saying therefore, nothing more about how much or how little consolation you received from any or all sources, in passing through your former scenes of affliction, let us look around for all we can now find.

In the first place, if you are attending and do attend carefully to what I have said, with regard to the rights of old and young, I presume you are receiving, and will receive all that nursing, and care, and tenderness from those about you, that it is in their power to give. I take it for granted that you have been a faithful laborer, and a true friend to others in your day; and that whenever it was your duty to nurse the sick, or the aged and feeble, you did not in the least shrink from your duty, but performed it with cheerfulness and constancy, however unpleasant and wearisome. Much is always due to such, for the good they have done. Remind those about you then, most cautiously, tenderly and affectionately, how kind and faithful you have been to the sick, the aged, the feeble and the helpless; and beg of them to treat you mildly and affectionately, and not to let you suffer for any thing which would in the least tend to your relief and comfort. And as the infirmities and frailties of life, and especially of old age, are unavoidable, and as you are now quite advanced, and it is altogether possible for you to become a little childish, in the

midst of your infirmities and afflictions, intreat of them, in case of that, to double their diligence, watchfulness, tenderness, and faithfulness; and unless they are more hard hearted than all others, and baser than the basest, so that their tender mercies are cruelty, they will be faithful, and true, and kind, and affectionate to you, and spare no labor nor expense to serve you. I say, they will do so, no matter who they are, your children, your former friends, or even strangers. You, my friend, indulge an humble, a steady, strong and growing hope, and trust that you are now, and long have been in the way of righteousness, that you are a christian. This makes me feel unspeakably more pleasant, while I am in your presence. I look at your grey head as a crown of glory, blooming and ripening for a higher and happier world. And I do not feel it to be a very difficult undertaking to aid you in your meditations, thoughts, views and hopes, so as for you to find consolation, if indeed you need any aid at all. I mean not only with a view to your present sufferings, but with a view to your living longer, or dying now, as God in his wisdom and sovereignty may order. No doubt you may have some little difficulty in your reasoning powers, and a good deal in your feelings, to see why it is that God still afflicts you in your old age. But it is only necessary for me briefly to remind you, that you are a sinner still, notwithstanding you may really be in the way of righteousness and that you have not yet got through that training and discipling on the earth, which the great Captain of our salvation thinks necessary for you. You will remember that he was himself "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and that he said it was enough for the disciple that he be as his master;" and his sorrows did not end till his resurrection. Further, that when he promised his disciples good things here below; that they should "receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, he added, with persecutions." That is, they were not only to endure the common afflictions of life, but to these were to be added the persecutions of fierce and cruel men. All these trials and sufferings they were to endure, and not only to endure, but he was careful to tell them, that he, and he only, "that endureth to the end shall be saved." And now, my dear friend, reverend and aged friend, you have not yet endured unto the end, either of your afflictions, or of your life; and it becomes you to "endure as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." You are not only a soldier, but a veteran soldier, of long experience and tried courage. You should therefore bear these afflictions that are now upon you, with an uncommon degree of composure, self command and patience. It is said—"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye

should follow his steps." He is our great example to guide us, and encourage us in our sufferings and afflictions. But he is not our only example.—The apostle James says to us—"Take my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold we count them happy which endure." It appears then, that the prophets are to be our example, as well as the Saviour. And why should not you be an example, and a good one too, of suffering affliction, and of patience, seeing you have so much experience, and have been so long enabled to exhibit the christian character in all the varied scenes of life, and in the most trying circumstances. I can see no reason why you should not strive to your utmost, to make yourself a worthy example to all that are around you, but especially to all who are younger than yourself. You can certainly bear these present afflictions much better than you did those which you endured, ten, twenty, thirty or forty years ago. Not only with respect to the pains which distress you, but with respect to your hopes and fears. You cannot be so easily alarmed now as you used to be; and as you have always hitherto recovered, you will now, notwithstanding you are old, more readily and more easily hope to recover again; or if you have no ground at all to hope, you will be indifferent about it. By your great age and your happy experience, and by feeling as if your work was done, or nearly done upon the earth, you are enabled to have that resignation to the divine will, by which you can most readily, and suddenly, and most cheerfully and entirely acquiesce in whatever God appears to have immediately before you, life or death. O let it be so, my dear aged afflicted friend! Show the world. prove to the world, that "though your outward man perish, yet your inward man is renewed day by day." Put it beyond a doubt that there is such a thing as sanctified afflictions. And though your affliction be great, exceedingly severe, "even beyond measure," feel in your heart, and be able to say with your mouth—"my *light* affliction which is but for a *moment*, is working out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."ⁿ "It is sanctified unto me—it is holy and reforming chastisement—God brings it upon me for my good, not as a vengeful judge, but as a loving father." And thus you will prove it to be true to all around, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son, yea, and daughter too, whom he receiveth." And you will not despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; but will rejoice, knowing that if "you endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; but if you be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are you bastards and not a son" or a daughter.

I know, my aged feeble friend, that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Wherefore lift up your hands which hang down, and your feeble knees," and hope to be spared, "that you may recover strength, before you go hence, and be no more," among the living upon the earth. Hope to recover strength I say, yes, and to see a goodly number of days yet upon the earth. You cannot easily be so old, that you cannot live to be some older still. It may be three, or four, or five, or possibly ten or fifteen years. But perhaps you do not feel pleasant to hear me talk about that, which, to you, seems so improbable as to be almost impossible in your estimation. And it may be that you are not so perfectly and entirely resigned to live, as you are to die, as I but now spoke of your being as easily reconciled to the one as to the other. Perhaps it would be your decided choice to die, if it were God's will, rather than to live any longer. This was the case with an apostle, and has been with many others, and very decidedly so with the writer. They so fully discovered, and knew, and experienced, and groaned under the sins and miseries of this world, and so strongly and confidently believed that there is a world of happiness, in which there is neither sin nor misery, and had such a full assurance of faith and hope, that they would go to that world when they died, that they said—"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan earnestly desiring to be clothed upon, with our house which is from heaven; if so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. We are confident and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better. To die is gain." Truly, truly it is gain, my aged friend, to the confirmed believer, and no doubt would be to you, as it respects your own individual self, but would it be gain to others, and would God's wise, and glorious, and happy purposes be more advanced thereby, than by your continuing a little longer in the flesh. Of this, after all, God must be allowed to be the final and decisive judge. But I venture to believe, my aged christian friend, that without the wide ranging, infinite knowledge of the Deity, I can myself suggest to you several possible considerations or reasons, why or how you may do more good by being required to remain some longer still upon the earth.

In the first place, (notwithstanding you may think it impossible) it is possible for you so far to recover, as to have a considerable degree of enjoyment yet upon the earth, and to attend to the ordinary business of life. This is very frequently the case, even with those greatly advanced in life. Again, you may be useful here. I do not mean by doing a great deal of the ordinary business or work of life, which you used to do with so much activity. To labor with the hands is not the only way to do good in the world. You may do good and be useful to all around you, by setting them a good example, by expressing every thing that is good and excellent in your countenance and in your whole carriage and deportment, but especially by your words.

I fear you have, with all your experience and knowledge, but a faint and imperfect impression upon your mind, of the vast amount of good you may do in either of these ways, but especially by your words, yes it may be by one single word that may drop from your aged lips, and be heard by some person or other, perhaps by some thoughtless youth. In order to assist you in forming an idea of how much good it is possible for you to do, let your mind pass back to the things you did in your youth. Perhaps when you were quite young, nearly a hundred years ago, you happened to pick up a chesnut and an acorn, and it may be out of mere curiosity you planted them, but they came up and you cultivated and protected them; and now you can look out and see standing on those very spots the huge oak and the great chesnut. Two or three years ago, I myself, when so feeble as to be scarcely able to walk, planted a cedar twig in the door-yard, which is now three-fourths of my own height, and a flourishing evergreen in winter, to revive my spirits when I cast my eyes upon it.

Again, you may have been the parent of children, at the age of twenty or twenty-five, and they may have grown up and married early, and raised children, some of whom may also now have children, so that you may look around and see a large family or tribe, sprung from yourself, among whom may be a considerable number of great grand children, and all doing well in the world, being moral, respectable and useful, and many of them hopeful

† It was so ordered by Providence, that just when I came to write for the aged in affliction, my own christian mother, most worthy, and to me and many others, most dear, was seized, and held, and threatened by a violent and alarming attack of dysentery, in her seventy-fifth year, (my Reverend father being in his seventy-seventh year) so that a patient was presented immediately before me, of the most interesting and intimate character, whom I addressed after the manner of what you here read. It therefore may be considered strictly practical. She was restored, and is now in tolerable health. Sept. 25th, 1830.

E. A. K.

professors of religion. And possibly you were the instrument not only of bringing them into existence, but of guiding them into the "right ways of the Lord." And it may be you have guided not only these, but others not a few. Perhaps a word of advice, and instruction, and caution, and warning, given by you to some heedless young man, sixty years ago, which you have long ago forgotten, was so powerful a word to him, that he did not and could not forget it—that it entered into his heart and rankled there, till (in the hands of the Spirit) it convicted and "reproved him of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment," and that he devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to spend his life and strength "to spend and be spent" in teaching others, young and old, the same important lesson which you taught him; and that he is now an old man, and has been successful during all his life, in turning many to righteousness, and is going on still in his glorious and happy career. None of all these things are impossible, but very probable. Such a one may not be the only one whom you have turned, and who has spent his life thus. And why should it be impossible for you to speak a few more such words, though you are old? It is not; you may yet do it, and should lose no opportunity to do it to all who approach your bed, but especially to the young. And if you so far recover as to be able to sit at the table with the family, you will there have a fine opportunity for speaking such words, and giving much moral and religious instruction. The happy effects and consequences of what you have already done, both in natural and moral things, I have spoken of only so far as they extend in this world, and this extent is truly vast, grand and sublime, as it is presented to our view, and we see it with our eyes; but when we follow these happy effects and consequences, together with what have yet to proceed from you, on to eternity; their vastness, grandeur and sublimity rise in glorious prospect before us, to such an extended, immense and immeasurable magnitude, that our highest mental efforts utterly fail to conceive of all the good you may yet do upon the earth, saying nothing about what you have already done. What my friend, is it not written?—"Let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." If you have, and do yet turn so many to righteousness, you shall shine as a star for ever and ever, and they that you have turned and shall turn, and all those turned by them shall thus shine. Why, it would seem that you, and all they shining thus, would yourselves make a world of glory and happiness.

O then, my aged afflicted friend, try your utmost to be willing to live some longer still, if it be the will of God, though you be dreadfully afflicted, pained, and sick, and feeble; seeing, even we short-sighted beings can discover much good that you may yet do upon the earth.

Furthermore, this is not all I can say on the subject, nor all I have to say.

You know that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God." And it may be his righteous and kind purpose to spare you here, not only to cause unpleasant things, afflictions, to work for your good, and to permit you to do good, but to have great satisfaction in seeing others do good, and beholding the wonderful and happy changes, which his own hand may work in saving the souls of men. You may see those happy changes wrought upon those immediately around you, and in whom you are nearly and deeply interested. And this may rejoice your heart enough to compensate you doubly for all the pains you may have endured in living to witness it. In addition to these, you may hear of extensive, stupendous and glorious changes at a distance from you, which will greatly revive your heart. You may hear of the most happy revolutions of the governments of the nations. You may hear of the most signal triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom of righteousness and peace, and the most rapid, complete, fatal, and final prostration of the kingdom of Satan. As many believe, and as we have, at least, some faint appearance of it, that we have come near to the dawn of the millennium, you may even yet live to see or hear of a nation being born to God in a day. This would truly be glorious and highly interesting news for you to carry home to the inhabitants of heaven. It would not only fill your heart with joy, but the hearts of men and angels above, when you get there with it. By this I am led on to take a still more extended, exalted and cheering view of the subject, and of your case. God may require you to remain here for a short season, not merely for purposes and services for this world, but for the next. To stand at your post as a sentinel in the army, not only till the last hour, but the last minute of your time; to observe all the movements of the enemy, and collect all the information you possibly can, both good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant, not merely with respect to the condition of individuals around you, but with respect to the condition, the doings and movements of the nations of the world. That thus, when you go, you may have a large amount of information, quite a history of the state of things here below, gathered up during your long life, to carry up on high, to the heavenly city, the metropolis of all worlds. And that at the very first appear-

ance of your aged, reverend head, within the gates of that city, the joyous, inquisitive and enquiring inhabitants, men and angels, may run to meet you, and as large a circle surround you as can hear your voice hastily, and gladly relating and rehearsing to them, all the news you have from the earth, the whole history of your long, and laborious, and active, and afflicted life, including the last, and therefore the most interesting intelligence which you received, just before your departure: together with a full narrative to your profoundly silent and very attentive audience, of all the late, great, grand and glorious plans, operations and advances of King Messiah, aided by all his active officers, as instruments, his *word*, and his happy institutions as means, his sacraments and ordinances; and giving them (what they will certainly expect to hear from every new comer) the most recent and particular accounts of the progress of all the great benevolent societies of your nation, and of the world; the bible societies, the theological seminaries, the missionary societies, the tract and sunday school societies, together with all other benevolent institutions, common schools, and education, morality and religion in general: not forgetting by any means to give them, in the most minute manner, all the latest knowledge you may have obtained of the opposition of wicked and ungodly men, against these benevolent and philanthropic institutions: and you will not certainly forget to pour into their listening and sympathetic ears, the whole story of your own afflictions and woes, that they may rejoice with you in your deliverance and triumph; and as you are a being of sympathy, you will remember all the sons and daughters of affliction whom you left below, and point your active and swift-winged hearers down to them, begging them to make haste to relieve and comfort them: and thus they having heard your whole narrative, embracing every item of news, which you as a finite being could collect, will be more fully instructed with regard to the state of things here below, and better prepared to come down as "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." They will better know where all the sorrowful objects of affliction are to be found, who need their ministry and consolation; and where they may meet and repel the enemies advancing to make attacks upon those who shall be heirs of salvation; and lastly, where they may most advantageously fall in and put forth their strength, to advance and make triumphant the Redeemer's kingdom.

This, in connection with other purposes, my aged afflicted friend, good old soldier, may be a reason why the allwise God may see it best, upon the whole, for you to remain here some longer still. To wait for approaching events, small and great,

good and bad, and as soon as they have arrived and occurred, for you to gather up the news, and carry it on high, to add, not only to the joy, but to the knowledge and usefulness of the inhabitants of heaven.

All these things taken together, that I have said on the point, appear to be some of the reasons discernable by us mortals, of finite and limited vision, why it may be best for yourself and others, and most advance the glory of the great God, for you to be detained in the flesh, (though in great affliction and weakness) some days, or even years longer. But if God should continue you, and were you not able, nor I for you, nor any body else, to see or to suppose one single reason for it, that would be no proof that he had not sufficient reasons, for he certainly would have. You know, that "now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face: now we know in part; but then shall we know, even as also we are known." And you remember distinctly, what our kind Saviour said to one of his disciples, who was a little too inquisitive—"Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now, but—(O how kind!) thou shalt know hereafter." Bear up, bear up then, be courageous firm and unmovable, and hope unto the end, and, though you be infirm, frail and feeble during all your stay, you shall hereafter know why it was so, and all about it.

It would be unreasonable and absurd to suppose that you, or any one else, should carry up on high a large amount of news and intelligence, and deliver it there as I have represented, increasing both the joy and the knowledge of the inhabitants, but receive no accounts, no intelligence from them in turn. Certainly they will rejoice and hasten to tell you all they know that you are capable of receiving; and will especially explain and expound to you, if they can, why you had to tarry so long in the flesh, being so very infirm and hanging on to life by so brittle a thread. But if their knowledge of the ways, and doings, and purposes of the great king do not extend so far, and they are unable to do it, then he who has said, "thou shalt know hereafter," will make good his word, and you have only to remember that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but his words shall not pass away." His words cannot fail, and he will satisfy you with regard to the whole matter.

But on the other hand, my old afflicted friend, is there at this moment not the least prospect or hope of your life being continued, but is it manifest to yourself and to all around that the "time of your departure is at hand;" it will be much more easy for you "to set your house in order" and be ready for the great change, than if you were in active life. You have, some time

since, laid aside the difficult and burdensome concerns of life, and it will not take you many minutes to settle all your affairs, give your dying advice, and charges, and exhortations to all around you, and to bid farewell to all friends. Then, it will only remain for you, like good old Jacob, to gather up your feet into the bed, and, with the fund of information which you have, including the most recent accounts and news, being yourself of full age, like as a shock of corn coming in his season, for you to yield up the ghost, and be gathered unto your people; to take your flight under convoy of an active band of winged, and holy, and mighty angels away to the heavenly city. Farewell.

July 27th, 1830.

The time has come for me to remind my reader that I have now accomplishd my plan and promise to attend to the peculiarities of the different classes of mankind in affliction. This, I was to do rather as it respected their standing and condition in society than the different diseases which were preying upon them. Whether I have done it to any good purpose or not, my reader must judge for him or herself. In order to make my little work as general and as complete as possible, allowing no great and stricking deficiency, and endeavouring to meet the disconsolate and attempting to console them, whatever may be the cause or the shape of their disconsolate condition, I have come to the conclusion that it will be necessary and incumbent upon me, to say a word or two for those afflicted by the afflictions of others, and a few more for the melancholy. This will be attending to those who labor under two general classes of calamities or diseases.

FOR THOSE AFFLICTED WITH THE AFFLICTIONS OF OTHERS.

Such are persons who have charge of the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame, the halt, the helpless, the deranged, and those that are subject to fits or any other disease or calamity which renders them unable to take care of themselves, as those who are not afflicted can and do. To this class belong all those abused, starved, broken-hearted wives, with their children, who are afflicted with the affliction of drunken husbands and fathers.

It is more generally the duty of the female part of mankind to remain at home and in the house, to attend to all domestic

concerns, than for the male part, whose avocations and employments call them to their fields, to their shops, and to take long journeys. It therefore more naturally, and more unavoidably, and necessarily belongs to the female part to take charge of and attend to those truly afflicted, and generally helpless, and therefore unavoidably filthy and loathsome objects whom I have mentioned above. The great weight of the burden usually lights upon mothers. From this setting forth of facts, it appears that my main business now, is to attempt to console the female part of the community, and especially mothers, not forgetting however that others, both male and female, may have charge of such objects. We ought all to be very thankful that such objects are not more numerous than they are. The most unhappy, trying and difficult are children, either born deficient or becoming so in their infancy or the early part of their lives. It is no uncommon thing for them to be deaf, or dumb, or helpless or idiots. One such will occupy nearly all the time, night and day, and exhaust almost the whole strength of a single person. The loss of sleep and rest on their account, is a very great privation. This, together with the anxiety of mind experienced concerning them, makes the affliction truly a double one, first upon themselves, and next upon the person or persons who have charge of them. It appears then, that the persons for whom I am now to seek consolation, though they are in health, are really afflicted, and not only so, but deeply so. Those who have to nurse the sick for a few weeks might even be said to be afflicted. But what is that to months and years, or a life-time. It is not my business, therefore, at this time, to visit those who are so well and hearty, and comfortable as to need no consolation, so as scarcely to bid me welcome when they see me coming, with a view to hold free, and familiar, and friendly, and encouraging, and cheering conversation with them, concerning their woes and sorrows. On the contrary, many a long-tried, way-worn, worn down mortal of this class, would rejoice to see any body coming to console them, even if they had reason to expect very little consolation from him.

Whether I have little or much, my friend, it is my earnest desire that you may receive all that can be discovered and obtained, from any source whatever, in the midst of your exhausting and wasting toils, and long and severe servitude.

I am now come to see the worst of your condition, and say and do what I can for you. Truly I see here a very unpleasant, difficult and trying object, on which it is your wearisome duty to attend. Time was, when you were unfettered, not bound to any thing of this kind. When you were free as others, "free as air."

and had many if not all the advantages, privileges, comforts and enjoyments of life. But even then you felt as if there was something wanting. You felt, at times, that same restless spirit, and those restless feelings from which none of our race, under any circumstances are free. The general burden of being in a world cursed by its Maker, of which world you are a part, was upon you. And you must be unlike all others, if you did not think that heavy enough and bad enough. You met with what you considered difficulties and trials with which you had to contend, and which you had to surmount. You, like all others knew but little of what was before you. And, like all others in another respect, you hoped for the best. But it has pleased Providence to bring upon you a large share of what, very likely, you consider the worst; and to fix it upon you, and to fasten it to you, and you to it, in such a manner that there seems to be little or no prospect that you will soon be delivered from it, if at all, before death. By this you are thrown out of the ordinary walks and ways of mankind; robbed of your liberty, and made an almost perpetual prisoner, to wait upon one who is perhaps, entirely an absolute and perpetual prisoner. I do not mean confined by the chains or walls of a criminal's prison, for that would be worse than to be confined by any bodily disease, no matter how great. This is the place then—this is the room where you have to spend long and laborious days, and long, and sleepless, and “wearisome nights.” Through the day you are not delivered from the ordinary concerns and duties of life, which you have in addition to your care of the afflicted; and during the silent, and soothing, and restorative hours of night, while the candles of all others are put out, and they themselves are wrapped in the sweet, refreshing slumbers of “balmy sleep,” your lamp casts its pale rays around, giving a sign to the occasional traveller, that trouble and sorrow have found an abode under the roof where it is your lot to dwell. Oft times your heart swells and fills with sadness and grief, and at the lonely moment when no eye sees you but that which incessantly looks on all, your eyes pour forth a flood of tears, and truly from heart and eyes your sorrows bleed. Poor soul! from what I here see of your case, and what I can readily suppose and believe, I feel sorry for you indeed. You must be altogether different from the generality of mankind, or you have had difficulty to see why it is that God spares the object of your charge, when it is no longer able to be useful, after the manner of mankind in general. No doubt you have had, and do have daily, such difficulty. When you are troubled and perplexed by the unpleasant and difficult duties you have to perform, your heart often says, and sometimes your head too—“why is it so? why *must* it be so? what good does

this poor creature do in the world?" Perhaps you cannot see any at all, but have continually staring you in the face, the miseries it endures, and the trouble, and labor, and expense it gives you and others. Nothing is more natural than this—nothing is more common. You, (and indeed all others,) are so much accustomed to looking on the outward appearance, that you do not think of the profoundly deep and allwise purposes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, and thus you are prone to have improper views and feelings on the subject. Your having these does not add to your comfort, but the contrary. Therefore if I can suggest only a few reasons why it is preserved, and these be satisfactory, or even plausible, it may tend to your consolation.

In the first place, the object of your charge may not be entirely destitute of enjoyment, though it may appear to be so to yourself and others. Its life, like that of all others, is prolonged by the use of food. No matter how irregular and morbid its system may be in receiving and digesting its food, it must have some enjoyment in the use of it. Even if it is bereft of its reason, it may have many more enjoyments than you are aware of. It may take delight in viewing the objects that are around it, and particularly the different persons that come within its sight. Persons who are deprived of their senses, may in the flights of their disordered and wandering imaginations, have enjoyments of which we have no knowledge. All persons often have no little pleasure in the dreams and visions of the night. But if it has the use of its reason, it may have very considerable enjoyments of an intellectual kind. Even if it is dumb and cannot communicate its ideas, it may have many and be steadily acquiring more. It may be a close observer of all things it beholds or hears of, and having a fund of information laid up in its mind, by the exercise of its memory, it may use and enjoy such information. In short, it may be moving on and advancing in knowledge and enjoyment according to its sphere; and being a nice observer of your ways and doings, and conduct in general, may be a witness for or against you, according to your goodness or badness, your faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Again, how do we know, my friend, that life is not important under almost any circumstances whatever. Dying and being removed in infancy, may, for aught we know, be a loss to all who are removed in their infancy or early years. To those who commence their existence on this world it may be a great privation to be taken away before they learn any thing about the world on which they sprang into being. And this may be true of those greatly afflicted and dreadfully distressed, yes, even idiots and deranged persons. God may make their stay altogether better for them than their removal. His wisdom is infinite.

"How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." Thus much I feel warranted to say, and to suggest with regard to the afflicted itself, as reasons and suggestions why its existence is prolonged here. But there may be far greater and more weighty reasons not only why it is afflicted, but why it is continued in life. The greatest and most probable of all reasons may be, that it is, first, for your good, and next, for the good of others.

Perhaps you were altogether out of the right way, before this trouble, this calamity was brought upon you. You may have been greatly lifted up with pride, going on with a high head, a lofty look, a stiff neck, a stout heart and an unbending knee, in the way to temporal and eternal destruction; feeling much self-importance and independence, and thus being far above the level of what this world really is, and what it is safe to aspire to. The Allwise, in great kindness to you, came to the conclusion that you needed a check, that you required to be humbled, lest you should rise so high that in bringing you down, you would eventually fall below hope and beyond recovery. And for the same reason this is continued upon you. It is that you may see, and learn, and know the truly humbled and unhappy condition of this world, and be sensible, that "before honor cometh humility," not merely to be humbled, but to feel humble. It is, (if you view it and receive it as you should) to give you an opportunity to show the world how many excellent qualities you can exhibit, in the most difficult and trying circumstances, in the discharge of the most arduous, unpleasant, wearisome and overcoming duties. How large an amount of submission, mildness, tenderness, patience and faithfulness you can possess, and exercise, and manifest continually. It is to be a perpetual beacon to remind you of your low, and sinful, and helpless state, and to make you know that your dependence is not in yourself, but upon God, who made you, and, who could in a moment put you into the condition of this poor afflicted creature. It is further, for a warning to others; that all, who come into its presence, all, who come this way, may look, see, learn, know, fear, tremble, and be humble, and be wise.

These are reasons sufficient, why the life of this afflicted mortal should be prolonged, and it is unnecessary for us to attempt to search out others, though there may be others discoverable by us, and a multitude of those which we cannot discover, far better than those which we can. It remains, therefore, that you view the matter thus, and act accordingly—that you bring your mind to your condition, if you would have consolation in the midst of your labors and trials. That you consider these reasons as satis-

factory, and acquiesce and submit without a murmur to the wise, and ever kind allotments of a superintending Providence over you. That you submit I say, not "as a wild bull in a net," nor yet as the tamer animals which are accustomed to the bridle and the yoke, but as a reasonable animal which has its duty so clearly pointed out to it that it cannot mistake. This is not the most trifling consolation, to know in so clear a manner your duty, and to have steady business. One of the greatest consolations however, is, that the affliction is not directly upon yourself, however much you may be indirectly affected by it. The proud pharisee thanked God that he was not as other men; that is, that he was more wise, more excellent, more holy and righteous, all of himself; he fasted twice in the week, and gave tithes of all he possessed. This was truly pride, self-conceit, and self-deception. But you may most humbly and gratefully thank God, that you are not as this poor mortal, and be in no danger of self-conceit nor self-deception. You can eat, and your food nourishes you, and you enjoy it; and therefore you have strength to go and come and do your work. You can also sleep soundly and sweetly when not interrupted; and, by being accustomed to be interrupted can fall asleep more suddenly, and sleep more soundly when a few moments are allowed you. Your mind can be occupied and amused through the day, by attending to many of the ordinary domestic concerns. You may receive friendly, unceremonious, sociable visits from your neighbors, and be revived and cheered by their free, familiar, and kind conversation. And, by getting some trust-worthy faithful person to take your place, you may sometimes leave your unhappy charge and your prison, and go out and see the world and visit your friends. Though you should not at any time or on any occasion, suffer your mind to wander from, and forget the miserable object which is under your special charge, yet you should not at *all* times, and on *all* occasions, allow your mind to dwell upon it, so as to mar and break your peace continually. You should be anxious but not over-anxious, not anxious to a fault. Accordingly it will be proper for you to indulge your mind on proper occasions, in thinking about things more pleasant and entertaining, and especially when you are in company. I do not mean that you should assume the airs of jocosity and levity: this is unbecoming in any person, and would be peculiarly so in you, and would by no means tend to your comfort and consolation. The change from merriment and mirth, to the discharge of your serious, unpleasant and trying duties, would be so great, as to leave you in a state of depression and sadness, far below that in which you were before you thus wildly and heedlessly indulged. My meaning is, that you should sober-

ly and judiciously enjoy those rational and prudent relaxations and recreations of mind, which have a soothing, restorative and happy effect on beings constituted as we are, and involved, to the extent that we are, in trouble and sorrow. Do so then, take this course, and you will gather in no little consolation. In all these things that I have mentioned, you may receive more or less consolation.

The last thing I have named was intercourse, and conversation, and communion with your friends, who are your fellow mortals around you. As I have said, they can do much for you, but they are finite and feeble, and therefore what they can do is only temporary and very much limited. Would you seek for all that consolation which you are capable of receiving, you must take a more extended, enlarged and exalted view, you must "look aloft," you must look on high. Your eyes must be directed to the great source and fountain of all consolation, the infinite and Almighty God. He it is, who gave you being, and, who gave being to the now miserable object on which it is your duty to tend and wait. All power and all blessings are in his hands. "The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works." And at the same time it is he, who says, in the fullness of his sovereignty, "I wound and I heal." Hear then the words of his servant—"Behold happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles! yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Go to him, therefore, as unto the ablest and the best; and reflect as you go that he is not finite but infinite. That if he undertake for you, if he rise up to do you good, there is no being that can put him down, or in the least retard him, or disappoint him in his designs and purposes. That he is subject to no accident, or any kind of casualty, or mistake, or weakness, but what he designs to do, he does without failure.—That if he will to do you good, it will be done. And with regard to his willingness, take the encouragement which he himself gives, when he says—"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." Pray therefore; go unto God as a child unto his father, with all your troubles. Take with you this poor afflicted creature—stand in his presence, and pour into his listening ear, all the contents of your aching heart—show him the whole burden of your grief, and let him hear the long complaint of your sorrows and trials. Do all this with faith, and trust, and hope, and do it daily, and continue to do it, and cease not, and he will comfort you, and you will be comforted and consoled. He will listen to you and

answer your prayers, either by restoring this poor creature entirely to health, or to a more comfortable state; or by resigning you to your lot, and affording you strength and courage, to bear up, to persevere and endure unto the end. And he will make the end of it and of yourself on the earth, to come about in his own good appointed time, be that sooner or later. If he continues you both here a length of time and even permits it to get worse, so as greatly to add to its afflictions and distresses, and to your labors, and toils, and trials, and anxieties, and sorrows, you must not be surprised, nor discouraged, nor by any means distrust him, nor in the least repine against his providence. Trust in him in the same manner, and even more fully and entirely than the passengers on board of a ship trust in the captain to take them safely across the boisterous ocean, and to land them in the desired haven.—And he will certainly, whether you think so during the time of your toils, and trials, and troubles or not, bear you safely and triumphantly through them all. Esteem him and love him as a good child does his father, and he will, without the least failure, cause “all things to work together for your good,” even your severest trials. Yea, although (in the language of an apostolic sufferer) you feel like saying—“I am killed all the day long,” yet in all these things, in all things, he will bring you off “more than conqueror through him that loved us. For * * * neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate *you* from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” He will serve himself with you upon the earth, and when that is done, he will take you to himself, to his rest in the heavens. And, with regard to the unhappy being whom it is your duty to take care of, I would say to you, that, if it is capable of receiving instruction, it is your duty to instruct it very carefully, according to its abilities and opportunities, in all the great and important matters of life and death—in every thing that respects its duties and obligations to its fellow beings, and especially to God. It is your duty to teach it, in a plain simple manner, the existence of God, and to cause it to know something about his attributes. You should particularly endeavor to satisfy its mind why it is that God afflicts it as he does, that it may be patient, and suffer in hope. You should teach it how to meditate and view things so as to draw favorable conclusions and to bring in every thing and circumstance to comfort and console its mind. You should teach it how to pray—how to go to its heavenly father, and to speak to him and plead with him, and to beg for help and consolation from his paternal and Almighty hand. And, lastly, you should by no means fail to en-

courage it to hope with all its heart, for final deliverance from all affliction, sin and sorrow, and admission into a better and happier world.

These things you should do for it, from time to time, continually praying to God most earnestly for his kind interposition in its behalf, and committing it into his hands, and trusting him to take care of it, as I have advised you to trust him to take care of yourself. And if it is incapable of receiving instruction, you should in the same unreserved way, commit it into his hands and trust him to take care of it, both in time and in eternity, and he will do it according to his justice, wisdom and mercy. Doing these things and taking this course, which is altogether the best that I can think of for you, you will have good ground to hope that all will eventually be well with you and it. That, though you both are afflicted now, and may be for sometime longer, yet in due time you will both be delivered from and raised above all afflictions, trials, pains and sorrows, and be put in possession of all that happiness which you are capable of enjoying in the heavenly world. Thus you will now, at this present time, have hope, and hope reaching not merely the short length of the things of time and earth, but reaching into heaven and on through eternity. Hope, I say, and hope of one kind or another, higher or lower, earthly or heavenly, in all cases whatever, constitutes far the larger part of the consolations of the afflicted. And it is my warm and parting wish for you, my afflicted friend, that all good hopes, earthly and heavenly, may be yours, and may be realized unto you. Farewell.

Aug. 6th, 1830.

FOR THE MELANCHOLY.

Many and various are the diseased and unhappy affections of the human mind, to which the sons and daughters of men are subject. As it is impossible for the body to suffer without the mind's partaking of its sufferings, so also is it impossible for the mind to suffer without the body's being afflicted. The physicians as well as metaphysicians differ among themselves concerning the nature and faculties of the mind, when in health, or in its best state here below, and no less about it when disordered. Notwithstanding, they are pretty generally united in classing its disorders into two great general classes—Melancholia and Mania.

In this they follow the ancient Greeks, and adopt the words of their language to convey their meaning. The word melancholia,

in Greek, means, black bile, and was originally used by the Greeks, because they believed a gloomy, pensive, state of mind to arise from an abundance of black bile. The word mania, in their language, means fury or rage. When a person, with them, became wild in the mind, and raved and raged, they called it mania. There are many other words used, either synonymous with these two, or expressing some particular species, or degree of mental disorder or alienation, under one or the other of these two general classes. Because the opinion prevailed for a length of time that the spleen was the principal seat of that disease which produced a gloomy state of mind, persons being thus affected were said to have the spleen, or to be spleeny, or splenetic. This is synonymous with melancholia.—It is a fact that the physicians have never yet been able to discover the offices of the spleen. Again, from the fact that such patients, who were men, complained of much uneasiness and distress in the hypochondrical regions of the abdomen, it was called hypochondriasis, viz: a disease seated in the hypochondria. This is also generally considered synonymous, or nearly so, with melancholia. It is a Greek word, and if we were to examine its etymology we would soon see how nearly the two words are related to one another in their original meaning. Melancholia means black bile.—The liver is that great organ or viscus, which produces the bile. Hypochondrion, means, under the cartilage.—The liver lies under the cartilages of the ribs of the right side, and partly under the ribs themselves. Thus, when we speak of melancholia; black bile, we speak of that which is produced or secreted in the right hypochondrion, by the liver, and, thus far, it plainly appears that the two words have the same meaning. But because there is a left side as well as a right, there is a hypochondrion there also, in which are contained the stomach and the spleen, so that the two cavities are called by a Greek plural hypochondria, that is, the places on both sides under the cartilages of the ribs. Following the etymology, it would give us a rather more extended meaning to hypochondriasis, than to melancholia. The one however is generally admitted to embrace the other. Therefore, when a male person is said to have the hypochondriasis, you may understand him to have the same thing as melancholia. The words hypo and hyp, are parts of the word hypochondriasis used in familiar language, by people in general, and conveying the same meaning that the whole word does in more scientific phraseology.

That disease in the female sex which, in some of its great and leading characteristics, very much resembles the hypochondriasis in men, but which the ancients believed and most

moderns believe to be altogether a different disease, is called by a greek word *hysteria*, which has a meaning peculiar to the female sex. In English it is called not hysteric, but hysterics, because it effects them much more in the way of fits than the hypochondriasis does men. It is attended in a general way with the same depression of spirits and gloominess which belong to the other, and therefore when women are subject to hysteria or hysterics, it is the same thing as their being in a melancholy state, with all those peculiarities which belong to their sex. There is an other and plainer term for the disease applicable to both sexes, under which name, of late, it has spread and is prevailing to an alarming extent in the middle and southern sections of our country; this term is in plain English, the liver disease. And because all the digestive organs, the stomach and bowels, liver and pancreas, are found to be more or less disordered in melancholy patients, they are said to have the dyspepsia, that is a general derangement of the chylipoetic or digestive organs. And further, those persons that fall into a despairing way, and think they will come to starvation and the lowest degrees of wretchedness, and shame, and contempt, and ruin on the earth, expecting to be forsaken by all their friends, by all peace and hope, and by God himself, not only in this world, but in the world to come, are said to be melancholy. They often accuse themselves with all manner of crimes, small and great, the most atrocious and daring, and horrid, even "the blasphemy against the holy ghost, which is not to be forgiven in this world nor in that which is to come." The persons who go to such extremes in blaming themselves are generally known by all who know them to be guilty of no such things, but to be very moral and exemplary in their lives. There are however some exceptions. Lastly, because the nerves of persons who complain in some such manner as I have said are almost invariably found to be in a state of general derangement; they are said to be nervous. I have sometimes thought that the medical faculty have fallen into a mistake in saying they are nervous, and that they should have said they are nerveless; be that as it may, their meaning is that their nerves are out of tone. As the nerves are the immediate organs of all feeling in the animal system, you may readily conceive that great uneasiness and distress will arise from their being out of tone.

That the reader may have a little more full and clear view of this matter. I will attempt to give him a description of the great outlines of the nervous system. The word nerve is derived from the latin word *nervus*, and means a string or cord,

so that the nerves of the animal system are strings or cords running in all directions throughout our bodies. Writers, on the subject, until of late, considered the head to be the great origin and centre of the nerves. Some more modern writers of indelatigable research have questioned that position, and from discoveries which they made particularly in acephalus monsters, have advanced and maintained the idea that a considerable number originate in the spinal marrow independently of the head, and are so many independent systems of nerves. They admit however that all the different systems are connected by filaments; so that with regard to what I have in view, it is not very material whether you follow the old writers and consider the head to be the only great origin of the nerves, or the more modern, and consider the head to be a great system in connection with smaller systems. Taking either view of the subject, the nerves are the organs of our five senses, smelling, seeing, hearing, tasting and feeling.

You may view the nerves, then, as commencing in the head and along the back bone of considerable size and running in every direction throughout our whole frame, becoming smaller and smaller as they approach to their places of termination. Their branches and ramifications become so numerous and so small where they terminate in the outside of the skin, that we cannot see them with the naked eye, though they cover the whole surface of the skin, so that you cannot put down the point of a needle without touching one of their terminations. And this, by some, is believed to be the case in our inner parts, yea, in the bones themselves. The effect of a touch no larger than this is received by the small point of the nerve and runs along back the little, minute branch, until it comes to a larger branch, and so on to the larger still, till it runs the whole round of the nerves, even to the most distant part from that from which it started. If it be received at the foot, it will be instantly felt in the head, and in the very skin of the head, and to the very ends of the fingers. This is what is called the sympathies of the system. And that you may have a more enlarged and correct view of the matter still, I would inform you that in order to make these sympathies perfect and instantaneous, the former of our bodies has placed in the midst of all these branches and plexuses a large nerve communicating with the whole, which the doctors call the great sympathetic nerve.

To aid your view a little more, suppose you had a complete set of nerves, all other parts of the body being removed from them, and they remaining entire as they are in the living subject, from the head down through all the members, their ganglia,

trunks, branches, plexuses and ramifications, the whole a complete but complex net work of threads or nerves running across one another and interlocking in every direction; suppose this, I say, to be suspended before you, and then suppose all these threads to be wires instead of what they are, and take a bit of iron in your hand and hit one of the extremities a slight blow, and you will see every particle vibrate and hear a sound run through the whole. All this will help your views of the nervous system, and plainly show you that it is the great organ of feeling in our frame. It is the great organ through which we have all our aches and pains as well as our joys and pleasures. The physicians sum up their account of the uses and powers of the nerves by calling them the organs of sensation and motion. Without them we would have neither of our five senses nor be able to have any motion in our bodies. We would be like the trees of the forest which do not twinge nor groan when we cut them down.

If an incision be made into a limb of the human body and its nerves taken up by a hook, and a thread tied round them, the outer end of the limb will lose its feeling and its power of motion. The like of this you may see with great clearness in persons who are palsied. The palsy is strictly a nervous disease, and one too of the most dreadful kind. It most usually effects one whole side, passing down exactly in the centre of the body. You only need to see such patients to be convinced of the truth of what I say. Handle the palsied side and they will tell you they do not feel it; ask them to raise their hand or foot and they cannot do it, they have no power of motion in those parts. Upon the whole, I take it for granted that you are now prepared to see that the nerves are a very important as well a very delicate part of us, and that, when diseased, especially in a high degree, we must necessarily be wretched throughout our whole frame. It is true that the nerves may be suddenly and violently affected by any or all pleasant or unpleasant passions of the mind; especially by fear, or being suddenly alarmed; but they will soon become composed and calm again, as a musical instrument when the bow is removed from the strings; and unless the person is a very delicate female or the fright truly great, no bad effects will be felt or ensue. Such affections do not gain the name of nervous disorders. The nerves are not said to be diseased until the cause producing their disease has operated so long and so severely as to put them habitually out of order, so that nervous diseases are mostly of a chronic character. It is true that all nervous patients are affected more or less by spells or paroxysms, and you know that the strongest

and most violent and terrific convulsions are caused by disordered nerves and head. Lest the reader should labor under a mistake concerning a disordered state of the nerves, I must not fail to tell him that it is one of the most difficult and inscrutable things that presents itself to the investigation of the philosophic mind. It is totally unlike other diseases in any part of the animal frame. The following definition is that given in Rees' cyclopædia, "Nervous diseases are those diseases which appear to arise independently of any organic change of structure, and are therefore ascribed to some indefinite derangement of the sensible and irritable powers of the animal frame, of which the brain and nervous system are the seat and channel of communication."

Take notice; he says, "independently of any organic change of structure." This is true, there is no change in the size, shape, colour, or appearance of these little threads or nerves in us, when they become diseased. Even when patients are very much diseased, and the seat of their disease is no where else but in their nerves, they appear just as they did when the persons were well. "When the power of transmitting sensation and motion is lost, nutrition still goes on, and the nerves remain as large in a paralysed as in a healthy limb. Perhaps they may be diminished in size, when the whole limb begins to be reduced. We know nothing of any changes in these organs, after long continued painful diseases, as cancers etc.," Rees' cyclo: Such is the peculiarity of their nature and structure, that when a person dies by gangrene or mortification, or in other words rots while alive, they resist mortification more powerfully than most other parts. Yes, even after death, they decay more slowly than most other parts. This may satisfy your mind how it is that persons can suffer so much and so long in their nerves, even a long life, and all the time appear pretty well, and at intervals, have a great deal of strength; not only how it is that melancholy persons appear so well and last so long as they often do, but how it is that those actually and totally deranged can eat as they do, and be strong at times, and live a long time. I say, from these facts you may see why those disorders are not more fatal than they are, but I do not mean that you can see any thing of the cause and nature of them. I wish you specially to bear in mind another part of the definition given above; that is this; "therefore, ascribed to some indefinite derangement of the sensible and irritable powers of the animal frame." Indefinite derangement; unrefined, and I may add undefinable. It cannot be discovered, known or told what the derangement is, no, not by the most penetrating genius. "We are profoundly ignorant"

says Rees, "not indeed for the want of attempts at explanation, for they have been abundant in all ages of physiology; but because the operations are not cognisable by our senses, any more than those which take place in matter when it exhibits the phenomena of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, etc." It is as inscrutable as the first causes or essences of light, heat and cold, and many other things in metaphysical science and in religion. These things are mysterious; are mysteries. The learned world have, some time since, after long and indefatigable and almost invincible labor, given up that these things cannot be fathomed and explained, and that it is decidedly the wisdom of man to let the first causes and essences of things alone, and to attend to their operations and effects, which come within the range of their intellectual powers, and which may be useful when known; the others are not useful, and therefore are not permitted to come within the compass of our understandings. They are the secret things which belong unto the Lord our God.

All this I have thought it necessary to say to you concerning melancholy, as you will hear of it under the name of nervous disorders; that when you hear, you may know something about what you hear, having at least an outline of the nerves and their operations.

But perhaps you feel at a loss and are ready to ask me why I have spoken to you so much in giving the various names and definitions of melancholy, about black bile, the spleen, the liver, the nerves etc., all which are parts of the body and not the mind; and this too, when the very first sentence which I penned under the head of melancholy, spoke of it as a diseased affection of the human mind, and when this is, what mankind in general understand melancholy to be, and what it really is more or less. I would just reply to this enquiry, that the word melancholy itself, and all others that I have mentioned as conveying the same or nearley the same meaning, were used by the medical faculty, because they believed trouble in the mind to settle in some one or more of these parts of the body, or trouble originating in some one or more of these parts to find its way into the mind and trouble that. Thus believing them to be in some cases causes, and in others effects. This is undoubtedly the fact, of which more hereafter.

I will now gratify you by proceeding to speak directly of the mind itself as being affected or diseased. Human beings are composed of two constituent parts and no more, soul and body, or what is the same thing, mind and matter. Our bodies are matter, and every thing that we see or feel around us is matter. With this all are well acquainted. About our minds we know less, much

less, but we are conscious that we have minds, and God, in great kindness, has clearly and fully revealed and declared the fact unto us. The mind is the immaterial or spiritual part of us; it is the intellectual or thinking and reasoning part. Not like the body, it receives its origin directly from God himself, and it is immortal or deathless, not tending to or subject to death as the body is. None but God can put it out of existence or destroy it. It is capable of enjoying much and of suffering much. To speak by the way of comparison, infinitely more than the body.

It suffers from melancholy, and melancholy is strictly in the mind, and has its origin and first seat there, when it arises from things without us, by our thoughts and desires going out to them. When any of our passions are moved, or excited, or attracted by external objects, in such a manner, to such an extent, and degree, and duration, as to make us habitually pensive or sad, or to have a tendency to sadness, then we are melancholy and our melancholy is in the mind. Perhaps you do not apprehend my meaning, and are at a loss to know how the mind is affected in the way that I mean. I will illustrate it by a few suppositions, examples and statements. In the first place, I will select the passion of fear. Suppose you yourself were quietly and composedly walking, in the silent hours of night, along a lonely path leading through a thick copse of dismal woods, and that all of a sudden you should hear some unknown, loud and terrific noise right by your side, and that you should stand agast, and your heart beat quick and high. I would ask you what it would be that would cause your heart to beat thus? no person strikes you, nothing touches your body. It is your mind that is first operated upon, and that immediately and powerfully; and it as immediately and powerfully affects the body, therefore the heart palpitates with hammering violence, and seems as if it would knock your sides out.

I will now mention an instance that comes under the head of nostalgia, or home sickness. A certain doctor Hamilton, surgeon in the British army in the year 1781, reported this case as coming under his cognizance and management. He tells us that a soldier, who was a welchman, named Edwards, was sent to the hospital with a message from his captain, requesting him to be put on the sick list. He had only been a few months a soldier, was young and handsome and well made. He complained of a general weakness, but no fixed pain. The doctor could not discover what was the matter with him; he suspected he might be under an incipient typhus, and ordered what he judged necessary to obviate it. Some weeks passed

with little or no alteration, except that he was more meagre. He never had any cough, but became weaker and weaker. Exercise was recommended, he could not be roused to it; he was put on a course of strengthening medicines, and wine was allowed him, but all in vain. At the end of three months he was greatly emaciated and had every appearance of one in the last stage of the consumption; in short the doctor looked upon him as lost; but at this next visit he inquired of his nurse how he rested; the nurse replied that he had been very weak, and that all he had said was about his home and his friends; what he was able to speak was constantly on this topic. The doctor had never heard the slightest mention of this before; but upon inquiry, he found he had talked most desirously of home from the very beginning. He immediately broached the subject to him, and it was a theme which affected him; he talked on it with great alacrity, yet with a deep sigh when he himself mentioned his never more being able to see his friends. He asked the doctor with earnestness, if he would let him go home. The doctor told him he was altogether too weak to think of such a thing, promised him assuredly that, as soon as he was able, he should have six weeks to go home on furlow. He revived at the very thoughts of it. It seems he had requested leave to visit his native place, soon after he joined the army, but being only a recruit and but a few months from home, he was refused. This had hung on his spirits ever since. Thus the doctor clearly knew what was the matter with him. He saw distinctly that it was the strong and incessant longings of his mind to visit that dear and beloved spot which was the home of his youth, and where all his lively and ardent feelings of the first years of his life had glowed, been attracted and riveted. The breaking loose of these attractions and attachments of the mind was so dreadful and rending, that it tore down his body almost into the grave. From this time the doctor says (to use his own words,) "I entreated him to take food to strengthen him for his journey, and, as soon as he was able, to go out into the open air a little in the afternoon, when the weather would permit, that he might be the sooner able to go home. He listened eagerly to every word I said. In short, his appetite soon mended, and I saw in less than a week evident signs of recovery. He now became lively, though so weak that he could not get in or out of bed without assistance: he strove to set up; two men took him between them, in the heat of the day, and placed him on a seat they had erected for him on the beach, where he had a view of the shipping. In a little time he was able to walk. Every visit I paid him he resumed the subject of the furlow,

which I persisted in promising, seeing the good effects it had already produced, and, in less than two months from the time he had received the promise, he was able to leave the hospital and go" home. This disease had its origin strictly in the mind, and is a very striking case of mental disorder. The dreams of the night are the imaginations and flights of the mind. Their powerful effects upon the body are well known to every person. They sometimes cause them to call out and scream aloud, so as to terrify themselves and others. They affect the body so powerfully as to cause some persons to walk in their sleep and to endanger their lives, and some actually go out at the windows of high stories, and dash themselves to death on the ground. Some years ago, the writer dreamed that he was travelling and was attacked by a Russian with a large knife in his hand. I met him with a club, but was unsuccessful in depriving him of his knife. I seized him with the knife in his hand, and by a powerful effort whirled him under me, and held him with a firm grasp, but he had play enough with his right hand to turn the knife directly to my heart which he did, and I thought I felt it entering and finding its way into that vital organ. At this moment I awoke; my body was greatly agitated, all in tremor, but especially my heart palpitated as if it would indeed knock my sides out. These were the effects of the mind. Any person that recollects his or her dreams, can bear witness to things similar. I might go on to enumerate a multitude of cases in which the mind has, from some cause or other, been affected with joy or grief, etc., and greatly affected the body. Persons have been greatly revived and elated by things agreeable and joyous, and have rejoiced in exultation and ecstasies, yea, some have even died in fits of laughter; and their own imaginations have taken the lives of others. The account of the criminal whose imagination took his life, is now extensively known, and holds a place on record in our books of science. It is about as follows: for his crimes he was condemned to be hung. The doctors got permission to make an experiment upon him; made the necessary preparations, went to his prison, and told him his sentence was changed, that he was to be bled to death, and that they had come to do it. They blindfolded him; told him how many minutes it would take him to bleed to death; made an incision into his arm, but not into a blood vessel; poured warm water onto his arm, causing it to run off and into a vessel below, in such a way as to make him believe it was the running blood; held the watch, and kept reminding him how many minutes he yet had. He grew paler and paler, and when they told him the last minute had come, he fell over and actually died.

When the mind broods over a thing, or circumstance which it considers calamitous, and has difficulty to turn from it or forget it, this is called grieving or grief. I will add one instance more of this character to explain the melancholy of the mind. Two years ago I was riding out for my health, in a strange neighborhood in the country. At the farther end of my ride I stopped in a cabin to rest, and to see and converse with the humble inhabitants. I was courteously received—a chair was handed.—The man of the house was not at home—the mother was surrounded by three or four children, one nearly half grown. She seated herself again, and silently and attentively resumed her sewing. Being weary myself and desirous to rest and regain my strength before I should commence conversation, I was also silent for some minutes, but my eyes were neither shut nor my ears stopped. The profound silence was broken and my attention attracted by a deep sigh from the good woman of the house.—I said nothing—in a few minutes I observed another such, only apparently more deep, and in a few minutes more, a third one, which was so great as to cause her to raise her head and extend her chest in making it. I observed at the same time on every lineament of her countenance, sorrow and grief to be glaringly depicted. I could no longer permit silence to reign—madam, said I, what is the matter? She slowly replied with another deep sigh, that she had trouble—that within three weeks she had buried three of her children. I tenderly, and with an affectionate tone added, that that was indeed trouble. I listened with the deepest interest to the sad narrative of her uncommon trials. It was truly affecting.—The hardest heart could but have been moved, and the driest eyes must have overflowed, while witnessing the overflowings of hers, and the heart-rending sobs which it was beyond her strength and fortitude to restrain. I conversed with her most soothingly and affectionately for a length of time. I brought to view every thought and consideration I could possibly think of, to calm and console her. When I had said every thing that it was in my power to say, I told her that if she would call her remaining children around her, and have them to kneel down, I would pray with her. This she most gladly did, but by bursts of grief, in some measure interrupted my most earnest supplications and intreaties to the God who giveth life and taketh life, for his gracious smiles, and his kind blessings, on her and her absent husband and their surviving children. When we arose from prayers, she seemed as if she considered my kindness as indescribably great. I was feeble—I had exhausted my strength, (for it was in my feeble days since I commenced the writing of this book,) and therefore thought it best to get home to the place where I then lived. L

shook hands with her and bid her an affectionate farewell. She was at an utter loss for words, to express her thanks to me.— Though I cannot myself describe her feelings, the reader may have some faint conception of her gratitude. This was the first and last time I ever saw her.

I have introduced this mournful tale, of wo to explain to you, by a striking example, the melancholy of the mind, and its effects upon the body. This poor bereft mother was in good health of body, and looked very hearty, but her mind, brooding and pouring over the unparalleled afflictions through which she had just come in a constant and uncontrollable way, retarded and made sluggish, the healthy and active operations of her body, and caused her to sigh and weep. She sighed to gain relief.—She wept for the same purpose. The mind and body are united, and must act together, in order to their mutual ease and enjoyment. Her mind was almost entirely drawn off from the immediate concerns of her body, abstracted from it, and entirely set upon the scenes of heart-rending trouble and grief, through which she had just passed. Therefore, the fluids of her body, and particularly her blood, flowed too slowly and filled, and oppressed her heart, not being thrown out with its usual activity. This insensibly caused her to inhale a large draught of air into her lungs, and deeply into them. By this operation they were swelled to their full size by the air, which drove the blood that was in them, out of them, into the heart, and stirred it up to more lively action. Thus she gained temporary relief; and this is the philosophy of a sigh. The philosophy of tears is much the same. They are prepared by the lachrymal apparatus, for the purpose of moistening moderately, but continually the eye, and the internal coats of the nose, but grief (as was the case with her) causes them copiously to overflow and trickle down our cheeks in briny rivulets; and by this uncommon and extraordinary evacuation, we gain temporary relief. These things, and these examples I have thought it necessary to adduce, in order clearly to set before you what I mean by melancholy's commencing in the mind. You will see, however, more on the subject in what I am about to say, relative to the causes of melancholy in general.

The causes of melancholy, so far as discernable by us, are, like the degrees and characteristics of it, very numerous and various. All persons are, from one cause or another, at times, more or less low spirited, gloomy, melancholy. No one entirely escapes all the surrounding, abounding and superabounding ills, and troubles, and trials, and perplexities, and calamities of life and time. Neither has any one strength and courage, or even hardihood to bear all these without feeling gloomy and oppressed.

As it is a fact then, that every soul is subject to disappointments, losses and crosses, troubles and trials; taking this view of the subject we might consider the whole mass of the population of the earth, as so many melancholy patients. Every one that will be candid, and speak out and tell us the truth, will admit that he or she is at times, more or less discouraged and low spirited. Some are much better calculated than others, to conceal their troubles, and bear up under them; more patient, firm and unyielding. They will endure great trials and look cheerful and pleasant. But it is not so with all, far from it. Some are much more liable to melancholy, and either are not inclined, or not able to resist it so successfully. It has its effects however, and its powerful effects, upon all, whether they can resist and conceal it or not.

The first cause of melancholy which I shall mention, and which is a great and prevailing cause, is a constitutional predisposition or tendency to it, in certain persons, which they inherit from their parents. The doctors very often tell such patients, that their trouble is constitutional, either originating in themselves or inherited from their immediate or more remote ancestors. They mean that their whole constitution of body and mind, is of such a peculiar cast, and the mind so connected with the body, and particularly the nervous system of the body so peculiarly constructed, and delicately strung, and toned, and of such exquisite sensibilities, that they are very strongly inclined, and prone to feel too acutely, and thereby to become habitually melancholy. Even these are not without blame, but are much less blameable than some others.

Another great cause of melancholy, is disappointment in some grand and favorite scheme, undertaking, object or project. Another consists in the loss of something valuable, near and dear—as of property, or dear relations or friends by death, of which I have but now given an example in the poor woman, and might give much stronger ones still. Cases of persons being inconsolable about the loss of very affectionate mothers or fathers, brothers or sisters, husbands or wives, &c. and pining away in hopeless melancholy. Another great and very serious cause is, disappointment in love. With the utmost chastity, gravity and dignity, I would speak on this subject. I consider it one, of no less moment among mankind, than most of those I have already mentioned, or shall likely be able to mention. I consider it of so great weight and magnitude in society, that at one time I had come to a determination to introduce a special article on it, in this work, under the title of—The disappointed lover's consolation—my limits would not admit it. My design was to teach,

instruct, caution, warn and guide all young persons of both sexes in this most delicate and vitally important business. In order to do what I could to prevent imprudences and improprieties between them, and those destructive and fatal consequences of disappointment, which so often occur in society. We very frequently hear of persons not only becoming melancholy from this source, but falling into total and frightful derangement of mind. It is found by the medical faculty, that a very considerable proportion of the inmates of our lunatic asylums, are sent there by disappointment in love. The female part of mankind, from many considerations, and amongst the rest from dire necessity, do a great deal more at concealing their troubles, than the male. Many, very many of our finest females, far more than the superficial observer is at all aware of, pine away from this kind of disappointment, letting no person know what is the matter with them, if they can help it. The other sex more rude and savage, fight duels, &c. &c. Though they too, in many instances, fall into the deepest melancholy, from this source, and into insanity itself.

I have long thought that much more might be done and ought to be done on this subject, by the sober, wise, moral and moralizing part of our community, than is doing, especially by the writers of our day; and more especially still by the editors of newspapers, those far travelling wide ranging vehicles of knowledge, which are seen by almost every person in the community, no matter how obscure. That much, much more should be done by these did I say? infinitely better nothing at all than what they do do. Several columns of almost every number of them, are crowded with fictitious and high wrought love tales, having very little moral in them, or none at all, and much better—incomparably better calculated to increase the evils of which I am speaking, than to prevent and do them away—than to make less, meliorate, mitigate and remove the woes and sufferings of human kind. Some few it is true, are exempt from this charge, but not so with the great mass. Editors put them in to amuse and tickle the fancies of their readers, especially the young and giddy. And I find it very difficult to persuade myself to believe that they do not do it in order to swell the list of their subscribers, and increase the weight of their purses. Even our most aged and grave political editors are not free from this charge. It has become so universally fashionable, that it seems as if no political paper dares show its face without having inscribed thereon a large inscription and impression of this futile and mischievous trash. I would rejoice to see the last vestige of it swept away, and *greatly* rejoice to see the columns that it now fills, filled with sound moral philosophy on the same point: gravely, and in a parental manner

giving those lessons which would have a tendency to teach and induce both sexes, of a marriageable age, to act most strictly and rigidly correct towards each other. To lay aside all knight-errantry, gallantry, and coquetry, and every species and degree of deceit and insincerity with regard to marriage; and to put on, and observe, and exhibit the most modest, chaste, sincere, honorable, pure and dignified conduct towards each other, with respect to every thing that has the least bearing towards this vitally important matter. And when they have serious designs of forming this sacred contract and alliance, to do it with all possible prudence, honorably and above board, with the soundest and most inviolable honesty, integrity and fidelity. Thus, much evil would be shunned, and much happiness secured.

That young man, who, by words or actions, even in the slightest way, makes a young lady believe that he has serious designs of seeking her hand and heart in the sacred bonds of wedlock, and thus enlists her feelings, when he has no such designs, would find a home altogether too good in a solitary cell of a penitentiary. And that young lady, who, rudely and wantonly, or even carelessly, encourages a young gentleman to settle his feelings upon her with hope of gaining her affections, and who does not modestly, but fully and firmly let him know that she has no such mutual designs (if she really has none,) deserves a home but little better. Upon all such deceitful and double dealing, society should frown with stern and inexorable contempt. This prudent, chaste, correct and dignified course of which I have spoken, I would most seriously recommend to all the unmarried who design to marry—and to every one who has the great unhappiness and the almost unparalleled trial, to labor under disappointed love, from whatever cause; either from his or her own fault, or the fault of others, or by a special act of Providence, I would say, in brief, that perhaps this object is not the only person upon the earth worthy of your love. It may be far otherwise, and there may be a thousand and ten thousand not far from you, equally worthy of all your affections, your whole heart; and a sufficient number of them within your reach and power. Why then, needlessly and foolishly permit the stings of disappointment to continue to goad you? Why suffer your mind to fall into gloominess and melancholy? Can you not regain yourself as well as the widower and the widow, when their companions are torn from them by death? Be yourself, my friend, put on all your original strength and courage, self-command and independence, and restrain and resist your feelings courageously. I do not mean that you should treat the object of which you have been disappointed, with the least disrespect, unless it has manifestly deserved so to be treated. If

in the judgment of others as well as yourself it has, I will even allow you to hate it, and thus you will cease to love it, and surmount your disappointment. But whether or not, by all means turn your thoughts, and tear your loves away from it, and in due time, as soon as convenient, turn them to another, and thus you will sooner and more entirely forget the former; your wound will heal, and your heart will become whole again. It is now time for me to return from this digression and regularly to pursue my subject.

Passing over a number of rather inconsiderable causes of melancholy, I shall speak of only two more. The first is a sedentary and confined life, being shut in from the air. Those whose business confines them to the house during the hours of day or sunshine, as well as at night, are the whole female part of the community, besides many of our mechanics, shop and store keepers, together with all classes and orders of studious, and learned and professional men. All our females, with some slight exceptions, both in country and town, are confined to the house. Those in the country, though confined, are not sedentary and inactive. They have their sewing to do, but little or none that is unnecessary or superfluous; and this is much interrupted and laid aside to attend to domestic and culinary concerns; their lives are therefore athletically active, and this is also true with respect to many in towns and cities, particularly the poor, and all those who are hired to do domestic and culinary labor. A very large proportion however, in our towns and opulent cities, spend their lives closely confined to their needles and their seats, some to make their livings, others to adorn and decorate their bodies, or rather, alas! to deform and make frightful their bodies; by superfluous, extravagant, vain and foolish dresses, with their ruffles, flounces, figures and embroidery, requiring a hundred stitches where plain ones would require only ten; and each of these ten would speak a louder word in their favor, in the judgment of men of wisdom and real character, than the whole hundred taken together. Loud-er did I say, the whole hundred taken together speak but one word, and that is a very weak and feeble one, viz: folly. Folly indeed, for instead of gaining any thing, they very frequently lose their health, and are added to the list of the melancholy. And thus not merely by being confined in making gewgaw dresses and bonnets, but by compressing their chests and destroying the action of their lungs by tight lacing.—The aspiring, restless, unsatisfied, discontented state of their minds, tends greatly to the same unhappy end. They are not students, but they study, ponder, hope and fear. Their nervous systems are much more deli-

cate, and of course their sensibilities far more acute. These are the causes of much melancholy among them.

There is one, and only one other cause of melancholy which I shall mention, and that is a studious life added to a sedentary and confined one. This belongs almost exclusively to the male sex. It is to men we look for teachers, orators, writers, authors, doctors, lawyers and divines, and this very properly too, and according to the arrangement of nature. It requires great and almost invincible strength of constitution, to endure a long and severe course of study. It is, generally speaking, our most talented men that devote themselves to a studious life. Though others sometimes do, through vanity and want of self-knowledge, yet they either discover their mistake and turn back, or creep along in such a manner as never to kill themselves by study. Others who are really gifted with strong minds, are aspiring and ambitious to acquire knowledge and to excel in their calling or profession. It is right for the ladies to desire to be cleanly and neat, and to have a good and reasonable degree of taste in their dresses, but not to surpass the bounds of reason and moderation, and to make themselves appear fulsome and disgusting. They too, should acquire knowledge. It is right for students to acquire a large fund of general knowledge, and to desire to excel their predecessors and cotemporaries, especially in their particular professions, that every one may do all the good that he has powers to do; but he should not desire to amass knowledge and to excel at every expense and all hazards—at the expense of his health, and happiness and life. This however, hundreds and thousands do, some prompted by good motives, others by an unhallowed ambition to excel, merely to excel and triumph over others. Many are not aware of their danger till their constitution is undermined, shocked, enfeebled and destroyed.

As the class of mankind of which I am now speaking, is the highest in society, and therefore deserves our first and best attention, and as I wish to add a few more remarks relative to nervous disorders in connection with general and local diseases, I will endeavor to give the reader a concise but comprehensive description of the very common process in which students become diseased and melancholy. Students who are really students and worthy of the name, devote and apply themselves with all the energies of their minds; and are so entirely engrossed and absorbed in their favorite pursuit, that no common thing turns them aside from it by day, and the darkness of the night they expel from around them by the steady blaze of their nocturnal, domestic luminaries. During these mental labors there is no part of their bodies which they can advantageously use, to give it any thing

like proper and needful exercise but their eyes and their nerves, and these they not only use, but in many instances, greatly abuse, particularly their nerves, of which I shall say more hereafter. Such is the constitution and physiology of their nature, and the connection of their souls and bodies, that it is greatly hazardous to employ the one to the neglect of the other. Either course is ruinous. The minds of students are wearied by too constant and intense labor and activity, as well as the nerves of their bodies. Whether or not, holy and happy, disembodied spirits ever become weary in the active discharge of their pleasant duties, we are unable to say. It is certain, however, that if they do, it is not a weariness which reduces their happiness, but their resting again tends to the perfection of it. Heaven is sometimes represented as a place of rest, at others, as a place of great activity. The world in which we dwell we know to be a world of sin, and misery, and imperfection. Our souls and bodies are diseased and liable to be weary and enfeebled. The scriptures speak of the soul as being "weary"—as "fainting" and being "grieved," &c. We have no difficulty in believing that our bodies can become weary. About the weariness and sufferings of our souls independently of our bodies, we know nothing by experience, in our present state. It is perhaps illogical and incorrect to speak of the one as suffering without the other; such is the intimacy and closeness of their connection. But it is not incorrect to speak of trouble commencing in the one or the other, as I have spoken at large in explaining the commencement of melancholy, when it has its origin in the mind. Neither can it be incorrect to speak of trouble commencing in both at once, as I am now doing. In the mind and parts of the body by excessive exercise, in other parts of the body, by the want of exercise. Perhaps the reader is ready to ask me how the minds of students can become weary in acquiring knowledge, when their minds constantly take delight in this exercise. If it were true that their minds constantly took delight, and met with nothing unpleasant, I might have difficulty to answer, but as this is not the fact, I presume I shall have none. The very labor which their minds have in gaining knowledge, and the slowness with which they are compelled to do it, and the disappointments they very frequently meet with, when they have gained it, are abundantly sufficient to weary their minds, saying nothing about the uneasiness of their bodies all the while. But we know much more, and are able to speak with a great deal more clearness, concerning their bodies, and it is always more profitable to confine ourselves to things that come within our reach. The want of exercising certain parts of their bodies, I look upon as one of the main causes of students becoming dis-

eased and melancholy. Our bodies were made for action. Their action is two fold, voluntary and involuntary. Their involuntary action is the action of their stomachs and bowels; heart, lungs, liver and other internal vessels. Our lungs heave without our choosing to breathe, therefore, when we go to sleep, we do not forget to breathe. Our hearts beat, and the blood goes out of them, and flows throughout our frames, not by any volition of ours. After the process of swallowing, the food moves along through our stomachs, and bowels, by the same involuntary motion. It is in the same manner that the perspirable matter or sweat, comes forth and goes off. It requires only a glance of thought for a person to see the correctness of this, and the difference there is between the voluntary and involuntary motion of human bodies. Their voluntary motion is the moving of a hand, leg, or the whole body or any part of it, from place to place. Any one can see the difference between a person's raising his hand, and the beating of his heart. Man was made for this two fold action, this double motion. By voluntary motion he was prepared to labor and earn his bread, and while he was doing this, involuntary motion was to go on, and his food was to nourish him. Voluntary motion was to assist and facilitate involuntary motion. Students, while studying, suspend voluntary motion, and therefore all the involuntary motions of their bodies, as above described, are retarded, and general injury ensues, their food does not regularly and properly nourish them, though their appetites for a length of time continued good. When they persist in this course, some for a greater, and some for a less number of years, not generally less than three or four, those whose constitutions are not uncommonly good, feel themselves to be enfeebled and diseased. Some are diseased in a more general way, and then it is usual to call their disease by a general term, (viz:) dyspepsia, which I have before explained to convey the idea of a generally deranged state of the digestive organs, stomach, bowels, liver, &c. In others, the trouble settles on some one of these organs; more commonly the liver than any other, and then it is called the liver disease, or in more scientific language, biliary or hepatic derangement. But in both cases the diseases are generally believed to commence in the stomach.

In giving an account or description of the manner in which students become diseased and melancholy, I have now spoken of the excessive exercise of their minds, considered independently of their bodies, and of the want of action or motion in their bodies. But there is another part or system in their bodies which I have said was not only exercised by students, but too severely exercised, and abused. I mean the nerves. To them I have

already alluded, and of them promised to speak more at length. I have said that they were one out of two parts of the body, mainly used by students in acquiring knowledge, and very generally over used, that is, abused. As I proceed, I expect it will appear, that taking one view of them, they are exercised too much, but taking another, not enough. That is, they are exercised too much by the mind, but not enough in connection with the body, or as a part of the body. The mind is an immaterial, spiritual substance, connected but not mixed with the body. Its connection is generally allowed and believed to be more immediately with the brain and nerves, than any other part. It uses the nerves as its great organ or instrument. Therefore, when the minds of students begin to labor and search after knowledge, they use the nerves in this great and laudable work and pursuit. And using them, and continuing to use them intensely and incessantly, they become oppressed, abused, disordered. I have already told the reader, at length, what is meant by disordered nerves. As they are a part of the body, it is manifest that if the body were exercised *they* would be exercised, and thereby be better able to serve the mind and to endure its severe use of them.

Thus I have described the manner in which students most commonly become diseased; and in doing it, I have all along alluded to a preventive or safe-guard for them. This safe-guard is exercise, the regular and systematic exercise of their bodies. In this all agree, the learned and unlearned. I have never yet heard a dissenting voice. The medical faculty cry loudly and strongly—exercise! exercise! exercise! Hundreds, and I may say thousands, of the most talented, and promising sons of America, in our schools, and colleges, and seminaries, and in private, fall a prey to disease and melancholy, and in many instances, to death itself, in the manner above described. Students are more liable to disease and melancholy than sedentary mechanics, because they use the mind more and the body less. The preventive and cure then, are known, and all are sensible of it, even students themselves, in some measure at least. But their hunger and thirst for knowledge, drive them on, contrary to their better judgment, to their own ruin; and thus the finest intellectual flowers of our nation, are constantly, either withering around us and dragging out a sad, miserable, melancholy, and almost useless life, or falling directly into premature graves, and leaving parents and friends to mourn and grieve under the stings of disappointed hope. The time for reform has long since come. All, as I have said, are sensible of the evil and know the remedy. Some few, who stand at the head of education, particularly in the eastern sections of our land, have girded up their loins, put on strength and courage

and resolved to bring about this greatly needed reformation, in the mode of acquiring an education; and are laboring and striving in this most commendable enterprize. They not only say to students that it would be good to take exercise, but they take hold of them and tear them away from their books, like tearing a miser from his gold, and say to them "you *shall* take exercise, and useful and profitable exercise, regularly, a certain number of hours every day, in some mechanical or agricultural business." This is good—this is at it ought to be. Flattering success has already crowned their efforts. This reformation is just commencing, in a very slight degree west of the Alleghany Mountains, and my only fears are, that the wisdom, foresight, courage and perseverance of those who stand at the head of it, will not be commensurate to the magnitude and desirableness of the enterprize, and the noble object will remain to be accomplished by their successors. My warmest desires are, that it may not be so, but that success may crown present efforts. The intrinsic magnitude of this matter to the prosperity and glory of our nation, in literature and science, I consider a sufficient apology for this digression. Students, owing to the great and excessive use of their minds and nerves, and the inertness and torpidity of their bodies furnish more cases of melancholy, of one degree or another, than any other class of mankind.

I will now add what I further designed, relative to their nerves, in connection with general and local internal diseases. I have already described these diseases with their origin, and disordered nerves with the origin of their disorder. In order to lay before the reader in a perspicuous manner what I have in view, I shall be compelled to turn his attention to a word or two more on the anatomy and physiology of the nerves.

It is an obvious fact that a part of our nerves terminate on our outward surface, and another part on our internal parts. Far the larger proportion terminate in the skin.—Those that go inwardly, go to the organs of digestion, circulation, respiration, secretion, &c. Some physicians denominate those that go outwardly, the nerves of animal life, and those that go inwardly, the nerves of organic life. It matters not whether this distinction is correct or not, so far as it concerns what I have in view. Correct or not, it is certain that man resembles plants, in his growth. Plants grow out of the soil by means of their roots. Man's stomach and bowels contain the soil out of which he grows. Plants are said to have organic life, and are, with very few exceptions, destitute of feeling.—This is the reason why their life is called organic life. When physicians speak of organic life in man, they mean those parts of him in which he resembles plants, such as I

have spoken of. By animal life I mean all those parts and operations in him, as the flowing of the blood, respiration, motion, &c. in which he resembles all other animals. Saying nothing more about these distinctions, it is a fact, that the nerves which go inwardly, as I have described, are much fewer than those that go outwardly, and they being the channels of knowledge, it follows, that we can know much less of our internal than of our external members, much less of our heart and lungs, stomach, bowels and liver, than of our hands and feet. The wisdom of our Creator in this is conspicuous.—He never designed us to have as much dealing with our internal parts, as with things and beings without us, and around us. We cannot see within us, and we should know nothing of the forms of our internal members, if we were not to open animal bodies, and see, and feel, and examine their internal parts by our external senses. We should know nothing of the shape and size of our hearts, livers, &c. indeed we would not even know that we have livers at all, saying nothing about their size or offices, notwithstanding the liver is the largest viscus in us. Fewer nerves go to the heart and liver than to any other internal organs. There is therefore, very little feeling in them, when in a healthy state; when diseased they can give us pain enough.

There is no necessity for our having any knowledge of our internal parts, except when diseased. The great design of pain, in a physiological sense, is to direct the attention of the mind to the parts in which the pain is, in order that we may do what we can to relieve them. Acute diseases, whether local or general, increase of course, the nervous sensibilities. Those more dull, and heavy, and torpid, as the palsy, &c. deaden their sensibilities. Melancholy persons are generally subject to both acute and torpid sensations, being tossed about from one extreme to another. This is the case with students who become melancholy. Notwithstanding all their nerves, both those terminating externally and internally, are at times, greatly quickened in their sensibilities, yet it is a fact that they labor under very great mistakes, with respect to their internal diseases. This arises out of the obscure and uncertain reports which are sent to the mind, from the abdominal viscera, along those comparatively few nerves, with which they are supplied; as also from the generally deranged state of all their nerves. Hypochondriac and hysteric patients, receive so many various, false, untrue, exaggerated and contradictory reports from the abdomen, that they fancy a thousand things that are untrue with respect to the state of things there. Hence, their anxieties, and distress, and dreadful forebodings concerning their health. About all other matters their judg-

ments are as sound and correct as they were before they became diseased. These observations will tend to show the reasons of their frequent mistakes, when their disease is general, and has not settled upon any particular part. When it has done this, say upon the liver, there is another cause which leads them into error, and that is sympathy.

From what I have said upon the nervous system, the reader is prepared to see how pain or any other feeling will pass from the part pained or affected, towards the head, and be the same kind of pain or distress, all the way, or it may be, more in some particular part than in another. Thus when the liver is diseased, there is usually the same kind of pain felt up the right shoulder. The original pain in the liver is called an idiopathic affection, the other is called a sympathetic affection. You can easily see how these sympathetic affections can go throughout the whole system, following the nerves. They are not confined to the nerves exclusively, but communicated by them to other parts. The bowels, lungs and heart &c. will sympathize with the liver, and it with them, when they are diseased. These sympathies are more general, and at the same time more shifting and uncertain, and distressing, when all or any of the abdominal viscera are diseased than in any other disorders. It is owing, as I have said, to the peculiar connection of the nervous system to these parts. It is but little matter what you call pain, idiopathic, sympathetic or imaginary, it may be equally distressing under any of these names. The minds of students who become diseased, as above, either imagine that they have dreadful and alarming diseases, which in fact they have not, or their minds, in the way that I have said, do greatly magnify their real diseases, and thus they suffer in the most dreadful manner, and they become disheartened, low spirited, gloomy, melancholy. Upon the whole, from all that I have brought to view on the subject, the reader is now prepared to see that there is scarcely any class of sufferers that drag out as miserable lives as the melancholy, particularly those whose nerves are very much out of tone. When from some, or any, or all the causes above mentioned, they become very bad, so effectually deranged in their nerves, as to fancy that their legs are made of glass or wax, so that no person must touch them, lest they be broken all to pieces, or melt, if they go near to the fire; or to imagine that they cannot walk, &c. &c. they have then gone beyond the limits of melancholy, and become deranged or insane. Insanity arising from these causes, is not usually of the worst kind however, for the patients very frequently recover.

For the sake of those who may be in an incipient state of melancholy, and at a loss to know what is the matter with them, I

will subjoin a few of the most prominent symptoms of their trouble, particularly as it respects the nerves. You will feel a general uneasiness all over you, and truly be at a loss to know what is the matter, especially, if you have no local disorder. And what will be astonishing to you, you will suddenly become better, and feel perhaps perfectly well again, and it may be better than usual. And, if you are not really restored, this will be your course continually. As you grow worse there will be little spasms of the nerves all through you, jerkings or twitchings which will not give you much if any pain at all. The jerkings of the flesh of a beef, immediately after the hide is taken off, is the most striking exhibition of nervous twitching that I have ever been able to discover.—If yours are bad they will resemble them. If they are acute they will resemble, in some measure the prickings of needles—and there may be, at times, larger shoots or darts of pain, commonly called stitches, but these do not take place very often, unless in the chest or abdomen, where there is local disease. All those symptoms are more abundant on parts locally diseased. You may have spells of lethargic sleepiness, and contrary spells of sleeplessness. You will be at times, very weak, and at others feel yourself uncommonly strong. Your appetite will likely be very irregular—in short, this will be the state of your whole system, in all the thoughts, and views, and feelings, and operations of your mind and body, and you will be almost entirely unlike yourself.

All these things I have thought it necessary and advisable to say and premise, in order to prepare the way, and be better able to console the melancholy.

There is one other remark which I consider highly important, and which I must not fail to add to the already long catalogue of the foregoing. It is concerning those persons who are professors of religion, and who fall into melancholy, and come to the conclusion that they are the most wicked wretches on the earth—that they are guilty of all manner of crimes, in thought, word and deed—and particularly that they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. No doubt their real sins and crimes are numerous enough and bad enough, and there are unquestionably some cases of very wicked persons, who, there is no doubt, have actually committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and have been given up by a righteous God, to awful desperation. These are more commonly male persons, who have sinned against great light; but far the larger part of those who charge themselves with the commission of this sin, are females, most of them in an advanced stage of life, and laboring under nervous derangement, and hysteric affections, of whose delicate and diseased

condition Satan takes advantage to annoy and distress them. That they have not, at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, committed the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, appears from their recovering and becoming more comfortable, and ceasing to charge themselves with the commission of that most frightful of all sins. It appears also, from the fact that others know their characters to be better than they say they are, and from the unreasonable charges which they bring against themselves, which others, in their sober senses, can see were impossible. Like those I have mentioned, who fancy themselves to be made of glass, their sensations and perceptions are morbid, and not to be depended upon. Generally speaking it is not best to reason with them too minutely.—It is advisable, when a good opportunity occurs, to make the absurdities of what they say, to stare them in the face as glaringly as possible. I have myself observed the very strikingly good effects of this. They should not be treated with too much indulgence, nor too much severity. The law of kindness is decidedly the best with which to rule them, and to bring them to themselves, and into a more comfortable condition. The enemies of religion bring it as one of their heaviest charges against christianity, that it has been the cause of a great many people, in different ages, becoming melancholy. A more false charge could not be thought of. It is not religion, but the want of it, that makes poor mortals here below, melancholy. Religion revives the heart and hopes of man, beyond any other thing that can be brought to act upon him, in this otherwise gloomy and mournful vale of tears. It is truly a heavenly light which dispels the gross darkness from the people, and fills their minds and hearts with light, and joy, and hope—a hope which is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which enters into that within the heavenly veil. Is melancholy a new disease? did it originate with christianity? No, on the contrary, all nations, both ancient and modern, christian and heathen, have been subject to it. It is true that professors of religion, who become melancholy, have many and very alarming fears about religion, and well they may. The clear solution of the whole matter is, that God, who gave them religion, with all its supports, comforts and hopes, in his righteous sovereignty, and for his own wise purposes, is pleased to withhold the enjoyment of it from them for a season.—And, therefore, they are in distress, and mourn their loss, and are melancholy. But everlasting thanksgiving to his adorable and gracious Majesty, he infallibly restores it again to his children, and their hearts are revived again, and their mouths shout aloud for joy. It appears therefore, that it is as I said, not religion, but the want of it, that has a tendency to make persons melancholy.

And now, after so long a time, it has become my duty to visit you, my unhappy, low spirited, gloomy, melancholy, afflicted friend.

From some one or more of the foregoing causes, and in some one or more of the forementioned ways, the state of your mind is not desirable, is not happy—you have fallen into a state of despondency and discouragement. In your view, the world has, in a great measure, lost its attractions and its charms. It seems to you that there is not as much light admitted into it, as there used to be. All the beautiful forms and alluring colors, appear to you to be very much defaced—the flowers and leaves have faded and fallen—creation is unrobed—to you it is perennial winter—the sun, the greater light that rules the day, and moon, the lesser light that rules the night, with all the stars, appear to you to be suffering an almost continual eclipse. You now, very seldom see the encouraging and glorious bow of covenant and of promise, in the heavens, notwithstanding it frequently presents itself in all its glowing colors, and full orb'd glories. Thus your days slowly roll and drag along, with only now and then a brighter one, and that but little brighter, perhaps having a bright hour or two. For all the busy, lively and cheerful employments, works and ways of men, you have, in a great measure, lost your relish. The pleasing and animating expression of your countenance is gone; seldom or never, in these days, are the lineaments of your features wrought up into the pleasant and desirable paroxysm of a smile or a laugh. Truly sorrow and melancholy hang heavy upon your brow, and your heart is sad and sick, and thus I find you this day. Of a truth, my friend, all the sympathies of my soul are moved for you, and if I can do you good I will. Your sufferings are real and great, whatever be the cause. imaginary or real; whether it is in part or entirely your own fault, or you are altogether without fault, or even the shadow of fault in the matter. If, in your own heart you know that you have brought this state of things upon you, by your own improprieties or imprudences, for that you should be sorry. But you may very easily make bad worse, by sorrowing improperly. You should be sorry in such a way, as to be so guarded, as to shun all such improprieties and imprudences in future, and not repine and pine away about things that you cannot now help. Saying nothing more about the causes of your trouble, I will proceed to observe, that in all probability you were, and are still, in a great measure, and most likely totally ignorant of the *nature* of it.

Our most sentimental and sound poet says, on a matter of highest moment, of moment paramount to all others.—“To know our disease is half our cure.” There is no case in which this can

be more true, than in the case of melancholy. Had you a clear and perfect understanding of your trouble, in all its windings, and lurkings, and deceitfulness; in short did you know what is the matter with you, it would be half your cure, you would know how to manage yourself. But this is knowledge very difficult to obtain. On this account I have premised so many things on the subject. In order to obtain it, you will first, naturally and necessarily turn your mind to your own feelings and symptoms. Though this is the first, yet it is not always the most certain and effectual means to arrive at this knowledge. These means you will of course use—use them did I say, you cannot help it, it is impossible for you to have feelings and symptoms, without your mind's turning to them, and considering what they are, and what they threaten, what is their nature and tendency.—Therefore, you must be allowed to take this course. As animal and sensitive beings, it was ordained that we should know what our condition is, by observing our feelings and symptoms; and generally this is not only the first, but the most direct and best course to arrive at this truly desirable knowledge. Undoubtedly you should take it then, and pursue it with all the wisdom you can gather in to your aid. Therefore, in doing it, you will not forget what I have said with respect to the thousands of false reports that may come up to your mind, along disordered nerves, from all directions whatever, but especially from within. And the melancholy are the very patients, who, of all others, need to be reminded of this fact. Do not forget it then, for a moment, while noticing, and examining, and scrutinizing your feelings and symptoms. Call to your mind how you felt when well, and compare yourself then with yourself now. Do not only compare yourself with what you were in health, but, as you move along from day to day, compare yourself to-day with what you were yesterday. This is the most promising and effectual way to discover the nature of your disease, and what will most likely be its tendency and termination. Comparing it now with what it was sometime back. This, I say, is not only the best diagnosis, but prognosis, which I shall be able to mention, and to which you can resort, to learn what is the matter with you, and what will likely be the issue.

When you felt very bad some days or some months back, you thought your symptoms exceedingly alarming, and feared, and forboded the most serious consequences, perhaps immediate and fatal consequences, it may be you thought that you would become helpless and no more be able to walk, &c., or that you would die in a few minutes. But now you know that you were mistaken, for these things did not happen to you. In this way

if you are this moment very bad, you may form a pretty correct diagnosis of your disease or trouble, that is, a knowledge of its present state, and at the same time you may be able to form equally as correct a prognosis, that is, a foreknowledge of what will most likely be its future state and end. This is, in short, learning by experience, and experience is given up by all to be the best teacher. It will be a better teacher for you than this one or that one, old men or old women, or even the doctors themselves. If you do not listen to the voice of experience and believe it, you will not likely hear the voice of others, not even of physicians, nor believe them. In this case others will know, and particularly the doctors, what is the matter with you; but you will not. This however will do you very little good; for if they do know, they can't help you. "To know our disease is half our cure." That is, to know it ourselves. The melancholy must know it for themselves. You must know it for yourself, or it will not be, it cannot be half your cure.

But this is the next method I shall advise you to take in order to know it yourself, to listen to the voices of all others on the subject, young and old, ignorant and learned; and when you have heard, make the best you can of it; compare one opinion with another, and judge wisely of the whole.

The old proverb "What every body says is right," has a certain kind of correctness, and is by no means to be disregarded. If you mingle with mankind much, you will hear the *vox populi*, the voice of the people. The main and great current of this voice which will be poured out upon you, will most probably be a torrent of jesting and laughter. Some will tell you, you have got the blues, the dumps, the vapors, the horrors; others, that you have the spleen, the hypo, the hysterics. &c.—that you are hyped or hysteric. You will be very apt to be irritated by these clamorous and pestiferous jestings, particularly when they come from the more ignorant. Some times your best way will be to pay them in their own coin, and throw back the joke upon them, and if you should raise a little laughter between you, it will do you no harm. They will be more serviceable to you however, as historians, by telling you what they have seen or heard of in others similar to your case. You will hear from them a thousand marvelous stories concerning the apprehensions, fears, forebodings, conceits and alarms of those whose cases they will say yours resembles. Be patient and listen to them, they generally mean no harm but good, and it will not be at all difficult for you to reap more or less good from them. As cases of trouble of the same class with yours, are alike only in some of their general features, and as they will tell of

extreme cases, you will be very apt to think that yours has no resemblance to theirs. You will think, and perhaps know, that you never had such high wrought conceits, and therefore come to the conclusion that your trouble is not of the nervous or melancholy order. But perhaps if you have not had so high conceits, if you will be honest and candid with yourself, you may discover that there is a strong tendency in your mind to magnify your trouble, to have some degree of conceit, if not the highest; if so, it will do you no good to deny it. I have already given you some general symptoms or rules by which you may judge pretty correctly, and their stories, in addition, will enable you to judge even more correctly. The physicians however are the persons from whom it is possible for you to receive much more full, certain and correct information. There are two reasons why physicians generally do not communicate more freely than they do to patients, on the subject of diseases. The first is, that it would be against their interest—their practice would be in danger of being reduced thereby. Should they make all as wise as themselves, they would not go to them for prescriptions. The other reason is that they believe in many cases the patients had better not know what is the matter with them than to know; and this no doubt is true. They are impressed too with the impropriety, and, generally speaking, with the unadvisableness of giving their patients a few detached scraps of medical knowledge, believing that it would do them more harm than good. This is their general course and practice, but they themselves admit of some exceptions, particularly in chronic cases. When they have done all they can for such patients, they some times let them know that now they must study their own case and do the best they can. And when they give them up to themselves, they communicate to them all the knowledge they can concerning their trouble. The correctness of this must be manifest to every reasonable mind. You are a chronic patient, and unless there is something very peculiar in your case, the physicians will let you into all the secrets of it, which they have been able to pry into themselves, without they see that it would do you more harm than good. But there is another way still, more able and more independent for you to discover and know your disease. The way I mean is by books. You may have some in your own possession which treat on the subject of melancholy, under some of the names and forms which I have enumerated. If you have not, the doctors have, and they do not lock their libraries and will not forbid you to come into their shops and sit and read a little. If they should, or if this is not convenient for you, there are other friends, who

have books, and there are bookstores and public libraries to which you may have access. You will find most satisfaction in medical books, under the head of hypochondriasis, hysteria, imagination, on the effects of imagination on the nervous system, and mental derangement. Almost any cyclopædia or encyclopædia will contain all that is necessary for you. Rees' is generally allowed to be the best. That work, or those works which handle the subject in the most practical manner, at the same time pretty fully, is the best for you, particularly that which is most historical, which gives the greatest number of examples and accounts of the mistakes, imaginations and high conceits of the melancholy. I am decidedly of opinion that the reading of these will enable you to shun mistakes, and false fears, and forebodings yourself; particularly when they tell of such persons getting along pretty well, and getting better, when themselves had not the most distant hope or expectation of any such thing.

But take notice, and do not forget that I forewarn and most seriously caution you against entering into minute, abstruse and difficult study on the subject. Nothing would likely do you more injury. The doctors themselves find that the decree of the Almighty meets them—saying, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." And there would be the highest impropriety in your attempting to go as far as they can do. You are in no condition at all to become a severe student. It is practical knowledge mainly which I am advising you to seek, and I am confident that it may be of the most signal service to you. And the most striking and serviceable to you, which you will likely find any where, will be the history of animal magnetism. Animal magnetism was an invention of a certain man in France, by the name of Mesmer, which invention had a very high standing there, in the year 1784.

"This agent," which Mesmer pretended to have discovered, he affirmed, was "a fluid universally diffused and filling all space, being the medium of a reciprocal influence between the celestial bodies, the earth and living beings;—it insinuated itself into the substance of the nerves, upon which therefore it had a direct operation;—it was capable of being communicated from one body to other bodies, both animated and inanimated, and that at a considerable distance, without the assistance of any intermediate substance;—and it exhibited in the human body some properties analogous to those of the loadstone, especially its two poles. This animal magnetism," he added, "was capable of curing directly all the disorders of the nervous system, and indirectly other maladies; it rendered perfect the

operation of medicines, and excited and directed the salutary crises of diseases, so that it placed these crises in the power of the physician. Moreover, it enabled him to ascertain the state of health of each individual, and to form a correct judgment as to the origin, nature and progress of the most complicated diseases," &c. Deslon, a pupil of Mesmer, also practised animal magnetism at Paris, and undertook to demonstrate its existence and properties. He commenced his instructions by reading a memoir, in which he maintained that "there is but one nature, one disease and one remedy; and that remedy is animal magnetism." This curious and most extraordinary invention, or rather delusion (as it was clearly found to be), performed so many marvelous and astonishing cures, and was carried to such an extent in Paris, that the French king appointed a committee consisting of four physicians and five members of the royal academy of sciences, to investigate the matter, in the year 1784.

Among the latter were Baily, Lavoisier and doctor Franklin, who was at that time the American minister at Paris. These learned gentlemen submitted to be magnetised themselves and had others magnetised blindfold, in separate rooms, &c., &c., till they found, and were entirely satisfied, that it was a perfect delusion;—that those that had been cured, were cured by the effects of their own imagination, and they were generally of the more ignorant class of mankind. Mesmer and Deslon performed their cures by means of iron rods, and cords, and the locking of the hands of the patients, and by pointing their fingers at them, particularly the diseased part, and by music, &c., &c. This history will show you in the most striking and decisive manner the effects of the imagination on the nervous system, or, in other words, the power of the mind over the body, and it will enable you to brace up against it.

The next most astonishing and most marvelous history of the kind which will call your attention, is that of Perkinism, which derives its name from its author, Perkins, an American of New-England. This extraordinary character and impostor, by the means of two small pieces of metal of different kinds, which he called "Tractors," performed some very extraordinary cures in New-England, simply by holding them to and touching in a gentle manner the diseased part. Tractors means drawers or things that draw. He gave them this name because he said they drew out diseases when held to them or near them, and drawn slightly over the surface, without penetrating it in the least.

After having performed some wonderful cures in his own

country, he came to the conclusion that he could do better by going over to England. He did so in the year 1798. For his grand and glorious discovery and hasty and effectual method of curing diseases, "he obtained the royal letters patent" of that most enlightened nation; and immediately went to work as the great friend and restorer of the afflicted. "Multitudes of painful disorders were removed, some most speedily, and some after repeated applications of the metallic points. Pamphlets were published announcing the wonderful cures accomplished by this simple remedy; and periodical journals and newspapers teemed with the evidence of the curative powers of the tractors; insomuch that in a course of a few months, they were the subject of general conversation, and scarcely less general use. The religious sect of the Quakers, whose benevolence has been sometimes displayed at the expense of their sagacity, became the avowed and active friends of the tractors; and a public establishment called the "Perkinean Institution," was formed under their auspices, for the purpose of curing the diseases of the poor, without the expense of drugs or medical advice. The transactions of this institution were published in pamphlets, in support of the extraordinary efficacy of these new instruments. In somewhat less than six years, Perkins (says an English writer) left the country in possession, as we have been informed on good authority, of upwards of ten thousands pounds, the contributions of British credulity; and now (1811) the tractors are almost forgotten." Here was another brilliant display of the powers of the imagination over the body.

These tractors were found to possess no real virtue at all by doctor Haygarth, a philosopher, to whom his profession and his country are deeply indebted for other and more important services. He had a couple of wooden tractors, made and painted so as to resemble the metallic ones as near as possible, and had them used on five patients who were greatly relieved by them. The metallic tractors were then used, and had similar effects on the same patients, and thus the whole matter was found to be a grand delusion. The cures of hundreds of pretenders by the laying on of their hands, &c., on the sick in modern days, is by the power of imagination. In the same way, the scrofula "was cured by the touch of the king, hence it has the name of the king's evil." The effects of magic, incantation, amulets, holy relics, &c., &c., are of the same character.

The powers of the mind over the body are also very strikingly displayed by the imitative propensities of man. With this, every person is acquainted in the simple and well known act of gaping or yawning. In company does one person yawn.

the next does, and the next, till all around have very sociably yawned. Happy were it if this were the worst thing in which we imitate one another. Man imitates man in vice, and in diseases too. Every body knows that it is not safe to imitate a stuttering person, a squinting or winking person, lest you should catch the same disorder. "Baglivi mentions a young man, who, looking at a person in an epileptic fit, was himself affected in the same manner."

Doctor Whytt says, "it has frequently happened in the royal infirmary here (at Edinburgh) that women have been seized with hysteric fits, from seeing others attacked with them." And the story of the extraordinary cure performed at Haerlem by the very famous doctor Boerhaave is well known. It seems that in a house of charity there, a girl, under an impression of terror, fell into a convulsive disease; a bystander intent upon assisting her, was seized with a similar fit. On the day following, another was attacked; then a third, and a fourth, until almost all the boys and girls in the house would be taken at the same time by these convulsions. Under these distressing circumstances the physicians used all the antiepileptic medicines with which their art furnished them, but all in vain. They then sent for Boerhaave. In compassion to the distressed children, he repaired to the place, and while inquiring into the matter, one was taken, and another, and all.

He saw that it was the effects of imitation, and as the best medicines had been used in vain, he determined to make the imagination counteract the imitative propensity. He had a number of red hot irons prepared, bent to a certain form, and with the utmost dignity, gravity, confidence and firmness, he told them that medicines could do them no good, and that the first one that had another fit should have his or her arm burnt to the bone with a red hot iron. The children terrified at the thoughts of this cruel remedy, when they perceived any tendency to a recurrence of the paroxysm, immediately exerted all their strength of mind, and called up the horrible idea of the burning, and were thus enabled by the stronger mental impression to resist the influence of the morbid propensity." One more case I will add.—A child of a certain man, who had a large family was taken with Saint Vitus' dance, whereupon most of the other children, when witnessing the other in a fit of it, would be seized with the same, and this continued for some time. At length, the father determined to put a stop to it in a short way. He got a block with an axe, and placed them convenient, and told the children with a firm and positive tone, that if any, except the first one, did so again, he would cut

off their heads on that block.—This was an effectual cure. And thus you see the power of imagination in curing, as well as of imitation in producing diseases. The effects of the imagination and imitation upon the nervous and muscular systems have long been known to take place with enthusiastic and fanatical professors of religion. That the Holy Ghost does operate upon the hearts of men, and that in so powerful a way as to make them new creatures in Christ Jesus, that is, true christians, here is no reasonable ground to doubt. And that the persons on whom he thus operates are differently affected, is equally plain. Some are suddenly and more highly wrought up and agitated than others; some know the time of his commencement; others do not. But that these operations and effects may be counterfeited and often are, is equally plain. It is possible for these counterfeits to proceed from the devil himself; but I apprehend it is much more common for them to proceed from a distempered imagination, and that they can generally be accounted for on such philosophical principles as the foregoing. The church has, in most ages, been disturbed and disgraced by wild enthusiasts and fanatics. Such were in their commencement the Menonites, Anabaptists, French prophets, Quakers, Shakers and New-Lights of this western country, and others whom I will not delay to mention. The Shakers are the most deluded fanatics in the United States of America, which at present disgrace the human understanding among us. In order for you more fully and satisfactorily to learn the effects of the mind over the body, in all these different ways and respects of which I have spoken, for the purpose of knowing your own disease, and being much profited by that knowledge, I would refer you to medical books, medical journals, and to church history. You will find them quite largely and satisfactorily treated upon in Rees' cyclopædia, under the articles—hypocondriasis, hysteria, imagination, imitation, nervous system, mental derangement, &c. And I would refer you to a little book, not many years since written in New-England by a Mr. Powers—"On the effects of the imagination upon the nervous system." You will find this, plain, practical, full and satisfactory on all the above points.

By this course, my friend, if you are not too far gone,—too deeply, inexplicably and inextricably involved and enveloped in the thick gloomis and dark clouds of melancholy, you may be enabled and be successful in doing much towards finding your own relief and consolation.

The next idea which I shall offer to your view and consideration for consolation, you and others, will perhaps consider a

very extraordinary one. It is that your life will likely be long. Neither I nor any other finite being can give you any guarantee or security for long life. By some one of the thousand ways by which men are brought to their death, you may be, I cannot tell how soon, it is possible within a few hours.

What I mean by your having a prospect for long life, is that your melancholy or nervous disease is not one of those diseases which take people off early. On the contrary, the long and general observation of mankind has been and is, that the lives of persons of this character are generally marked with longevity.

This is the case while at the same time they themselves never think, or very rarely think, that they will live long. Indeed, they are the patients, who very frequently apprehend, and think, and believe that they *cannot* live long, that it is impossible, that they must die in a few years, at the farthest extent. And how numerous are the examples of those among them, who have apprehended, and firmly believed, and said that death was upon them; that they would be dead in a few minutes, that they were dying; and not a few have said, and positively affirmed and adheared to the affirmation that they were dead. Their coffins have not only been made for them, but they have been put into them, and the funeral procession have started off with them to their grave; but as it happens, they generally break out before they get into those cold, lonely, dismal cells, and furiously chide those, who were carrying them thither.

I have already explained the cause and manner of these their great and dreadful mistakes and errors, when speaking of the nervous system.

If there is an object of pity to be found among all the suffering mortals of the earth they present it. But enough on this point; what I have said is sufficient to show that it is not only possible for you to live long, but probable that you will do so. The advantages of a long life should it be given to you, and the consolation which you may derive from it, will be that you will have time allowed you to study, and discover, and learn, and know your disease, as I have advised you to study it out, and thus be enabled to manage it.

Again, you will have longer time and opportunity, not only to hope to recover, but actually to do so. Owing to the intense and almost invincible love of life in man, I expect this idea will not fail to console you. When you have a very gloomy spell, and feel like desponding and despairing of getting along in any thing like a comfortable manner, it may console you to reflect and remember that the feelings of all others do not change and fluctuate as yours do. Suddenly and frequently

getting worse and getting better, as I have before hinted to you, will most likely be your constant course.

And one of your spells will affect your mind, and make you feel gloomy, and like despairing, and giving up all, as completely as a severe fever does a common patient. But you are in nothing like the danger that he is. It will be a consolation to you, I say, that all others are not tossed upon the winds and waves of irritable, uncertain and deceitful feelings as you are. Were they, and did melancholy hang upon their brows and becloud their faces as it does yours, it would make you worse, whereas being as it is, their countenances sharpen yours.

Furthermore, it will be no small consolation to you, that men and things generally do not change with your changes.—Creation moves on regularly, amidst all its varieties, in its straight forward course.—The earth rolls—the sun, moon and stars rise and set—spring, summer, autumn and winter succeed each other, with the early and the latter rains—the bow is in the cloud—the earth is not drowned—“seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and day and night do not cease” Therefore, lift up your head, and be encouraged, O thou sorrowful and gloomy one! Creation smiles, and how can you refrain? You need not suppose that others have not some troubles and trials, as well as yourself, or that they have not causes, greater or less, for melancholy. There is no one that is entirely without; notwithstanding, they hold up their heads, look cheerful, and smile, in the midst of this beautiful, splendid and smiling creation, which the great Creator has placed around his creatures here below. Busy and active in the morning they turn every one to his or her own employment, until the “evening shades prevail,” and then all return for the repose of the night. And here rises to view the next great source of consolation, to which I shall most seriously, and most earnestly direct your attention. This is, some suitable employment, for exercise, and to divert your thoughts from your trouble. I have already recommended it to the chronic patient. From a very extensive knowledge of the subject, and from the opinions of others, I consider this a matter of vital importance to you, and indispensable to your comfort and recovery. Neglect, refuse or reject this, and you have no ground to hope. If you are not confined to your bed, or if you can barely rise off it and walk, and this only at times, you should think of some useful, proper, and if possible, profitable employment, at which you might do at least a little. In vain will you think and say that you are too weak.—All experience loudly exclaims—take exercise! take exercise! if you can but walk or creep a little; and this especially to patients of your order. It is true that you do, at times, become very

weak, but if you have no local disorder, or whether or not, your weakness is of a peculiar kind. It will both come on and go off quicker, than the weakness of patients laboring under other diseases. Sometimes when you may be so weak that you cannot rise up, in a few hours, yea, sometimes in a few minutes, your strength will come to you, and you will be able to go almost where you please, and to do almost what you please. Such is the peculiar and extraordinary nature of the disease. Perhaps some may think that it is not real weakness, but conceited weakness. To this I reply, that conceited weakness may be real; no matter, so it is weakness, whether the cause be real or imaginary. Imaginary pain may be as great as any kind. Admitting it to be true then, that you are in a very weakly state, it will not at all follow, that you should not, at the proper times and seasons, exert yourself to take exercise. You may injure yourself by taking it improperly, or too much, as well as by taking too little. By exercise strength is gained. But in the taking of it, the diverting of your mind from trouble, and occupying its attention, I consider, for you, of unspeakably great importance. Man was not made for idleness. In idleness he will work his own misery. If he has strength, he will be vicious—if not, but is confined to his bed, his thoughts will go out and wander in endless, and fruitless, and profitless vacuity; or will turn upon himself and pore, and pore, and pore over his own troubles, and thus magnify them.

Therefore, no proverb or wise saying ever was spoken by the tongue of man, or written with a pen, more fully and strictly true, than that one which says—"Idleness is the mother of mischief." If, then, you are determined to rivet helplessness, and misery, and ruin, upon yourself, so that no earthly means or power can ever unrivet them, sink down and give up to absolute idleness. Or rather, are you determined and resolved to exert yourself to the last degree, and the last moment, to shake off your troubles and to rise above them, rouse yourself up to exercise, and to as constant and busy employment as your strength will at all admit of, and I will confidently predict, that the advantages which you will reap will be great. You may do something towards earning your living, and not eat the bread of others. Or if you are as wealthy as Cræsus, and have no need of doing this, do it to gain the far greater and far better riches of health and comfort. Do as I did in the days of my feebleness for months, before I commenced the writing of this book; do any of the light, ordinary concerns, affairs or works of life, which are useful and most needed, and which you can best do. And as I have done, in writing this book, for a greater number of months still putting forth what little strength I had to rise

from the bed, and to creep away to the table or desk, and brace myself up to write, perhaps only one sentence, or it may be two or three, or a short page and then getting back again. Be very careful however, to turn your attention to that which you and others most seriously think, promises the most usefulness and good in the world, to yourself and others.

Such is the intrinsic, and I may safely say, indescribable excellence, of having the mind occupied and entertained, in cases like yours, by some useful employment, that the indolent, whose indolence is so great, that they will neither do nor attempt any thing of the kind, deserve no consolation whatever, however much they may need it. What is such useful, entertaining employment like, in its operations and effects? 'Tis like the effects of the indispensable vital air, which we breathe. 'Tis like the healthy flowing of our heart's blood through our veins and arteries.—'Tis almost an essential part of our life. Therefore, it is not only our duty to do "whatever our hands find to do," to procure our living, or to advance our own and the best interests of others, but our high privilege. I consider it, my friend, one of the best and most promising sources of relief and consolation, for *you*. The greatest, best and last source of consolation to which I shall direct your attention, is the promises of the Bible.

Melancholy! melancholy! indeed! would be this world of darkness and of wo, were there no world of light, nor any hope in man of attaining to that world. Had not the eternal King, who dwells in the world of light, who is benevolence and love itself, whose empire is the universe, with all its worlds, looked down in pity, and let fall a promise, to be seized and held by melancholy man.—Had not the kind angels sung their angelic song—"Glorify to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And, had not the Messiah, the Saviour come and fulfilled all the preceding promises concerning himself, and given, from his own mouth, a vast multitude of encouraging words and precious promises, assuring men that the world of light, was really attainable by them, and encouraging them to turn their faces towards it. But all these things have actually taken place. The Bible abounds with promises, from beginning to end.—There's scarcely a leaf on which you cannot find one. And man may look up, and lift his voice on high—saying—

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair."

These promises are of two general characters.—First, to encourage men while here below, in all they have to do and suffer—and next, to hold out to their view, the bright and joyful world of light, for their entrance at their departure. And who of all the sons and daughters of men, need them more, than the doubting, the desponding, the gloomy, the melancholy? None, and for them they were specially written. Turn to them, then, my friend, and read them, and believe them, and embrace them, and hold on to them, and they will bear you up as the strong ship does the sinking, drowning man, when he has again obtained a firm hold of it. As the strong ship!—contemptible comparison! as the “everlasting arms” of the eternal God, underneath you. I will give you a few, for a specimen of the whole, and for your encouragement.

“When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, * * * * * if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shalt be obedient unto his voice; (for the Lord thy God is a merciful God;) he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.” “In a little wrath I hid my face from thee, for a moment: but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.” “Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken. Evil shall slay the wicked! and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.”

These are the words that contain the promise—none of them that trust in him shall be desolate. Again—“He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.” “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.” “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned: neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God,

the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God." Open your ears my friend, to these promises—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "He that loseth his life for my sake" (says Christ) "shall find it." "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven." "Shalt inherit everlasting life." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." And what more could be promised, than is promised in the following passage—"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." I will mention two more—the first of the two was given to Job, and will therefore suit you. "If iniquity be in thy hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles. For then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear: because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away: and thine age shall be clearer than the noon day; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety."

The next, and last, that I shall propose for your consideration, is one which is sufficient of itself to revive and support the drooping spirits of the most melancholy person that can be found, if his or her melancholy does not go beyond the limits of melancholy, into actual insanity; or what is worse, if he or she has not committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is tender and affectionate beyond parallel, beyond comparison. It was breathed from the mild lips of the Prince of peace—the Prince of life, to whom all power in heaven and earth is committed, and, who is able to fulfil all his promises—always did, and always will.—

These are the sweet and soothing words, in which it fell from his sacred and holy lips—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." I conclude therefore, with the apostle Peter—that there are given unto us—yea, unto you, many "exceeding great and precious promises." I would say then, to you, with the exhortation of this same apostle—"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." This closes all I can do or say for you, my dear friend: attend to these things—hold up your head—"be of good cheer"—beat the clouds from about you—come forth into the light—be cheerful and lively—and all will be well, and end well. And now I must bid you an affectionate farewell.

Sept. 20th. 1830.

To all those who are conversant with the melancholy, and especially to those who live with them, and more especially still, to their relations, who are with them, and deeply interested in them, I feel it to be my indispensable duty to say a word. My dear friends, it is a clear, manifest and unquestionable truth, that you can do more, much more for them, than they can for themselves. Is the proverb true?—"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend!" Nothing is more true.—Great! great! then, will be your power and influence over them, more restorative than all medicines besides, than any other cordial or balsam of life, if you will properly exert it. As I have before hinted, the great law of kindness will be the best law to govern your conduct towards them, I do not mean that you should caress them, and indulge them, to a weak, simple and foolish extent. They should know their place and keep in it. Let the law of kindness then, be upon your tongues continually, and be plainly exhibited in your countenances, that they may at all times hear and read it. Let your general carriage towards them be pleasant, cheerful, smiling. Exert all the ingenuity you possibly can, to rouse them to cheerfulness and life. There is room for as much ingenuity here, as in any other case. Be patient and persevering in your efforts. Do not despair yourselves too soon—hold on and hold out—do not give them up, and may success crown your efforts.

It will be recollected by the reader, that in the early part of what I have said for the melancholy, I spoke of the disorders of

the mind being generally classed into two general classes—to wit: melancholia and mania. On mania, I have as yet, said nothing. I must not however, close without saying, at least, a word, not to those who labor under mania, for they are incapable of hearing me, (as I remarked in the very beginning of my work,) but to those who have the charge and care of them. I have already said that mania is a Greek word, and means fury. Many other words are used which convey the same idea. The word insane, is from the Latin, and simply means unsound. Delirium is from the Latin words, *de lira*, that is from the ridge. When their oxen in ploughing, would deviate from the right line, they were said to go, *de lira*. This was transferred to men when they would wander in their minds. The Latin word *luna*, means the moon, and because the moon was supposed to affect the mind, when persons became much disordered in their minds, they were called lunatic. This word has been, and is still, much used in legal proceedings concerning the insane in England and America. They are also called mad. Haslam derives this word from the gothic language, and says it means fury, or furious. The word derangement, is a French word, and means out of the proper course. The word crazy, is a French word also, and means cracked, shattered or broken into pieces, because the vulgar opinion was, that the minds of deranged persons were broken into fragments. All these terms are used to express that degree of mental alienation, which is so great, that the persons laboring under it, are no longer rational. The kinds and degrees of it are about as various and numerous as those that have it. I have, at my very outset, recognized this as the greatest natural, temporal affliction, to which man is liable and subject on the earth. They are beyond the reach of written words—I cannot speak to them as I have to others. But I can speak for them, and will now do it with a warm heart, with *all* my heart. I will not attempt, nor presume to tell, how their minds are affected, for this no body knows, nor can know. That their minds are not gone from their bodies, appears from the fact, that they frequently recover, and are rational again; and this circumstance should be encouraging to all their friends. To all who have care over them, and management of them, relations, friends, attendants, nurses and physicians, I would respectfully but seriously say, that, as with the melancholy, so with the insane, the law of kindness is the best. I know that in governing them, severity is sometimes necessary and indispensable, but whenever kindness can reach them, it has the most happy and restorative effect of all things else. Therefore, when there is an opening, be free and friendly with them—talk familiarly to them, just as if nothing were the matter, and bring to their view, things and cir-

cumstances which you think will please them; and this will have the greatest tendency to bring them to themselves. Be faithful to them in giving them proper food, and keeping them cleanly, and in all things which you have to do for them. To physicians I would say, try every thing else, before a severe course of medical treatment. Let change of scenery, and of company, and of diet, &c. entirely and clearly fail, before you commence it. Multitudes, multitudes of insane persons, and some within my knowledge, have been greatly injured, by too hasty and too severe medical treatment, and would have manifestly recovered better and quicker without it. And by it, insanity has been riveted on hundreds who would otherwise have got well. When you think then, of strong cathartics, of the lancet, of shaving the head, and piling on blisters, of solitary confinement, and of the awful straight jacket; remember also, that they are still human, and capable of feeling; and, looking forward to the possibility of your being insane yourselves, do unto them as you would now wish others to do unto you, if you should actually fall into the same unhappy condition. Do not commence such a course with them, without you, with good and numerous counsel, deliberately come to the conclusion, that it is most advisable. Some of you, in the course of your practice, become very much hardened with respect to the feelings of others; and some of you have a strong propensity to try experiments, whenever an occasion offers, particularly upon the unhappy beings of whom I am speaking, you should resist such feelings and such propensities, lest you give way to the temptation, and make such experiments unnecessarily, at the expense of your unhappy fellow mortals. May you be guided by sound moral motives, as well as the highest skill in all your treatment of them, and may your efforts, and the efforts of their friends issue in their happy restoration.

I have now accomplished my plan, and would say by way of conclusion.—All over the earth, wherever the afflicted are to be found, and whatever be their afflictions, may they do all that is in their power to console themselves. May their relations, friends, and acquaintances console them. May good men and good women console them. May kind invisible spirits console them. May God Almighty himself, “the God of all comfort,” who can give everlasting consolation and good hope through grace,” be pleased to pity and console them, in time and through eternity.

Sec. 21st, 1830.

Note.—Almost as often as there are sentences in this book, I have prayed that God would bless me in the writing of it, and now as I am writing the last sentence and word, my most earnest and devout prayer is, that he may make it a blessing to mankind.

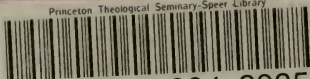








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